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*The Compromises of Life, and Other Lectures and Addresses, Including ...*

Henry Watterson

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# The Compromises of Life

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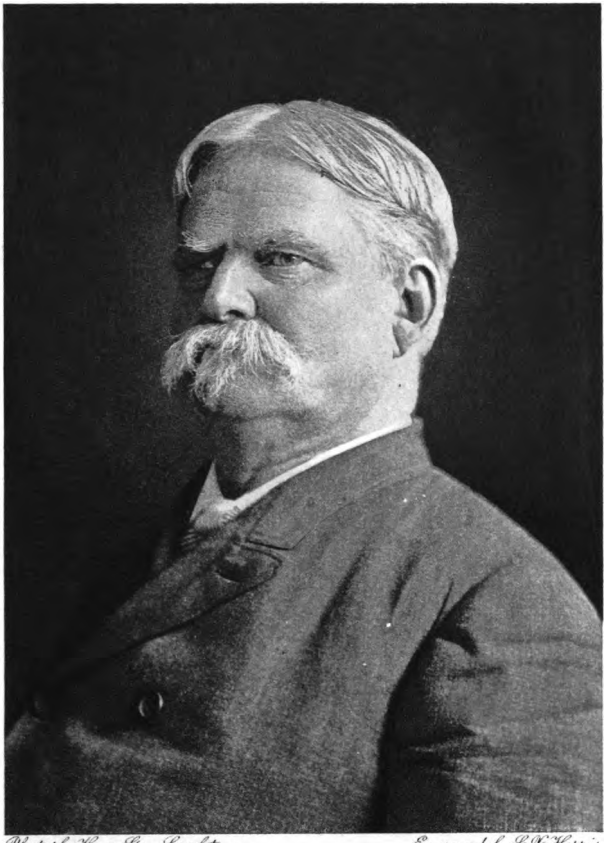

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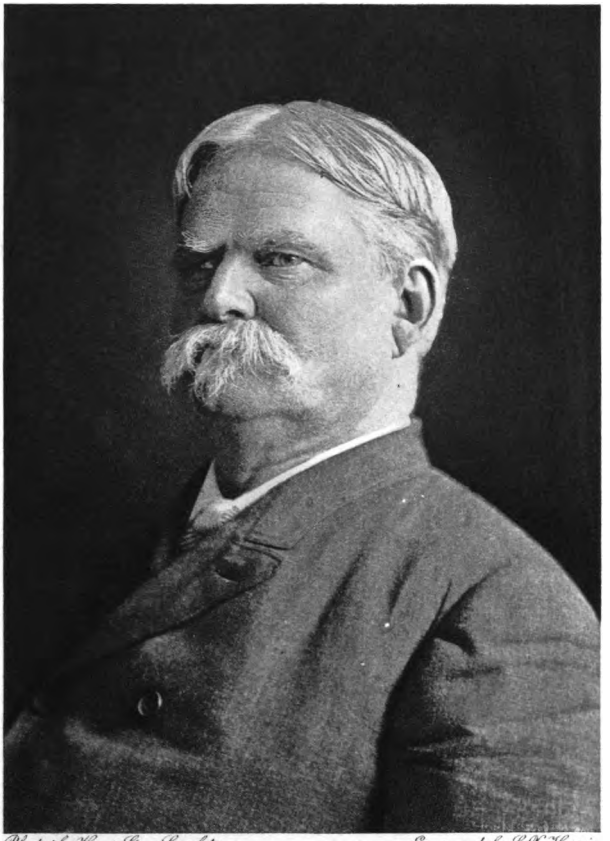

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Henry Watterson

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# The Compromises of Life

## AND OTHER LECTURES AND ADDRESSES

Including Some Observations on Certain Downward Tendencies of Modern Society

*By*

HENRY WATTERSON

NEW YORK
FOX, DUFFIELD & COMPANY
1903

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# Publishers' Note

In issuing this volume of "Lectures and Addresses" the publishers are induced by many considerations to believe that they meet a requisition of the reading public. Few writers in the last three decades have been more noted, few speakers heard by larger audiences, than the editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. As the successor of Prentice, he carried forward the work of that eminent and brilliant man to yet further achievement; succeeding, before he was thirty years of age, in combining the newspapers of the Kentucky metropolis and in creating out of the union a journal of national influence and celebrity.

Although an untiring journalist, versed in the varied lore of newspaper organism and management, Mr. Watterson early became a favorite in political conventions and on the hustings, a popular lecturer, and a captivating occasional speaker. He led the Southern wing of the Liberal movement in 1872—a member of the famous Quadrilateral, his colleagues being Mr. Samuel Bowles, Mr. Murat Halstead, and Mr. Horace White—whose labors, though not so designed, culminated in the nomination of Horace Greeley for President. Henceforward he occupied a conspicuous position in the councils of the Democratic party, largely its platform-maker from 1876 to 1892. He was the close friend of Mr. Tilden, presiding over the National Convention which nominated the Sage of Greystone for President, and, later on, his personal representative upon the floor of the Lower House of



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Congress. He accepted this seat in Congress at Mr. Tilden's urgency and against his own inclinations, declining a re-election. With this exception, he has persistently refused office. "I resolved," he said, on one occasion, when offered a distinguished position, "when a very young man, that I would not perpetrate the mistake of Greeley and Raymond."

A notable figure wherever he has appeared, Mr. Watterson's relation to the public questions of his time has been that of a leader, who, having reached his own conclusions, took no thought of the consequences. He stood for the pacification of the country and the reconciliation of the sections upon the acceptance of the three final amendments to the Constitution, which he described as the Treaty of Peace between the North and the South, when not another voice on his own side of the line could be heard in his support, and lived to see his policy universally accepted. He stood for the public credit and a sound currency, with scarcely any but a silent following in his own party, during the Greenback craze and through the succeeding Free Silver agitation, still living to see his course vindicated by the results. Mainly through his efforts the old black-laws were removed from the statute-books of Kentucky, and the Kentucky negro was invested, without the violence which marked other of the old Slave States, with his new rights of citizenship.

Years before Lamar delivered his eulogy of Sumner, and while Grady was a school-boy, Mr. Watterson was passing backward and forward between the two embittered sections laying the foundation for the epoch-making utterances of those great orators. Through all his writing and speaking one dominant note will be found—the national destiny and the homogeneity of the people—charity and tolerance—constituting a key to his life-long labor of love.



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# Publishers' Note

In this volume the publishers reproduce only such political expressions as seem to be historic and are in a sense non-partisan, omitting merely campaign and convention speeches, which, however striking, relate to contemporary interests.

The lectures show for themselves. The addresses, beginning with the memorial to Prentice, delivered upon the invitation of the Legislature of Kentucky in 1870, to the "Ideal in Public Life," delivered in 1903, on the occasion of the Emerson centenary, including the dedication of the Columbian Exposition, in 1892, the Cross-swords speech of 1877 in the National Cemetery at Nashville, and the many intermediate contributions to the patriotic spirit of the time, notably the Grand Army reception upon its first encampment on Southern soil in 1895, will need no word of introduction to appreciative Americans.

In the form of an "Appendix" the publishers add to these addresses a series of articles from the *Courier-Journal* which seem to have more than ephemeral interest. These relate to "certain downward tendencies in what is known as the Smart Set of Fashionable Society." They created a prodigious sensation when they appeared, hardly less in London than in New York and Newport and other seats of the mighty Four Hundred, being translated into French and German, and made the text in Paris and Berlin for a critical revival among both the lay-preachers of the press and the leaders of the pulpit and the schools. The first of these articles was drawn out by a lamentable tragedy, and they grew into a series, under the provocation of the newspaper criticisms which followed. Although more than a year has passed, they continue to be made the subjects of comment and controversy among those who delight to moralize on this particular theme; yet nothing was further from their author's



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purpose, Mr. Watterson declares, than a social or ethical crusade, his sole aim being, in the discharge of his daily newspaper duties, "to take account of passing events and to shoot folly as it flies."



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# I

# IN MEMORIAM



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## GEORGE DENNISON PRENTICE *

George Dennison Prentice was born in a little, old-fashioned New England cottage on the outskirts of the village of Preston, in Connecticut, December 18, 1802, which came that year, as I find by reference to a chronological table, on a Saturday, and was attended by a north-east gale that swept down the coast and over the country far and near. He died in a Kentucky farm-house, on the banks of the Ohio River, ten miles below the city of Louisville, just before the break of Saturday, January 22, 1870, while an untoward winter flood roared about the lonely spot. Between the tempest of his coming and the tempest of his going flowed a life-current many-toned and strong; often illuminated by splendid and varied achievements, and sometimes overcast by shadowy passions, struggles, and sorrows; but never pausing upon its journey during sixty-seven years, nor turning out of its course; a long life and a busy, joining in uncommon measure thought to action, and devoting both to the practice of

* A Memorial Address delivered by invitation of the Legislature of Kentucky, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, at Frankfort, February 22, 1870.



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government, the conduct of parties, and the cultivation of belles-lettres. For this man was a daring partisan and a delightful poet; the distinguished advocate of a powerful political organization; a generous patron of arts; a constant friend to genius. In violent and lawless times he used a gun with hardly less effect than a pen, being regarded at one time as the best pistol-shot in Kentucky. By turns a statesman, a wit, a poet, a man of the world, and always a journalist, he gave to the press of his country its most brilliant illustrations, and has left to the State and to his progeny by all odds the most unique, if not the largest, reputation ever achieved by a newspaper writer. You recognized these things, and the Legislature of Tennessee recognized them, when his death was described in the resolutions of both assemblies as a "public bereavement." Such an honor was never paid the memory of any other journalist; and, although you have signalized yourselves no less than him, it is my duty, and I assure you it is a very great satisfaction, to thank you on behalf of the profession which owes this, among so many obligations, to the genius of Prentice.

There are some names that have a mysterious charm in them—that go directly from the ear to the heart like echoes from a world of beauty and enchantment—that whisper to us somehow of song and blossom—whose very shadows are fragrant and seductive. Rupert and Tasso and Diderot, Richter and Schiller and Chateau-



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briand, Sheridan and Byron and Maurice of Saxe, are of this nature, and represent, in one sort and another, what might be called the knight-errantry of civilization. Prentice belongs to the same class. What Rupert was in the saddle, and Diderot and Richter were in the fight for free opinions; what the friend of Madame Récamier was in letters and diplomacy; what Sheridan was in the Commons; what Byron and Tasso and Maurice of Saxe were in the airy world of adventure, half actual and half myth—Prentice was to the press. But mention of his name, like mention of the others, does not recall the broils and battles in which he engaged; nor does it suggest those hard and dry realities, which, in common with his fellow-men, he had to encounter and endure. Much the reverse. It tells us of the princely and the splendid, the pleasant and the fanciful; and because of this many persons have erroneously conceived his work to have been as the play of others, idealizing him as one whose genius was so scintillating and abundant that its flashes fell from him in spite of himself, like the stars that were cast from the armor of the magic buckler in the legend. Scintillant and abundant he was, but also a rare scholar and a prodigious drudge—overflowing with both the energy and the poetry of life—admirably poised and balanced by the two forces which we understand as imagination and intellect. Burke's description of Charles Townsend seems a not inept sketch of George D. Prentice. I am



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using Burke's own language: "There certainly never arose in this country a more pointed or a more finished wit, and, where his passions were not concerned, a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment." During a third of a century he was, as Hazlitt said of Cobbett, a sort of fourth estate in the politics of America. Whatever cause he espoused he defended by a style of argument that was never trite nor feeble, nor muddy nor complex, but was luminous and strong, enriched by all that was necessary to establish it and decorate it, and suited exactly to the temper of the times and the comprehension of the people, which he rarely failed to hit between the acorn and the hull. In considering his career, however, I shall ask leave to speak of him rather as I knew him in his own person than as he was known to the public through the transactions in which he bore a part. I take it for granted that you are not at all curious to learn what opinion I or any man may entertain of this or that political event; and, at the very best, opinions will differ on these points, leaving us in the end nothing assured or distinct. If we would understand history, we must study the men who made it; and, in order to get a clear notion of their characters and motives, we need take rather the spirit than the record of their lives. I shall detain you, therefore, neither by a moral upon the political experience of Kentucky, nor a narrative of the ups and downs of a bygone political generation. I wish to give you instead



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a homely, and, as far as I may be able, a graphic picture of George D. Prentice as he was known to his familiars; for I suppose I need not tell you that he was a man of many marked traits and peculiarities of manner, of voice, of appearance, and even of gait, as well as of genius.

The newspapers have already acquainted you with the leading points in his career. That he was born, as I have stated, in 1802; that he was taught by his mother to read the Bible with ease when a little over three years of age; that he studied under Horace Mann and Tristam Burges at Brown University, where he became a famous Latin and English scholar, reciting the whole of the twelfth book of the Æneid from memory for a single lesson, and committing, in like manner, such books as Kames's "Elements of Criticism" and Dugald Stuart's "Philosophy"; that he began as an editor in Hartford, coming thence to Kentucky to write a life of Henry Clay, and remaining here to establish the Louisville *Journal,* in 1830; and that he made it the most celebrated and popular newspaper in America, and himself the most conspicuous journalist of his time, are matters of fact which need not be elaborated. They belong to biography. Of his marriage, after his wife had been taken from him, he was himself not averse to speaking, and dwelt upon her memory with a self-accusing sorrow, which was sincere and touching. I



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had never the happiness of knowing her, but from the representation of those who had reason to remember her hospitality or to bless her bounty, there can be no doubt that she was a most charming woman. He loved to refer to her as a girl, and it is curious that she is the only woman I ever heard him speak of with genuine warmth and tenderness, although there were many good and gentle women who had been his life-long friends. "I have not had credit," he said, on one occasion, "for being a devoted husband; but, if I had my life to go over, that is the only relation I would not alter; she was the wisest, the purest, the best, and the most thoroughly enchanting woman I ever knew." Most persons will call to mind the verses which he addressed to her. Verses are not always truth-tellers, but in this instance they expressed the impulses of a nature which, readily impressed by all things agreeable, could not be drawn out to the full by one of less grace of mind and heart. His affection for his children was likewise intense, and the loss of his elder son he never recovered from. I know of nothing more affecting than his fondness for a little, fair-haired, bright-eyed boy, a grandson, who bears his name, and who used often to come and visit him and spend whole afternoons in his room; for you will understand that he lived in the office —slept and ate and worked there—seldom quitting it. Strangers supposed that he was decrepit, and there existed an impression that he had resigned his old place



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to a younger and more active spirit. He resigned nothing. I doubt whether he ever did more work, or better work, during any single year of his life than during this last year. He said, on January 1, 1869, "I will make the last years of my life the best years of my life, and I shall work like a tiger;" and he did work like a machine which seemed to have no stop in it. In a note to Mr. Haldeman, two or three months ago, he wrote: "I work twenty-four hours a day, and the reason I do not work any more is because the days are no longer." I have had some personal knowledge of the working capacity of the two newspaper writers in this country who have been reputed the readiest and most profuse; but I never knew anyone who could write as much as Prentice in a given time, or sustain the quantity and quality of his writing for so long a time. Mr. Raymond used to run abroad when fagged out, and Mr. Forney takes frequent recreative intervals. Prentice was unresting. He actually averaged from fifteen to eighteen hours a day, and kept this up month after month, turning out column upon column of all sorts of matter, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." The only testiness he ever exhibited was when his work was interrupted; and yet, withal, he had leisure for abundant intercourse with his yoke-mates, and would every now and then appear like a sudden apparition, to one or another, with something curious or comical to say. But he never laughed at his own conceits. He



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would sit at a table dictating the drollest things in a slow, precise, subdued tone of voice, unmoved and grave of aspect, while subdued laughter went round the room. I heard him once say to an amanuensis whom he had newly engaged, "Now, all I ask of you is write down what I tell you, but above all don't you watch my mouth like a cat watching a rat-hole." He was a careful as well as a voluminous writer; set great store by accuracy of expression and exactness in marks of punctuation, and was an erudite grammarian, versed in all the schools, though wedded to his own. He invariably revised the manuscript of his amanuensis, and read his own proof-sheets. And yet, except to have his matter appear correctly, he was indifferent to it. He used to say, "Use no ceremony with my copy. A man who writes as much as I do cannot expect to hit the nail always on the head." But he did hit it nearer and oftener than anybody else. He was much attached to Mr. Shipman, and had perfect confidence in the taste and judgment of that able writer and scholar. Sometimes he would scribble a paragraph, not over nice, but always funny, intended to be struck out by Shipman. Not infrequently the wit got the better of Shipman's scruples, and the paragraph went in, which seemed to amuse Prentice vastly. He was by no means sensitive to what we call the "proprieties," and regarded many of the conventional notions of society as affected and absurd, and entitled to scant respect. He once told me



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a story of his having horrified the steady old Whigs of Louisville soon after he began to edit the *Journal,* and in the midst of the Clay and Jackson war, by riding to the race-course in an open carriage with Mrs. General Eaton, who happened to be passing through the city just after the notable scandal at Washington. At that time he was full and erect, rosy-cheeked and brown-haired, with an eye which at sixty-seven was still marvellous for its beauty and brightness, beaming with a clear, warm, and steady light.

Prentice was twenty-seven years old when he came to Kentucky. He was obscure and poor. The people were crude and rough. The times were boisterous. Parties were dividing upon measures of government which could not, in their nature, fail to arouse and embitter popular feeling, and to the violence of conflicting interests was added the enthusiasm which the rival claims of two great party chieftains everywhere excited. In those days there was no such thing as journalism as we now understand it and pursue it. The newspaper was but a poor affair, owned by a clique or a politician. The editor of a newspaper was nothing if not personal. Moreover, the editors who had appeared above the surface had been men of second-rate abilities, and had served rather as squires to their liege lords, the politicians. This latter at least Prentice reformed at once and altogether. He established the Louisville *Journal;* he threw himself into the spirit of the times as the pro-



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fessed friend of Mr. Clay and the champion of his principles; but he invented a warfare hitherto unknown, and illustrated it by a personal identity which very soon elevated him into the rank of a party leader as well as a partisan editor. I fancy that the story of giants, which has come down to us through the nursery, illustrates the suggestion that in the early days of the world there was room for the play of a gigantic individuality, which population and civilization exclude from modern life. Originally men went out singly in quest of adventure, and a hero was, in faith, a giant; then they moved in couples, next in clusters. We now travel in circles. Combinations are essential. One man is nothing by himself. Our very political system is an organism of "rings"; and the journal of to-day no longer represents the personal caprices and peculiarities of its editor, but stands as the type of a class of public opinion quite apart from the reach of individual influence. Personal journalism is a lost art. Journalism is now a distinct profession to which the individual editor holds the relation which the individual lawyer holds to the courts; and as oratory is becoming less and less essential to the practice of law, so mere literary skill is becoming less and less essential to the practice of journalism. Mr. Prentice, the most distinguished example of the personal journalism of the past, leaves but one other behind him, and when Greeley goes there will be no one left, and we shall hardly see another. As Shakespeare said of the



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players, "they die and leave no copy." Prentice, like Greeley, knew nothing and cared less for the machinery of the modern newspaper; its multitude of writers, reporters, and correspondents to be handled under fixed laws known to a common usage; its tangled web of telegraphy; its special departments and systematic mechanism. For details of this sort he had no concern. They belonged to a journalism very different from that in which he had made his fame. But he adapted himself to their needful exactions with cheerfulness; and he wrote as readily and vigorously in an impersonal character as he had done, when he was not only writing solely in his own person, but when there was no knowing at what moment he might not be called upon to back his *bon mot* by a bullet.

From 1830 to 1861 the influence of Prentice was greater than the influence of any political writer of the time; and it was an influence directly positive and personal. It owed its origin to the union in his person of gifts which no one had combined before him. He had, to build upon, an intellect naturally strong and practical, and this was trained by rigid scholarship. He possessed a keen wit and a poetic temperament. He was brave and aggressive; and, though by no means quarrelsome, he was as ready to fight as to write, and his lot was cast in a region where he had to do a good deal of both. Thus, the business of an editor requiring him to do the writing and fighting for his party, he did not



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lack opportunities for manly display; and be sure he made every occasion tell for its full value. It is now generally admitted that he never came off worsted in any encounter, physical or intellectual. In his combats he displayed parts which were both signal and showy; overwhelming invective, varied by a careless, off-hand satire, which hit home; or strong and logical, or plausible and pleasing argument, that brought out the salient points of his subject and obscured the weak ones; or nipping, paragraphic frost that sparkled and blighted; or quiet daring that was over-reckless of consequences. Who can wonder that he became the idol of his party? Who can wonder that he was the darling of the mob? But with these great popular gifts, he was a gentleman of graceful and easy manners, genial among men, gallant among women, a sweet poet, a cultivated, chivalrous man of the world. I am not making a fancy sketch, although it looks like one; because where will you go to find the like? It is easy enough to describe second or third-rate abilities. They belong to a class, and may be arrayed under a standard. But it is impossible to compare Prentice with any man. He was as great a partisan as Cobbett; but Cobbett was only a partisan. He was as able and as consistent a political leader as Greeley; but Greeley never had Prentice's wit or accomplishments. I found in London that his fame is exceeded by that of no American newspaper writer;



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but the journalists of Paris, where there is still nothing but personal journalism, considered him a few years ago as the solitary journalist of genius among us. His sarcasms have often gone into *Charivari,* and several of his poems have been translated. The French adore *l'esprit.* They admire that which is abusive and brave. How could they fail to put a great estimate upon Prentice, who might have ranked with Sainte-Beuve as a critic, and certainly surpassed Rochefort as a master of invective.

For five and thirty years his life marked an uninterrupted success. He cared not at all for money, but what he needed he had, and there was no end to the evidence of his fame and power which constantly reached him. His imagination, nevertheless, took a melancholy turn, and threw out, in the midst of wild and witty partisan bursts, flashes of a somewhat morbid kind. It is not strange that, as he aged, he withdrew himself from very close and active human intercourse. His ambition, fitful at most, deserted him. His domesticity, to which he was attached, was gone. Society bored him. All his faculties remained clear and full; but the motive for effort was wanting, and he worked because it was his nature to work. He would have died else. He once quoted a verse of a fine poem of Mangan's, which reflected his mood and seemed to represent his condition:



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"Homeless, wifeless, flagonless, alone;
Not quite bookless though, unless I choose,
With nothing left to do except to groan,
Not a soul to woo except the muse.
Oh, this is hard for me to bear,
Me, that whilom lived so much *en haut,*
Me, that broke all hearts, like chinaware,
Twenty golden years ago."

He let his hair and beard grow long, and was careless in his dress. People thought him thoroughly broken down as they saw him on the street heedless, as he always had been, of passers-by, or in his room wearing his brown and tattered robe. They should have seen him enlivened by a glow of work or feeling, and in his shirt-sleeves, as lithe of limb and jaunty of carriage as a boy; no man of his age was ever more active. He once assured me that he had never had a headache in his life. It was not the infirmity of age which carried him off, but a disorder which a younger man might have resisted as feebly as he did.

Prentice appeared as an author twice only. His biography of Henry Clay is a clever piece of political special pleading. The narrative, however, is meagre and rather turgid. It was not the story, but the argument, which he had at heart; for the book was written to serve a campaign purpose. His little volume of witticisms from the Louisville *Journal* is more representative. In his preface he expressed a doubt whether



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such a republication would bear the test of time. "I know," he said, "that such things do not *keep* well." But they have kept pretty well so far. I can recall no book of wit and humor, not even the collections of Hook and Jerrold, in which the salt is fresher or more savory; and the student of that brevity which is the soul of wit can hardly find a better model of all that is neat, racy, and concise. Of these paragraphs most are good, but the best are those which were cracked over the head of poor Shadrach Penn. Prentice in his last days spoke of Penn as an able and sincere man, but wanting sadly in nerve and humor. "In six months," said Prentice, "I pelted him out of his senses and into a libel suit." It must have been terrible, indeed, upon Penn, and did finally drive him away from Louisville to St. Louis, where he died. Penn could say nothing—could not write a sentence—that Prentice did not seize upon it and turn it to his own account. Penn unguardedly speaks of "lying these cold mornings curled up in bed." Prentice retorts that "this proves what we've always said, that 'you lie like a dog.'" Penn comes back angrily with something about Prentice's setting up a "lie factory," to which Prentice rejoins, "if we ever do set up a lie factory, we will certainly swing you out for a sign." Penn says he has "found a rat-hole." Prentice says, "that will save you your next year's rent." Penn says he has met one of Prentice's statements squarely. "Yes," said Prentice, "by lying roundly."



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Then Penn, wearied out, says he will have no more to do with Prentice. "Well," says Prentice, tauntingly, "if he is resolved to play dummy we will torture him no longer. We never could be cruel to dumb animals." Finally, when Penn was driven from the field, Prentice wrote: "The *Advertiser* of yesterday contained a long valedictory from Shadrach Penn, its late Editor. Shadrach, after a residence of twenty-three years in this city, goes to spend the rest of his life and lay his bones in St. Louis. Well, he has our best wishes for his prosperity. All the ill-will we ever had for him passed out long ago through our thumb and forefinger. His lot, hitherto, has been a most ungentle one, but we trust his life will prove akin to the plant that begins to blossom at the advanced age of half a century. May all be well with him here and hereafter! We should, indeed, be sorry if a poor fellow whom we have been torturing eleven years in this world should be passed over to the devil in the next." Rough joking this, but characteristic of the times. The *Journal* was crowded with it, along with a deal that was neither rough nor humorous. That, for example, was a neat reply to Dickens's complaint that at Louisville he was not able to find water enough to clean himself. "And the great Ohio River," said Prentice, "right at hand." And to the young lady who threatened to stamp on his paper: "She had better not; it has little eyes in it."



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The sewing-girls of New York devoted one day to sewing for the benefit of the Polish exiles. Prentice said this was a beautiful instance "of the needle turning to the pole," and *Punch* afterward appropriated the conceit.

On his poems Prentice himself put no great account. They were thrown off idly. He wrote verses, he said, as a discipline, or for recreation. He did not stand "Up to the chin in the Rubicon flood." The best thing he did is perhaps the "Closing Year," which has many good lines and bold images, and will always be a favorite recitative. The "Lines on my Mother's Grave" and the "Lines to my Son" are also pathetic. I once heard Albert Pike recite the "Lines on my Mother's Grave," to a stag party in Washington, so touchingly that there was not a dry eye in the room. But, after all, the fame of Prentice must stand not upon any single piece of work which he did, but upon the purpose and influence of his whole life; its realization of every public demand; its adaptation to every party need; its current readiness and force; its thorough consistency from first to last. He did more for others and asked less for himself than any public man of his day. He put hundreds of men into office, but he was never a candidate for office himself. He relied exclusively upon his newspaper, and by this agency alone rose to fame. Many young writers imagine that polish is a fine thing;



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and so it is. But polish without character is mere veneering. That which is really good in literature and journalism is that which is representative, the product of the spirit of the country or the time. Prentice was a perfect interpreter of his own times; and when that is said we say of him what can only be said with truth of two or three of his contemporaries. His personality was diffusive as well as ardent. He had a temper vehement and daring; but he held it under good control. Now that he is gone there is no one to succeed him; and I doubt whether, if it were possible, it would be safe to trust to another the power which, as far as he himself was concerned, he used so unselfishly and so sparingly. There was a time when the splendor of his fame was very captivating to me, as I dare say it was to thousands of other ambitious youths, particularly of the West and South. But you will believe me sincere when I tell you, paraphrasing the words of Tyndall upon Faraday, how lightly I hold the honor of being Prentice's successor compared with the honor of having been Prentice's friend. His friendship was energy and inspiration. His "mantle" is a burden I shall never pretend to carry.

He lived out nearly the allotted span, having well-nigh reached the Psalmist's threescore years and ten. The joy of life was gone. He grew old of heart. Few of the dear ones remained to him, and those that did remain hardly belonged to his generation:



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"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

He was exasperated by the Beecher-Stowe Byron scandal, and wrote all the editorials that appeared in the *Courier-Journal* on that subject. Most of them he read to me, as was his habit when anything seriously interested him; and I shall never forget how, reading one of them, he broke down once, twice, and finally altogether; his voice hoarse; his utterance tremulous; the tears raining down his cheek, when he arose silently and glided out of the room. It was not decrepitude. It was feeling; true feeling, too, for, excepting a few trifling exaggerations which marked his style of writing when he was deeply moved, the article was vigorous and compact.

Born in winter, he died in winter. He came in a gale which blew across the Eastern sea, and his life was borne out on the ebb of a mighty flood in the West. It was stormy, as we know, from the beginning to the end. I have described the place where he died as lonely. It was the home of his son, a farm-house just upon the water's edge. Mr. Prentice quitted the office on Christmas eve to go to the country to spend the holidays. He was unusually well and cheerful. A few



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days before he had prepared at my request and confided to my keeping a lengthy manuscript which he had written with his own hand. It is an autobiographic memorandum of the leading dates and events of his life, and, though the writing must have been painful, it is neat and clear. He said gloomily on one occasion, "I hope you won't let me snuff out like a tallow candle," but he had no thought of "snuffing out" when he bought the Christmas presents for the little grandson. The rest came quickly, however, and may be told in a line. A cold ride of ten miles, an influenza, pneumonia, weeks of prostration. The deluge came during his illness. The river swelled out of its banks. The waters gathered around about, reaching the very door-sill. He lay in an upper chamber and could hear them moaning like echoes of his own regrets. He will hear them never more. He is beyond the fever and the worry and the fret and the tumult of this world. He is dead.

He sleeps now in beautiful Cave Hill Cemetery, the Louisville place of burial, whither on the Monday after he died his remains were conducted with all the honoring circumstance and ceremony which the living can pay to the dead; and he lies by the side of the little family group that went before him. Happy reunion! How peaceful, tranquil, satisfying! How gently it seems to round and smooth the turmoil of a life, which, brilliant as it was, had its bitter sorrows and cares. I have given in another place a poem of Koerner which



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he was fond of, and recited sometimes. But I may repeat it here. It is somewhat autobiographical, and runs in this wise:

"What though no maiden tears ever be shed
O'er my clay bed;
Still will the generous night never refuse
To weep her dews;
And though no friendly hand garland the cross
Above my moss,
Yet will the dear, dear moon tenderly shine
Down on that sign;
And, though the passer-by songlessly pass
Through the long grass;
There will the noontide bee pleasantly hum
And warm winds come;
Yes, you at least, ye dells, meadows and streams,
Stars and moon-beams,
Will think on him whose weak, meritless lays
Teemed with your praise!"

The music sounds like his own. He was himself a poet of the fields, the skies, the flowers, "the dells, meadows and streams, stars and moon-beams."

Perhaps no man was ever followed to the grave by a more touching demonstration of public interest. Few men ever lived who inspired so much personal sympathy. There was in his faults something that took hold of the popular fancy; and he united in himself three elements at least that never fail to exert a powerful influence among the people. He was brilliant, brave, and generous. He was an intellectual match for any man. He



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was physically and mentally afraid of no man. He gave bountifully to all comers. There was buried within him a superb nature, and his death for a moment lights up the vestibule in which he is placed by the side of three famous friends of his, making a group which will always be the pride and glory of this country.

Clay, Crittenden, Marshall, and Prentice. They were contemporaries in stirring times; and it is much to say of Prentice that he borrowed no light from them, but that he let the glow and sparkle of his genius fall upon their lives, and that they were brighter for it. They are contemporaries once more in the radiance of the everlasting. The statesman whose genius for compromise so long deferred the day of wrath; the senator, who gave the last effort of a noble life to avert the long-impending strife of sections; the orator, who might have vied with either, and was his own worst enemy; the journalist, who helped launch a party against the winds and currents, and was its steadiest and truest pilot as long as a single battered fragment tossed upon the waters—all are gone now, and stand, side by side, peers in the Court of last resort. Prentice rests in a quiet spot, where the violets which he loved to sing, and the meadow-grass, that grew greener in his song, shall presently come and grow above him; where the stars which he made into a thousand images shall shine by night; where the quiet skies that gave the kindliest joy to his old age shall bend over his grave. He is



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dead to a world of love and pity and homage. But so long as there is a gravestone upon that hillside, so long as there is a newspaper printed in the beautiful Anglo-Saxon tongue, which he understood so well, and wrote so well, the descendants of this generation, alike from near and far, will seek out curiously and piously the place where they laid him. The man is dead. But Prentice is not dead.



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# II

# LECTURES



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## THE COMPROMISES OF LIFE *

It is given out by those who have investigated the subject, and who think they have got at the facts, that the earth which we inhabit is round. I shall take this for granted, therefore, and observe that its movement is rotary. Hogarth's line of beauty and grace represents a simple, serpentine curve. The rainbow of hope and promise is semicircular. The broad surface of the ocean, stretching away as far as eye can see in calm or storm—a dream of peace or a nightmare of horrors—is one vast oval of wave and sky. And life, which we are told is rounded by a sleep, must conform to nature's laws, or beat itself against the walls within whose rugged circumference nature dwells, for, as nature abhors a vacuum, so she detests an angle, particularly in ideas, engineering, and women.

It is well to walk in a straight line, but the man who piques himself upon doing this, looking neither backward nor forward, nor to the right nor the left, is likely after a while to strike something, and, unless his heart is of stone, or iron, be sure it will not be the obstruction that yields the right of way.

* 1894.



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# The Compromises of Life

Thackeray once wrote a queer little essay entitled "A Plea for Shams." It was merely a protest against brute literalism and an appeal for what certain cynics used to call French courtesy.

"Tell only the truth," exclaims the adage, "but do not always tell the truth," which means that we are not obliged to tell all we know merely because we know it and it is true. "Who gives this woman away?" says the clergyman in the half-empty, dim-lighted church. "I could," whispers a voice away down the darkling aisle. "I could, but I won't," a very sensible conclusion, as we must all allow.

I am to talk to you this evening about the Compromises of Life. That means that I am to talk to you about a great many things connected with the journey 'twixt Dan and Beersheba; for, as I have said, the world we live in is a compromise with warring elements and the Government we support is a compromise with conflicting interests, while life, itself, is but a compromise with death. If each man and each woman on our planet took the law into their hands, and stood for their individual, inalienable, abstract rights, resolved to have their will, or die, the result might vindicate the everlasting verities, but it would ultimately leave mankind and womankind in the position of the two feline controversialists who are supposed to have argued out their differences to a logical conclusion in the good County Kilkenny, some centuries ago. Happily, it is



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otherwise. Reasonable people take their cue from nature, whose law is live and let live, and, as a consequence, we have love and marriage, trade and barter, politics and parties, banks and babies, railroads and funerals, courts of equity and churches and jails, all regulated by a system of time-tables arranged somewhere beyond the stars and moving toward that shoreless ocean which we call eternity, and which will presently engulf us every one.

You will, I dare say, think me both paradoxical and heterodoxical when I declare to you that Truth is sometimes a great liar, that is to say that that may be true to the letter which is false to the spirit, and, *vice versa;* Truth, made by malice and cunning to serve the purpose of the basest wrong. On the other hand, there are certain lies, which we call white lies, because they are meant to do no ill, or mischief, but the rather are intended to spare sensibilities and to save trouble. Often they do neither; not infrequently they aggravate both. There is no one among us, I am sure, who has not had occasion to lament the miscarriage of some honest, amiable fiction, contrived as we thought most ingeniously to prevent White from knowing just what Black said, or did, and for putting everybody in a good humor. The angel who takes account of these things may sigh over them, though I fancy in the end, as was observed of Uncle Toby, he will blot them off his book with a tear; because, after all, they are only com-



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promises between fact and fancy, whose roots, springing from love, or pity, have been watered by human kindness.

A quaint old friend of mine, whose copious draughts from the well of English picturesque were only equalled by his great integrity of character and goodness of heart, met a lady acquaintance at an evening party, and the conversation turned upon real estate, in which the two had considerable interest.

"Mrs. Grundy," says my friend, "you shorely didn't sell that lot o' your'n on Preston Street for five hundred dollars?"

The lady said she certainly had.

"Why, bless me," says my friend, "you could a' got six hundred for it!"

Next day the lady's agent called on my friend, offering an exact duplicate of the lot in question and demanding the advance price, according to the terms of the conversation of the previous evening.

"Why, bless me," exclaimed my friend, "did I tell her that? Dear, dear! Why, I was only a-entertainin' of her!"

This was the gentleman who, being asked on the witness-stand how he made his living, naïvely replied: "A-going of security and a-paying of the debt."

In neither of these instances was he strictly accurate; and yet, I venture to believe that, in that land where he long ago went to make his home forever, he has paid



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whatever penalty was fixed on the harmless compromises which his amiability sometimes made with the ruder things of this world.

In short, life, which is full enough of corners, every corner having it briers and brambles, would be unendurable if people always yielded to the impulse of the moment, and nothing to good sense and good feeling, blurting out the truth just as the humor seized them.

The truth to-day is not always the truth to-morrow. Each day is a kaleidoscope, changing its forms and figures with every hour, from grave to gay, from lively to severe, from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, and he is the wisest who makes the most happiness, who inflicts least suffering, and, if now and then he has to throw a few flowers over a waste place here and there to lure some poor soul into the illusion that it is a garden, who shall speak the word that wakes the spell and spoils the conceit? Not I, indeed, for I firmly believe that

> "Where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise."

Since that unlucky misundertanding between Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden which proved so disastrous to both of them, and some of whose consequences you and I are still discharging through love's clearing-house, there has been quite a rivalry between the man and the woman each to get a little the better of the



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other. You will remember that, most ungallantly, most ungraciously, and, I must add, most imprudently, Adam sought to cast the entire burden of blame in the matter of the apple upon Eve. In point of fact, he turned State's evidence. Well, from that day to this, Eve has been making a play to square the account with Adam, and, as a result, Adam has had much the worst of it.

On a certain bleak winter night, when, quite numb with cold, he has left his boots in the hall below, and slipped off his outer garments at the bedroom door, he enters cautiously, gropes his way to the bedside, and, satisfying himself the wife is asleep, he begins to rock the cradle, first gently, then with greater energy. At last, when he is nearly frozen, and wholly nonplussed by the profoundness of the slumber of his better half, a sleepy voice, in which he fancies he detects a faint gurgle of irrelevant mirth, exclaims: "Oh, come to bed —the baby isn't in that cradle!" On another occasion, an old friend of mine was going home at one of the "wee short hours ayont the twal'," accompanied by a young journalist, who, of course, had to keep late hours—all journalists do so, you know—and when they had reached the point where their paths diverged the elder said to the younger: "What in the world shall I say when I get home?" And the younger, some three years married, replied, with ready resource and cheerfulness: "Be assured, my dear Isaac, it is much best to speak



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the truth. I shall go at once and waken my wife, and frankly tell her the press broke down!"

It is much best to speak the truth! Yes, but I think it would be best of all if Adam and Eve came to some understanding about these matters; if they reached some mutual agreement; if they compromised them, so to say.

"And these few precepts, son-in-law," observed an over-facetious paterfamilias at breakfast the day after the wedding, "when you get off with the boys and play the noble game, quit when you have lost what you can afford, go home and tell Maria, and it will be all right. If you drink a drop too much, realize it, go home to Maria, who will bathe your brow, and it will be all right. But on one point, dear son-in-law, let me admonish you. Where there is a woman you lie! In order that in some moment of effusion, or inebriety, you may not by chance slip your trolley and tell the truth, accustom yourself to lying!"

The woman is in perpetual fear of the man's nature; not his natural wickedness, or depravity; but his redundant vitality, exposed to the temptations that habitually assail it. And well she may be. Well for him, well for her, well for us all. A world of wild beasts we should become, except for her restraining moral force, her exquisite sense of good and evil, her tenderness and love. We make jokes at her expense. We rally and tease her.



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"Ah, gentle dames, it ga's me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened, sage advices,
The husband fra the wife despises!"

And, half amused, yet half afraid and half ashamed, we picture her

"Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

But "for a' that and a' that," we, too, know where to draw the line, and we do draw it—every mother's son of us who is worth salt enough to pickle him—at love and duty, at the home, the shrine where love and duty meet, to sing on earth the song of the angels in Heaven.

But let us not grow sentimental. Having drawn the line, let us draw the curtain. Affection compromises all things. It is where there is no love, out, out upon the storm-laden ocean of life—in the world of affairs, where men meet in furious contention, where the play of The Rivals is not a comedy, but a tragedy, where all is strife—commercial, political—avarice playing at hide-and-seek with honor, and expediency pouring lies into the pliant ear of ambition—every man for himself, the devil to get the hindmost—each tub to stand on its own bottom—it is here where the shoe pinches, here that good men, great men, know the true need and meaning of tolerance, the God-like wisdom of the spirit of compromise.



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# The Compromises of Life

Of what value were Jay Gould's millions—of what value a single one of his dollars—if over and beyond his wants a penny was gained at the cost of the blood and tears of one good man or woman? Of what value were Napoleon's victories? But, stay! Let me relate a parable, a fable with a moral, which might have happened any time these years of wondrous, romantic achievement upon the modern arena of battle—our field of the cloth of gold—the Stock Exchange.

A young man of four or five and twenty, poorly clad, much under the average height, eyes deep-sunken and of piercing blackness, thin, pale lips, wanders vacantly, restlessly, about this Stock Exchange. He roams in and out of its galleries like a caged lion. He gazes wistfully over the balconies into the seething pit below. He sees men pushing, hauling, howling, money-mad. Day in and day out the same; always the same; though not for him. But, why not? Why not? He knows no one who could secure him access there. He has not a dollar, even if he could obtain access. And yet he has evolved out of the darkness and desolation that surround him a secret which, if he had the opportunity and the means of applying it, would yield him millions.

Accident throws this young man into the society of a young woman nearly as poor as himself, but beautiful and bright and noble. He loves her. She loves him. In the confidence of that love he discloses his secret to



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her. She listens, amazed, delighted. When he has finished his recital she exclaims:

"Why, with this astonishing knowledge, how comes it you are in rags?"

"Alas," says he, "I have not a penny in the world. I have not a friend in the world. With a knowledge that has power to revolutionize the fiscal universe, I am as helpless, hopeless as a child!"

This woman is a woman of genius. She is a woman of action. She seizes the situation with the instinct of her nature.

"Why," she exclaims, "I have very little money; but you need very little. Take it. I know the President of the Stock Exchange. I will introduce you to him. He will introduce you upon the floor. You, and this wondrous discovery of yours, will do the rest."

He falls upon his knees. He clasps her in his arms. He will go and get his millions. He will make her his wife—nay, they will be married at once—they will not delay a moment, because before to-morrow's day and night are over they will be rich, famous, and will live forever happy, loving one another and doing good all the rest of their days.

They are married. She is true to her word. He is true to his. He appears in the midst of that mad throng—this strange little man with the miraculous secret. No one observes him; no one divines his secret; only the President of the Stock Exchange, to whom



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he has been presented, and who has admitted him to the floor, has a friendly eye upon him. But his lines laid and, his little all upon them, that awful secret begins to work like magic. A thousand dollars is quickly ten thousand, ten thousand a hundred thousand, a hundred thousand a million, a million fifty millions, and, amid the crash of fortunes and the fury of such a tempest as the world never knew before, the President comes down from his seat, and the young, the veritable young Napoleon of finance, is personally made known to the money kings and princes, some of whom he has ruined, others of whom he has crippled, and all of whom he has brought to his feet!

And the woman who has enabled him to do all this? Oh, she has been in the gallery up there. She has seen it all. First frightened, then appalled, then delirious with joy, she has watched every turn of the wheel and known what turned it and who. The day is hardly half over. But the battle is fought and won. She bids him come—come to the arms of a loving wife—come to the rest of a happy home—come, with riches, honors, all that fortune can give to man, e'en to that blessed peace that passeth understanding. Oh, no. He is not going to do anything of the kind. He has only ruined half the Stock Exchange. He is going back to ruin the other half. Ah, well—what would you say of that man if, going back to ruin the other half, he lost all he had gained, including his original stake,



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and found himself at midnight, his mystery exploded and his fair young bride lying dead there before him, dead of grief and despair? What would you say if he found himself alone, abandoned and locked safely and forever in prison walls?

You know the story of Napoleon. It is related by Metternich that during that famous interview at Dresden, that lasted, without food or interruption, from eight in the morning till eight at night, he, representing the Allied Powers, offered Napoleon peace with a larger France than he had found, and the confirmation of his dynasty, and that Napoleon refused it. He wanted all or nothing. He was going to ruin the other half. So he rushed upon Austria, and England, and Russia—who were still able to stand against him—and Waterloo—and before the day was over he found himself a General without an army, an Emperor without a throne, flying for his life, to be caught and locked up like the ill-starred, unthinking, though brilliant, adventurer that he was. He had lost all, including his original stake—

> "He fought, and half the world was his,
> He died without a rood his own;
> And borrowed of his enemies
> Six foot of ground to lie upon."

Do you not think he had better have compromised with the Powers before it was too late? I do, and, standing, as I have often stood, beneath that lofty dome



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in the Hospital of the Invalides in Paris, and looking down into that marble crypt upon the wondrous tomb below, and conceiving the glory meant to be there celebrated it has seemed to me a kind of gilded hell, with a sleeping devil, planned by fiends incarnate to lure men, and particularly French men, to perdition. And I never leave that place, with its dreary splendor, that somehow the words of a poor, ragged French poet do not come singing into my heart:

> "Oh, if I were Queen of France,
> Or still better Pope of Rome,
> I'd have no fighting men abroad,
> No weeping maids at home;
> All the world should be at peace.
> And if Kings must show their might,
> Let those who make the quarrels
> Be the only ones to fight."

I would compromise war. I would compromise glory. (I would compromise everything at that point where hate comes in, where misery comes in, where love ceases to be love and life begins its descent in the shadow of the valley of death.)

(I would not compromise Truth. I would not compromise the Right. I would not compromise conscience and conviction in any matter of pith and moment involving real duty.) There are times when one must stand and fight, when one must fight and die. But such times are exceptional; they are most excep-



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tional; one cannot without making himself ridiculous be always wrapping the flag around him and marching down to the foot-lights, to display his extraordinary valor and virtue. And, in the long intervals, how often the best of us are mistaken as to what is Truth, as to what is Right, as to what is Duty. Too often they are what we would have them to be. Too often that which we want to do becomes that which we ought to do.

It will hardly be denied by those who know me that I have opinions and adhere to them with some steadiness. On occasions I am afraid that I have expressed them with too great plainness and positivity, and too little regard to the opinions of others. Well, there are moments when the thought comes to my mind that the other fellow, who doesn't agree with me or my opinions, may not be such a bad fellow after all; maybe both of us are right; maybe neither of us; for, in the end, how rarely things come round just as they were planned; yet still the world goes jogging along, precisely as if you and I did not live in it.

Why should neighbors, who ought to be friends and brothers, quarrel about transactions that can never penetrate their roof-tree's shade? Why should differences about public affairs a thousand miles away make private enmities at home? I am sure I never loved any man less because he did not agree with me. I may think him a fool—of course—and tell him so—if he isn't a



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bigger man than I am, or, better, if he is one of those big-hearted creatures who will only laugh at me—but I shall not question either his motive or his sincerity. Those are his prerogatives, as they are mine, and, if I think him a fool, there is no law compelling me to keep his company; only I do keep it all the same, because, somehow, in spite of our occasional tiffs, we just naturally love one another, and, kneeling by the bedside of a sick child, or standing before the grave of a dead comrade, how mean and paltry seem the discussions we had about bimetallism and monometallism, and high tariff and low tariff, and the line! What is Lilly O'Killarney, the Hawaiian maiden from Blarney Castle, what is she to me, or I to her, that I should weep for her? What is it to you whether raw sugar be on the dutiable list, or free? To us in Kentucky now—who always take sugar in ours—but that is a mere quibble of words, and I will not pursue the theme!

Thank God we live in a free land. It is every man's business to believe something, or to fancy that he does. It is every man's duty to vote, and he ought to vote according as he thinks, or as he thinks he is thinking. That makes what we call politics. That makes what we call parties. They are the glory of free institutions. And then, after we have finished voting as we thought we were thinking, we disperse to our several homes, leaving a huddle of gentlemen, who pass as our representatives, to go to Washington. We call



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them politicians. They call themselves statesmen. We pay them—though not very adequately—to run the Government. Well, they go to Washington and they run it—the Government—and, if they don't suit —and they generally don't—we turn them out and send others to take their places, and so on *ad infinitum.* And thus we keep up free America, permeated by free institutions and free ideas, and a free, but sometimes a ribald press.

Now and then, we get a man at Washington who is clever enough to stay there a long, long time; and he becomes a leader; a great leader; a great Republican leader; or a great Democratic leader; he knows his business; but, in reality, he has lost his identity; for you just follow any two of these leaders, after they have fought that sham battle on the floor which has so edified their constituents in the gallery—you just follow them downstairs or upstairs, and see how snugly they take their cold tea together; they have been there so long that they understand one another; they understand one another too well, perhaps; they actually love one another; they are obliged to; they know too much; they could not afford anything else. They, at least, have learned how to compromise everything except their seats in Congress.

But if it be wise to agree to disagree one with another about the affairs of this world toward the determination of which no one of us has more than his sin-



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gle vote, why should we grow angry and dispute about the affairs of the world to come, toward the determination of which no one of us has any vote at all?

I cannot rid myself of the impression that there are many roads leading to Heaven. To be sure, I know nothing about it, actually, and, as a matter of fact, because I have never been there; though I have sometimes thought I might be, and have always nursed the hope that I was on the way. But what way? Well, I have had some advantages. I was born in the Presbyterian Church, baptized in the Catholic Church, educated in the Episcopal Church, and married into the Church of the Disciples. I came so near being made a Doctor of Divinity once that it took the interposition of two bishops and a school-master to limit the investiture to that of Common Law. I do not think myself wanting in seriousness as to religion, or sincerity of allegiance to that sublime faith which has come to us from Calvary. (But, for the life of me, I have never had it in my heart to hate any human being because he chose to worship God according to his conscience.)

Perusing the story of the dark ages, when men were burnt at the stake for the heresy of refusing to bow to the will of the majority, it is not the voice of the Protestant or Catholic that issues from the flames and reaches my heart, but the cry of suffering man, my brother! To me a saint is a saint, whether he wears wooden shoes, or goes barefoot; whether he gets his



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baptism out of a font of holy water blessed by the Church of his adoration, or whether, dripping from head to heels, he comes up from the waters of Jordan shouting the hallelujah of his forefathers! From my very boyhood the persecution of man for opinion's sake —no matter for what opinion's sake—has aroused within me the only devil I have ever personally known. When I was a child, some six or seven years old, I had an experience which has pursued me through life and whose impressions have colored all my afterthoughts. I was spending the winter with my grandparents. My grandfather was a Southern planter. He was the owner of a great plantation. He was master of many slaves. Among these slaves was Isaac, a likely young fellow, who was good to me, and carried me afield in the early mornings and told me stories by the cabin log-heap in the evenings, and became, according to the fashion of those times, my Uncle Isaac. One day my Uncle Isaac was ordered by the Overseer to be whipped for some peccadillo. I did not understand the meaning of what was going forward, but I watched with serious, childlike interest. The man was brought out and bound, the Overseer standing expectant, brandishing that dreadful weapon of his. My Uncle Isaac looked at me. He looked at me in a poor, weak, beseeching way. Then I realized it all. I went straight up to the Overseer and put forth my little plea. The Overseer was a Legree. There



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stood his victim, and he was not to be deprived of his prey. The lash was raised with one hand while I was held back with the other. Then the devil I spoke of just now, or, was it some Angel? inspired me with superhuman strength. I bit the brute's hands till they bled, I scratched his face as he lifted me in his arms to set me out of reach, I screamed like one distraught. For half a minute I was more than that giant's match. At last they bore me away and locked me up in an upper chamber, where I ran about shrieking and beating upon the doors and windows. I can still see the dark green of the closed shutters. I can still hear that black man's cries. But there were no more whippings while I remained on that plantation. My grandfather was so impressed that he made me a deed of gift to my Uncle Isaac, and, afterward, when I grew toward manhood, I gave him his freedom. He fell upon the field of battle wearing a blue uniform, and that's the only "nigger" I ever owned, thank God! But that early shock set me a lesson in the true relation of human freedom to despotic power, which has abided with me ever since, branching out in every direction where I have thought I saw the strong lording it over the weak, whether by pressure of the mailed hand, or the mere force of numbers. As a consequence, I have spent the greater part of my life in the minority and in opposition!

Near the upper end of the Lake of Geneva, in



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Switzerland, there is a famous old castle. Seen from the lake, it is an incongruous white pile of towers and gables and bastions. But it will repay the tourist to go ashore and to cross the drawbridge which admits him to an inner and nearer view. Even in this practical and enlightened age, when dungeons no longer yawn to swallow the helpless and racks are no more raised to torment the proscribed, and when they who are freest seem least to be jealous and proud of their freedom, it is impossible for any thoughtful man to come here and to stand within these walls, and to go away again without having his love of liberty refreshed and his detestation for oppression renewed, for it was here that the patriot Bonnivard passed seventeen years, chained to one of the stone pillars of the Castle keep, suggesting the motive for Byron's immortal poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon."

In this light, the Castle of Chillon becomes at once a fortress and a shrine, from which there is as little chance of escape for free and loving hearts to-day as during the long, dark night of its blood and terror there was for its victims.

You are shown the Star Chamber, which they called The Hall of Justice. You pass into the torture-room, and behold its cruel, horrible implements. You descend the narrow, winding stairway into the Vestibule of Executions. On the one hand is the stone bed on which the condemned spent their last night upon



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earth, and, on the other, the dungeon reserved for those who were not given the happiness to die. And there—just before you in the wall—next to the lake—is the casement through which they slid the bodies of the slain.

You enter the dungeon. It is just as Byron describes it in his poem. The seven columns are there, and the scant clefts in the rocks which admit a little sunlight. Upon three of the columns still hang the iron rings that held the chains that fastened the prisoners. Around the column to which Bonnivard was chained for seventeen years appear the marks worn by his footsteps, and, just above them—carved by himself—his name in rude letters, and close by it the names of Byron and Victor Hugo. They are all gone now, the hero of the fourteenth century, the singers of the nineteenth; contemporaries at last before the eternal throne; but from those letters that repeat their names there rings out from the rocks a voice that seems to irradiate the gloom and to echo round the globe.

"Chillon! Thy prison is a holy place!
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod
Until the very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod
By Bonnivard! May none these marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God!"

I have seen worse places, ranker, darker, fouler places, but never one more hideous in its suggestiveness, be-



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cause, the story of Bonnivard and the poem of Byron apart, therein is concentrated and typified all that was brutal in feudalism, all that was cruel in bigotry, all that was heroic in resistance. They did not know anything about the compromises of life in those days. Might alone was right, and the axe, the gibbet, and the stake were the arguments which power relied on to carry forward its campaigns of education and reform.

I have said that the Government under which we live is a compromise between conflicting interests. It is less so now than it once was, but it must always rest upon the basis of compromise, and, assuredly, except for many compromises in the beginning, it would never have existed at all.

No one can read the story of the struggle for freedom in America without an awe-struck sense of the presence of God's hand from first to last.

The long debate between loyalty and liberty was vexed by painful doubts of what was right and what was wrong, and the resort to arms was full of practical difficulties. The Colonies were not all alike, nor were they of one mind. They were but sparse communities, lying wide apart. They were scattered along the Atlantic seaboard. There were no railways, or telegraph; and the voice of old Samuel Adams in Massachusetts could not reach the ears of young Thomas Jefferson in Virginia even through the medium of that spiritual telephone, which, they knew not how, or why, made



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their hearts to beat together. But the unseen hand of God was there to point the way; He assembled the Continental Congress; wrote the sublime Declaration; summoned armies into the field and placed Washington at their head; and, against incredible odds, internal and external, he won a battle that was to emancipate millions.

The trial did not end here.

When the Revolutionary War was over a nation had still to be formed; and here again the hand of God in the work of forging a government amid a chaos and of framing a Constitution out of the insubstantial fabrics of the patriot's dream of liberty. They came, these nation-makers, with the blessing of God upon them, and what they could not agree upon they compromised. If they had not, who shall tell the altered course of history? I tremble to think what the world might be to-day, except for the spirit of patriotic and reasonable concession which brought Madison and Jay and Hamilton together in the advocacy of a plan of government entirely acceptable to no one of them. They compromised some things which gave infinite trouble to their descendants. They left open to double construction some things which afterward led the way to a great war of sections, imperilling the good they had done their country in the making of the Constitution as well as the good that had been done to man in the Declaration of Independence and the War of the Revolution.



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What then? Why, they dug the foundations of human freedom broad and deep; they laid the foundations of popular government high and strong; and the proof is that here it is this blessed moment, a monument of the wisdom of those compromises which are made in faith and love, for God's sake and for man's sake.

I have lived through an epoch of sore travail. I was born in the national capital and grew to manhood there. I was brought into close, personal contact with the men who made disunion possible. I saw the struggle to save the Union; and the struggle to destroy it. I saw the good men of the North and the good men of the South bravely, nobly join heart and hand to maintain the compromises on which the Union rested. I saw those compromises one by one sink beneath the waves of sectional bitterness, artfully stimulated, and partisan interest, craftily pointed. I knew the secret springs of personal ambition which were playing upon the popular credulity, and lashing it into a frenzy. As one of the day's reporters for the Associated Press, I stood by the side of Lincoln when he delivered his first inaugural address, and as I looked out over that vast throng of assembled Americans, wrought to fury by the passions of the time, I knew that it meant war; and I thought the heart within me, boy's that it was, would break, for I loved my country, its glorious traditions, its glorious Union, its incalculable uses to liberty and humanity.



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There was no sunshine in the heavens. There was no verdure on the hills. All seemed lost. Hate and strife ruled the hour; and, one side as resolute as the other, the dove took her flight from earth, leaving the raven in her nest.

But all was not lost. God was with us even then, though we did not see Him, and He builded wiser than we knew, because are we not here this night, proud and happy, our Republic stronger than ever it was, all the old contentions settled, the monster of slavery gone forever, the monster of secession gone forever, our Government the marvel of the ages, rescued from every assault which has menaced and shattered feudal monarchies and dynasties; the flag flying at last as Webster would have had it fly, bearing upon its ample folds, as it floats over the land and the sea, those words, dear to every American heart, union and liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable! All was not lost, though perilously near it.

As I go back from the age of achievement in which we live, to the age of experiment from which we emerged—tracing the early footsteps of the pathfinders—noting how some faltered and some fell by the way—how some doubted and passed to the rear—how, even Gouverneur Morris, the *beau sabreur* of liberty, and Timothy Pickering, its shield-and-buckler, and Josiah Quincy, its very torch, goaded by a mistaken sense of wrong, as later on the leaders of the South were lured



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by an economic fallacy, into the quagmire of secession—one colossal figure rises before me. From 1820, when over the admission of Missouri to Statehood the slavery question began its checkered career of strife and blood, to 1850, when the sections seemed to have arrived at a definite understanding, the great heart and firm hand of Henry Clay, supported by his irresistible personality, held the scales so true in the balance that neither extremist could get in his work of disintegration. Even Calhoun was forced to alight from his high horse and to yield, under the guise of a compromise, the case of South Carolina. Even Jackson, Clay's relentless enemy, was obliged to sign Clay's compromise Tariff Act as part of the price of his own Force Bill.

I am a Free Trader in the sense that I believe the Government has no right either constitutional or equitable to levy and collect a dollar of taxation except for its own support, while Mr. Clay was a Protectionist and the father of a protective system which I think, and have always thought, fallacious as an economic policy, both oppressive and unjust as a method of raising revenue; but, when I recall the crises of 1820, of 1832-33, and of 1850, theories of taxation sink into insignificance before the transcendent issue of the national integrity, until, losing sight of the Protectionist, I stand reverent in the presence of the Unionist.

I once heard Mr. Fillmore relate that on a certain occasion Mr. Webster had said to him, "Fillmore, I



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like Clay—I very much regard Clay—but he rides rough, d——d rough." Yet Clay's was the genius of compromise which actually piloted the sections away from secession and war during forty years of national development, making the final resort to arms so unequal as to be futile. I am prouder of being a Kentuckian because Clay was a Kentuckian, prouder of my Virginia pedigree because Clay was born in Virginia. He came into the world a peace-maker—one of those peace-makers who would have peace if he had to fight for it—dominancy so fused with conciliation, so reasonable, and sagacious, as to inspire admiration while it compelled obedience. More truly even than Webster was he an American; the antitype, as he was the file-leader, of Lincoln, whom Grady not inaptly designated "the first typical American."

I never saw him, never heard his voice, never took his hand—though I have passed many happy hours beneath the roof of his Ashland, and carry in priceless estimation the memory of the loved ones there—for notwithstanding that I grew up in Washington and was old enough to understand something of public men and affairs when he died, mine was the Democrat, not the Whig camp, and in those days party lines were already inexorable. A very young man, a student of letters—indeed, as I may say with the young ladies in "The Vicar of Wakefield," "of Shakespeare and the musical glasses"—and quite a walking arsenal of



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audacity and misinformation, I was disparaging Mr. Clay, whose speeches did not read up to their reputation, in favor of Mr. Webster, whose sonorous rhetoric had captivated me, when my father, an old-line, dyed-in-the-wool Jackson Democrat, interposed to rebuke my unguarded loquacity. "My son," said he, "this is not the first time I have heard you express those opinions. They discredit nobody but yourself. I don't care how Mr. Clay's speeches read, or what you think of him; he was the greatest orator I ever heard, a patriot, and a born leader, a veritable king of men." Those who remember the Old Fogy, and my relations to him, need not be told that I subsided at once. But, as I have grown older in years, and, may I not hope, a little in wisdom and grace—as I have come to realize in the practical business both of politics and life—both of the fireside and the forum—what it means to give and take—particularly to endure—the clearer do I see, the more do I reverence the character and the genius of our backwoods Chatham, our homespun Commoner, our incomparable Harry of the West, with his masterful spirit, his undoubting, indefatigable patriotism, his great, good heart.

I never think of Mr. Clay that I do not think of Mr. Blaine. It will be a solace to me in my old age, in case I am vouchsafed an old age, to recall the circumstance that, enjoying a sufficient intimacy with that eminent man to know him well—to have a direct per-



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sonal knowledge of his affairs—that no heat, or friction, of party interest or passion, could in high party times swerve me from doing justice to his public and private worth. Like Clay he was a parliamentary chieftain of talents unsurpassed; like Clay, of resistless personal charm; like Clay, the victim of a baseless, shameful calumny. Clay, Douglas, Blaine—the triumvir of captivating party leaders, as Clay, Webster, and Calhoun were the triumvir of resplendent senators and statesmen—take off your hats to them, young men, and, imitating their devotion to their duty as they saw it, try to avoid the excess, the riot of manhood, which sometimes led them astray, while you cultivate the self-denial and self-repression you will find in the lives of Washington, of Calhoun, and of Lincoln.

The generation which fought to a finish the irrepressible antagonisms our fathers had compromised—deciding for all time that the Government is a nation, and not a huddle of petty sovereignties, that the Constitution is the law, fixed and organic, and not a rope of sand—is passing away. I can scarcely realize that I belong to that generation, that I, too, have borne a part in the consideration of problems, toward the solution of which the best efforts of the best men have been but as the blind leading the blind. What mistakes we have made! What weaklings we have been! And how helpless, except for some saving grace in the American character and destiny! Happy it is that so many



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of us survive to tell the tale! Three hundred years ago there would have been fewer by half. In the good old days of the Inquisition and the Star Chamber we should have reached our ends, have compassed our designs, by torturing and killing those who got in our way. Let us give thanks to God that we have fallen upon gentler times; that we may do our love-making and our law-making as we do our ploughing, in a straight furrow; that it is the close of the nineteenth, not the opening of the sixteenth of the centuries. Even the tax-gatherer is to be preferred as a steady visiting acquaintance, to the headsman, and journalism, with all its imperfections, offers a fairer field for human investment than the battle-axe of the middle ages.



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## THE SOUTH IN LIGHT AND SHADE*

Of every people it may be said, "by their jokes ye shall know them." Men are least restrained in their mirth, and give therein the largest play to their likes and dislikes. The humor of Fielding, Thackeray tells us, is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lanthorn. The same may be said of the humor of Rabelais, though the objects of its ridicule are not always cheats and scamps. The difference between *opéra bouffe* and Anglo-Saxon farce represents the difference between the life of the French and the life of the English. With Americans it is not the snob and the husband who are satirized; our jocosity embraces chiefly the small boy, the widow, and the mother-in-law, reserving for its most palpable hits the bully, the visionary speculator, the gamester, and the commercial agent. Thus American humor may be divided into two classes —that which relates to fighting and that which relates to money. In the South this general classification grows still narrower, gaining, however, in whimsicality and local color what it lacks in breadth.

There can be no mistaking the origin of the story of

* 1877.



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the traveller who asked a Mississippian whether it was worth his while to carry a pistol, and was told: "Well, stranger, you mout move around here more'n a year an' never need a pistol, but ef you *should* happen to need one, you'd need it powerful." Equally characteristic is the record of a well-known Tennessee case. The principal witness for the commonwealth testified that he was sent to get a fresh pack of cards, that he got them, and, returning, sat down in the grass. Here he balked in his testimony, and would go no further. At last, after cross-questioning and coaxing had been exhausted, the judge threatened him with fine and imprisonment, whereupon he said: "Please, your honor, if I must tell why I drapped in the jimson weeds, I suppose I must. It was just, your honor, *to look over the kerds, and mark the bowers.*" The following no less reflects the local color of the ante-bellum days: Two Kentuckians went to settle their bill at a hotel in Boston. There being a dispute about the amount, one of them grew angry and began to swear, when the other said: "Remember, John, who you are. Remember you are a Kentuckian. Pay the bill and *shoot the scoundrel.*" Parson Bullen, in his funeral oration over the dead body of Sut Lovingood, observed:

"We air met, my brethering, to bury this ornery cuss. He had hosses, an' he run 'em; he had chickens, an' he fit 'em; he had kiards, an' he played 'em. Let us try



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an' ricollect his virtues—ef he had any—an' forgit his vices—ef we can. *For of sich air the kingdom of heaven!"*

Such incidents as these could not happen, and therefore could not be humorously narrated, in any part of the world except the South.

In the old steam-boating times the typical Southerner was pictured as a ranting, roving blade, who wore a broad-brimmed Panama hat and a great watch-fob, who was an expert in the decoction and disposition of mixed drinks, who ended all his sentences with "By Gawd, sir," and thought no more of betting "a likely nigger-boy" on a "bobtail flush" than you or I would think of betting a button on the result of a Presidential election. It was he who was to be encountered during the winter anywhere and all the way from Cairo to New Orleans; during the summer at any of the watering-places, from Saratoga to Newport. He travelled with a dusky valet, a silver-headed cane, two ruffled shirts, and a case of hair-triggers. His morning meal was a simple Kentucky breakfast—"three cocktails and a chaw of terbacker." His amusements were equally simple and few: he could clip the wing of a mosquito at ten or fifteen paces; could stop the launching of a life-boat to tell his terrified fellow-passengers the last good story from "Georgy"; could pull to a shoestring, as the saying went, and draw a tanyard! He affected blooded stock, particularly game-cocks. To him the pedigree



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of a race-horse, like a question in constitutional lore, was a sacred subject, to be tampered with under penalty of death. He had the faculty of losing his money, and other people's money, with charming indiscrimination, if not with delightful indifference, at all games of chance, from chuck-a-luck to brag. That such an animal would fight was a matter of course; he would fight anything, preferring, indeed, the "tiger."

The invention of the comparatively modern pastime called by the fastidious English "American whist," to escape its more vulgar appellation of "draw-poker," was to him the discovery of another world. He felt as the ancient monarch would have felt had the new amusement for which he offered a reward really come into being. It struck him, and it stuck to him. Its very nomenclature tickled his fancy, beginning with its descriptive soubriquet "draw-poker." He was in the habit of drawing on his commission merchant, on his revolver, and on his imagination, and here was a chance to draw on all three at one and the same time. He was himself a poker—a poker of fun at all men, a poker of nonsense in the face and under the nose of Providence. Then the titles of the hands were descriptive. There were "fulls" and "flushes," and was not his own life a perpetual see-saw between the two? —for when he was not flush he was sure to be full, and *vice versa.*

In those days there were no bloated bondholders.



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We had not even risen to the dignity of the insurance agent. Capital was really timid, and, for the most part, was represented in the South, as far as the East was concerned, by the peddler, the colporteur, and the vendor of lightning-rods. These, who made themselves familiar with Southern thoroughfares only, were impressed by the manners of our swaggering hero; they stood abashed before his bullying; they were amused by his vulgarity; being for the most part unversed in the ways of the world, except that of trade, they were bound to fall into mistakes. Not unnaturally, therefore, they mistook the Southern swashbuckler for the Southern gentleman, and carried home a daguerreotype of Southern life taken from their adventures, which, as we may conjecture, were never of the nicest. The South, on its part, got its view of the North from the wandering middlemen who were best known to it; and thus a mutual misconception sprang into existence—taking its ideas and examples, not from the better classes of society, but from the worst. The truth is, that behind these the good people of the North and South lived, moved, and had their being: in the one section, relying upon thrift and industry to build up fortunes; in the other section, victims to circumstance rather than design, accumulating debts as they accumulated slaves. I am sure that I am not mistaken in this; and, indeed, events are verifying it. After years of contention and war, the obstructive forces are passing away, and what



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do we see? Why, in the South, looking northward, we see a race, kindred to ourselves, a little less effusive, but hardly less genial, already disciplined and equipped to struggle against the winds and the waves. In the North, looking southward, the philosophic observer sees, not a huddle of lazy barbarians, composed in large part of murderers and gamblers, but a great body of Christian men and women, who have had a hard struggle with fate and fortune, but who have stood against the elements with a fortitude that contradicts the characteristics formerly imputed to them; he sees the master of yesterday the toiler of to-day; he sees the mistress of the mansion, still a gentlewoman in the truest sense, striving and saving, patching, piecing, and pinching to make both ends meet; he sees, in short, a people, born to the luxury of a rich soil and a warm climate, and inured to nothing except the privations of disastrous war and unexpected poverty, throwing themselves bravely into the exigencies of real life; nowhere indolent and idle; nowhere demoralized; everywhere cheerful, active, and sober.

It is not of these, however, that I am going to speak to-night. The homely story of their ups and downs will pass into the humor of the future. I wish to introduce here a lower order—to talk of the comicalities and whimsicalities of Southern life, embodied in the exploits of the howling raccoon of the mountains and the musings of the epic hero who, describing him-



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self, said: "I am a fighter from Bitter Creek; I'm a wolf, and this is my night to howl. I've three rows of front teeth, and nary tooth alike. The folks on Bitter Creek are bad; the higher up you go, the wuss they are; and *I'm from the head-waters.*" This type is the offspring of a class, and, as humor itself springs from the nether side of nature, he must needs play a considerable part in the veracious chronicle of Southern life.

Running over the pages of Professor Longstreet's amusing volume of "Georgia Scenes," certainly a most faithful, as well as a most graphic, series of pen-pictures of the South, one is agreeably impressed by the absence of venality and blood-thirstiness which marks the various narrations. The table of contents embraces all manner of inland adventure, from a gander-pulling to a shooting-match, including such suggestive chapters as "The Horse-swap," "The Debating Society," "The Militia Drill," and "The Fox Hunt." "The Life and Adventures of Bill Arp" is a continuation of the same class of incidents, narrated by the principal actor, in backwoods English. Both volumes, however, are bounded by purely local confines. The yarns spun by Sut Lovingood, who describes himself as "a nateral born dern'd fool," have been more fortunate; at least one of them has travelled across the Atlantic, where, translated into French, it enlivens a scene in one of the ingenious dramas of M. Victorien Sardou. Sut Lovingood is described as "a queer, long-legged, web-footed,



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short-bodied, hog-eyed, and white-haired" creature, mounted on "a nick-tailed, bow-necked, long, poor, pale, sorrel horse"—a compound of ignorance and cunning, half dandy and half devil, perpetually entangled in "a net-work of bridle-reins, crupper, martingales, straps, stirrups, surcingles, and red ferreting." He tells his own story in the wildest of East Tennessee jargon, being a native of that beatific region, and is, of course, the hero of his own recitals. These, be it said, are quite as often at his expense as in glorification of his exploits. There is an extravagant oddity in his experience which rarely fails to arrest attention. On one occasion he tells how, seeing for the first time "a biled shirt," he desires to emulate the wearer and imitate the fashion. He broods over the mystery of biled shirts. He roams in the mountains and dives into the philosophy of biled shirts. At length, he discovers in a female friend an original genius. She has no more practical knowledge of starch than himself; but she has heard that flour, boiled to a certain consistency and smeared over a given surface of textile fabric, will stiffen it. So she undertakes the job, makes the paste, douses Lovingood's homespun into it, and, being in a hurry, he puts it on before it is dry. He goes to the grocery to show himself, drinks deeply, and falls asleep; the shirt congeals upon him, and when he wakes—in a hay-loft—he is a sight to see. How to escape becomes at once a problem. At length, to make a long story



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short, he loosens the edges of the tails of the unmanageable garment, and tacks these to the four sides of the hole in the floor by which entrance is had to the hay-loft, and plunges through to the ground below—with what consequences one may imagine.

On another occasion, the Lovingood family being about to starve, and there being no horse to plough with, Sut's father agrees to be horse and pull the plough, enacting the part perfectly until he gets into a nest of yellow-jackets, when—considering it his duty to act as a horse would act—he runs away, destroying plough, gear, and all, much to the consternation of his son, who plays the part of ploughman. Again, being greatly enraged with a local preacher, Sut resolves upon revenge, and goes to camp-meeting to accomplish his purpose. The culmination of this exploit he tells thus:

"I tuck a seat on the steps of the pulpit an' kivered as much of my face with my han's es I could, to show I was in yearnest. Hit tuck powerful, for I hearn a sort o' thankful kin' of buzz all over the congregashun. Thur were a monstrous crowd in that grove, for the weather was fine and beleevers was plenty. The parson give out an' they sung that good ole hym:

> " 'Thur will be mournin', mournin', mournin' here,
> And mournin', mournin', mournin' there,
> On that dread day to come.'

"Thinks I, kin it be possible anybody has tole the ole varmint what's goin' to happen to him? An' then I 'low'd nobody know'd it but me, an' I was comforted. He nex' tuck his tex', which was powerfully mixed with



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brimstone an' trim'd with blue an' red flames. Then he opened. He commenced onto the sinners. He threatened 'em orful, tried to skeer 'em with the wust varmints he could think of, an' arter a while, he got onto the subject of hell-sarpints, an' he dwelt on it. He tole 'em how the ole hell-sarpints 'd sarve 'em ef they didn't repent; how both hot an' cold they'd crawl over their naked bodies; how they'd 'rap their tails roun' their necks, poke their tongues down their throats, an' hiss in their ears. I seed thet my time had come. I had cotched seven or eight pot-bellied lizzards, an' had 'em in a narrer bag thet I had made a purpose. So, when he war a rarin' an' a tearin' an' a ravin' onto his tip-toes, an' a-poundin' ov the pulpit, onbeknowns to anybody I ontied my bag ov reptiles, put the mouf ov hit onto the bottom ov his briches-leg, an' begun a pinchin' ov their tails. Quick as gunpowder they all took up his leg, makin' a noise like squirrels climbin' a shell-bark hickory, or a sycamin'. He stopt rite in the middle of the word 'damnation.' He looked for an instant like he were listenin' for somethin'. His terrific features stopped the shoutin'. You could 'a' hearn a cricket jump. Jess about this time one ov my lizzards pops his head out'n the parson's shirt-collar, waggin' his ole brown neck an' surveyin' of the congregashun. The parson seed it, an' it war too much for him. He got his tongue, the old varmint, an' he cries: 'Pray for me, brethren! pray for me, sisteren! I is 'rastlin' with the arch enemy, rite now! Pray for me an' save yerselves! For the hell-sarpints hav' got me!' "

I have abridged the details, which, though very comic, are, it must be owned, very coarse. The book abounds with similar burlesque. It is not real life,



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indeed, but an attempt, in a rough way, to travesty the shams of the crude life sought to be portrayed and satirized. The orthography is really original, if nothing else, not at all imitative either of Yellowplush or Artemus. The author of the book lived and died among the scenes he describes—a quiet, sombre East-Tennessean, George Harris by name. His contributions were made in the first place to a journal in Nashville, and collected thence into a volume. The value of this may not be great, but its quaintness is undeniable.

About thirty years ago there appeared in the New Orleans *Picayune* a sermon which attracted immediate attention and attained wide currency. It was at once recognized as a genuine transcription. It purported to have been delivered by a volunteer preacher, who, making his livelihood as captain of a flat-boat, happened to "lay up" over Sunday by a Mississippi landing. An idle crowd being collected, he organized an impromptu congregation, and produced a discourse which has obtained a standard place in our comic literature. He began:

"I may say to you, my brethering, that I am not an edicated man, an' I am not one o' them as believes an edication is necessary in a minister of the Gospel; for I believe the Lord edicates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edicated; and although I says it as ought not to say it, in the State of Alabamy, where I live, there's no man what gits bigger congregashuns nor what I gits.



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"There may be some here to-day, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I must say to you that I am a Hard-shell Baptist. Thar is some folks as don't like the Hard-shell Baptists, but, as fur as I sees, it's better to have a hard shell than no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethering, dressed up in fine clothes; you mout think I was proud. But I am not proud, my brethering. For, although I've been a preacher of the gospel for nighly twenty year, an' am capting of that flat-boat at your landing, I am not proud, my brethering.

"I am not a-gwine to tell you adzactly whar my tex is to be found; suffice it to say it's in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhere between the first chapter of the book of Generations and the last chapter of the book of Revolution; and ef you'll go an' sarch the scripters, you'll not only find my tex thar, but a good many other texes as will do you good to read, and when you shall find my tex you shall find it to read thus:

" 'An' he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"My tex, my brethering, leads me, in the fust place, to speak of sperrits. Thar is a great many kinds of sperrits in the world. In the fust place, thar's sperrits as some folks calls ghosts and thar's sperrits of turpentine, and thar's sperrits as some folks calls liquor, an' I've got as good a article of them kind o' sperrits on my flat-boat as was ever fotched down the Mississippi River; but thar's a good many other kin' o' sperrits, for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"But, I'll tell you what kind of sperrits as are meant in the tex, my brethering. It's FIRE. That's the kind of sperrits as is meant in the tex, my brethering. Now, of course, ther is a great many kinds of fire in the



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world. In the fust place, there's the common sort of fire you light your pipe with, and there's fox-fire and camphire, fire afore you're ready and fire-an'-fall-back, and many other kinds of fire; for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is meant in the tex, my brethering. It is Hell-fire! An' that's the kind of fire a good many of you are coming to ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin', for 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"Now, the different sorts o' fire in the world may be likened to the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the fust place, we have the 'Piscopalians. And they are a high-sailin' an' a hifalutin' set, and may be likened onto a turkey-buzzard a-flying up in the air, an' he goes up, an' up, an' up, ontil he looks no bigger'n your finger-nail, an' the fust thing you know he comes down and down, and is a-fillin' hisself on the carcass of a dead hoss by the side of the road, for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"Then thar is the Methodists, and they may be likened unto a squirrel a-climbin' up into a tree, for the Methodists believes in gwine on from grace to grace till they gits to perfection; an' so the squirrel goes up an' up, an' jumps from limb to limb and from branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, an' down he comes, kerflumix, for they is always fallin' from grace; for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"An' then, my brethering, thar's the Baptists, ah. An' they have been likened to a 'possum on a 'simmon-tree; and thunders may roll and the yearth may quake;



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but that 'possum clings thar still, ah; and you may shake one foot loose, an' the other's thar, ah! and you may shake all feet loose, an' he wraps his tail around the limb, an' clings, an' clings forever, for 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.' "

Irreligious as this may seem, grotesque and preposterous, it is not overstated. In the old time, and on the borders of civilization, such sermons were by no means uncommon. They are still to be heard in the "back settlements," as they are called; and, while those who make them pass for what they are worth as preachers, their sincerity goes unchallenged.

It was doubtless the publication of Professor Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes," in 1840, which suggested a continuous story upon the same stage of action, and in 1842 "Major Jones's Courtship" appeared. The author of this homely, natural, and amusing fiction, Mr. W. T. Thompson, an editor in Savannah, is still alive. In 1848 he followed his first production with "Major Jones's Sketches of Travel," which possess a value as contemporaneous pictures beyond and above their humor, abundant as that is. The "Courtship," however, is a novel, originally meant as a travesty, to which time has lent a sort of pathos. It is a graphic portraiture of the interior life of the South. Rough and ready as the farce is, it is never vulgar. Its characters are few, simple, and virtuous. It deals with



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clean homespun. It carries the mind back to the old brick church, the innocent picnic, the rural Fourth of July celebration, the Christmas frolic.

Joseph Jones, only son of the Widow Jones, living near the village of Pineville, in Georgia, is a well-to-do young farmer. He is in love with Mary Stallins, daughter of the Widow Stallins, a near neighbor. Joseph has grown up on the plantation, an honest, affectionate, moral young man; Mary has gone off to boarding-school, and comes home a belle. The adventures are bounded on the one side by the barnyard, on the other side by the hearthstone. Over all a pair of rugged roof-trees cast their kindly shade. The story runs along like a brook, without effort or concealment. There is no villain in the piece —only a would-be wit, called Cousin Pete, who is introduced as a tease. The tribulations of the lovers are very slight; but there is throughout the narrative a naturalness which, being nowhere strained for its fun, is really captivating. As an example, I cannot forbear quoting the culmination of the courtship. You will understand that our hero has had many struggles and trials bringing himself to the point of popping the question; that, although he is almost sure of his sweetheart, he cannot muster courage enough to make a direct proposal; that everybody is in the secret and approves the match. How the deed was finally done he shall tell himself:



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"Crismus eve I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin' iron, and after tea went over to old Miss Stallinses. As soon as I went into the parler, whar they was all settin' round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out.

" 'There! there!' ses they, 'I told you so! I know'd it would be Joseph.'

" 'What's I done, Miss Carline?' ses I.

" 'You come under little sister's chicken bone, and I do believe she know'd you was comin' when she put it over the dore.'

" 'No, I didn't—I didn't no such thing, now,' ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

" 'Oh, you needn't deny it,' ses Miss Kesiah, 'you belong to Joseph now, jest as sure as ther's any charm in chicken bones.'

"I know'd that was a first rate chance to say something, but the dear little creeter looked so sorry and kep' blushin' so, I couldn't say nothin' zackly to the pint; so I tuck a chair and reched up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

" 'What are you gwine to do with that old chicken bone now, Majer?' ses Miss Mary.

" 'I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live,' says I, 'as a Crismus present from the handsomest gall in Georgia.'

"When I sed that, she blushed worse and worse.

" 'Ain't you 'shamed, Majer?' ses she.

" 'Now you ought to give *her* a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all *her* life,' sed Miss Carline.

" 'Ah,' ses old Miss Stallins, 'when I was a gall we used to hang up our stockin's——'

" 'Why, mother!' ses all of 'em, 'to say stockin's right before——'

"Then I felt a little streaked too, 'cause they was all blushin' as hard as they could.

" 'Highty-tity,' ses the old lady; 'what monstrous



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'finement to be shore! I'd like to know what harm there is in stockin's. People nowadays is gittin' so mealy-mouthed they can't call nothin' by its rite name, and I don't see as they's any better than the old time people was. When I was a gall like you, child, I use to hang up my stockin's and git 'em full of presents.'

"The galls kep' laughin' and blushin'.

" 'Never mind,' ses Miss Mary, 'Majer's got to give me a Crismus gift—won't you, Majer?'

" 'Oh, yes,' ses I, 'you know I promised you one.'

" 'But I didn't mean *that*,' ses she.

" 'I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life; but it would take a two-bushel bag to hold it,' ses I.

" 'Oh, that's the kind,' ses she.

" 'But will you promise to keep it as long as you live?' ses I.

" 'Certainly, I will, Majer.'

" 'Monstrous 'finement nowadays—old people don't know nothin' about perliteness," said old Miss Stallins, jest gwine to sleep with her 'nittin' in her lap.

" 'Now, you hear that, Miss Carline,' ses I. 'She ses she'll keep it all her life.'

" 'Yes, I will,' ses Miss Mary—'but what is it?'

" 'Never mind,' ses I; 'you hang up a bag big enough to hold it, and you'll find out what it is, when you see it in the mornin'.'

"Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her—then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They 'spicioned something.

" 'You'll be shore to give it to me, now, if I hang up a bag?' ses Miss Mary.

" 'And promise to keep it?' ses I.

" 'Well, I will, cause I know that you wouldn't give me nothin' that wasn't worth keepin'.'



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"They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, on the back porch, and about ten o'clock I told 'em good evenin' and went home.

"I sot up till midnight, and when they was all gone to bed, I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enough, was a great big meal-bag hangin' to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to get to it, but I was 'termined not to back out. So I sot some chairs on top of a bench, and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag; but, just as I was gettin' in, it swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket; but nobody didn't wake up but Miss Stallins's old cur dog, and here he come rippin' and tearin' through the yard like rath, and round and round he went tryin' to find what was the matter. I scrooch'd down in the bag, and didn't breathe louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out, and after a while he quit barkin'. The wind begun to blow 'bominable cold, and the old bag kep' turnin' round and swingin' so it made me sea-sick as the mischief. I was afraid to move for fear the rope would break and let me fall, and thar I sot with my teeth rattlin' like I had a ager. It seemed like it would never come daylight, and I do believe if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerful I would froze to death; for my hart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't beat more'n two licks a minit; only when I thought how she would be supprised in the mornin', and then it went into a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog come up on the porch, and began to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he'd treed something. 'Bow! wow! wow!' ses he. Then he'd smell agin, and try to get up to the bag. 'Git out!' ses I, very low, for fear the galls mout hear me. 'Bow! wow!' ses he. 'Begone! you 'bominable fool,' ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I 'spected



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every minit he'd nip me, and what made it worse, I didn't know wharabouts he'd take hold. 'Bow! wow! wow!' Then I tried coaxin'—'Come here, good fellow,' ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it wasn't no use. Thar he stood and kep' up his everlasting whinin' and barkin' all night. I couldn't tell when daylight was breakin' only by the chickens crowin', and I was monstrous glad to hear 'em, fir if I'd had to stay thar one hour more, I don't beleeve I'd ever got out of that bag alive.

"Old Miss Stallins come out first, and as soon as she seed the bag, ses she:

" 'What upon yearth has Joseph went and put in that bag for Mary? I'll lay it's a yearlin' or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn't bark at it so.'

"She went in to call the galls, and I sot thar, shiverin' all over so I couldn't hardly speak if I tried to—but I didn't say nothin'. Bimeby they all come runnin' out on the porch.

" 'My goodness! what is it?' ses Miss Mary.

" 'Oh, it's alive,' ses Miss Kesiah; 'I seed it move.'

" 'Call Cato, an' make him cut the rope,' ses Miss Carline, 'and let's see what it is. Come here, Cato, and get this bag down.'

" 'Don't hurt it for the world,' ses Miss Mary.

"Cato untied the rope that was round the jice and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out, all covered with corn-meal from head to foot.

" 'Goodness gracious!' ses Miss Mary, 'if it ain't the Majer himself.'

" 'Yes,' ses I, 'and you know you promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived.'

"The galls laughed themselves almost to deth, and went to brushin' off the meal as fast as they could, sayin' they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus till they got husbands, too."



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Of course, Major Jones marries his sweetheart, and, as we learn from his book of travels, published many years afterward, the union was in every respect a happy one.

I have hurried over these illustrations of Southern life, in order that I may reach, and give myself a little time to dwell upon, my old friend, Captain Simon Suggs, of the Tallapoosa Volunteers. He is to the humor of the South what Sam Weller is to the humor of England, and Sancho Panza to the humor of Spain. Of course, he is a sharper and a philosopher. But he stands out of the canvas whereon an obscure local Rubens has depicted him as lifelike and vivid as Gil Blas of Santillane. His adventures as a patriot and a gambler, a moralizer and cheat, could not have progressed in New England, and would have come to a premature end anywhere on the continent of Europe. Although a military man of great pretension, Captain Suggs never threw out a skirmish-line or dug a rifle-pit. He scorned to intrench himself. He played his hand, at no time of the best, "pat," as it were. He "spread it," as certain players do in the game called "Boaston," and, indeed, to speak truth, it was generally "a spread misery," for the career of this man, from the cradle to the grave, was one long, ambitious effort to acquire fortune by making the pleasures and recreations of life tributary to its material development, and so, abjuring scriptural injunctions touching the sweat of



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the brow, to compel fortune to "call" him, when he had provided himself a certainty. If this did not succeed, he at least made a struggle whose failure deserves, as it has received, historic record. No one can read the story of his life without rising from its perusal invigorated and refreshed.

Simon Suggs was the son of a Hard-shell Baptist preacher, Jeddiah Suggs by name. Tradition tells, according to the chronicle, "how Simon played the 'snatch' game on Bill" (a sable companion in the cornfield), "and found an exceeding soft thing in his aged parent." I must quote a bit of this*:

"The vicious habits of Simon were, of course, a sore trouble to his father, Elder Jeddiah. He reasoned, he remonstrated, and he lashed [but all in vain]. One day the simple-minded old man returned rather unexpectedly to the field where he had left Simon and a black boy called Bill at work. The two were playing seven-up in a fence-corner; but, of course, the game was suspended as soon as they saw the old man's approach. Simon snatched up the money, answering Bill's demurrer with, 'Don't you see daddy's down upon us with a armful of hick'ries? Anyhow, I was bound to win the game, for I hilt nothin' but trumps.' Another thought struck him. It might be that his father did not know they had been playing cards. He resolved to pretend that they had been playing mumble-the-peg. The old man came up.

" 'So, ho, youngsters; you in the fence-corner an' the

* In this and the following quotations the text of the authorized edition is not followed exactly, but is judiciously condensed.



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crop in the grass. Simon, what in the round yearth have you an' that nigger been a-doin'?'

"Simon said, with the coolness of a veteran, that they had been playing mumble-the-peg, which he proceeded to explain.

" 'So, you git down on your knees,' says old Jeddiah, 'to pull up that nasty little stick with your mouth? Let's see one of you try it now.'

"Bill, being the least witted, did so, and just as he was strained to his fullest tension, down came one of the preacher's switches. With a loud yell, Bill plunged forward, upsetting Simon, and both rolled over in the grass. A card lay upon the spot where Simon had sat.

" 'What's this, Simon?' said his father.

" 'The jack o' dimonts,' said Simon, coolly, seeing that all was lost.

" 'What was it doing down thar, Simon?'

" 'I had it under my leg to make it on Bill the fust time it come trumps.'

" 'What's trumps, Simon?' This with irony.

" 'Nothin's trumps,' says Simon, doggedly, 'sense you come an' busted up the game.'

" 'To the mulberry, both on ye, in a hurry; I'm a-gwine to correck ye,' said old Jeddiah. After Bill had received his quantum in Simon's presence, the father turned to his son and said: 'Cross them hands, Simon.'

" 'Daddy,' says Simon, ' 'tain't no use.'

" 'Why not, Simon?'

" 'Jess bekase it ain't. I'm a-gwine to play cards as long as I live. I'm a-gwine to make my livin' by 'em. So what's the use o' lickin' me about it?'

"Old Mr. Suggs groaned.

" 'Simon,' says he, 'you are a poor, ignor'nt creeter. You've never been nowhar. Ef I was to turn you off, you'd starve.'



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" 'I wish you'd try me,' says Simon, 'and jess see.'

" 'Simon! Simon! You pore onlettered fool! Don't you know that all card-players and chicken-fighters an' horse-racers goes to hell?'

" 'I kin win more money in a week,' says Simon, 'than you kin make in a year.'

" 'Why, you idiot, don't you know that them as plays cards allers loses their money?'

" 'Who wins it, then, daddy?' says Simon.

"This was a poser, and in the conversation which ensued Simon added to his advantage. At last, to satisfy his father that he really had a genius for his chosen profession, he offered to bet him what silver he had against the old blind mare and immunity from the impending chastisement, that he could turn up a jack from any part of the pack.

" 'Me to mix 'em?' said old Jeddiah.

" 'Yes.'

" 'It can't be done, Simon! No man in Augusty, no man on the face of the yearth, can do it.'

" 'I kin do it,' says Simon.

" 'An' only see the back of the top card?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'An' all of 'em jest alike?'

" 'More alike'n cow-peas.'

" 'It's ag'in' natur', Simon—but giv'm to me.'

"The old man turned his back to Simon, sat down on the ground and deliberately abstracted the jacks from the pack, slipping them into his sleeve. 'As I am bettin' on a *certainty*,' he muttered, 'it stands to reason thar's no harm in it; I'll get all the money the boy has, and the lickin' will do him jest that much more good.' At length he was ready. So was Simon, who, all the while, had been surveying his father's operations over his shoulder.

" 'Now, daddy,' says Simon, 'nary one of us ain't got



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to look at the cards whiles I am a-cuttin' 'em; it spiles the conjuration.'

" 'Very well, Simon,' said Jeddiah, with confidence.

" 'And another thing: you must look me right hard in the eye.'

" 'To be sure—to be sure. Fire away.'

"Simon walked up to his father. The two gazed upon each other. 'Wake, snakes! day's a-breakin',' says Simon, with a peculiar turn of his wrist. 'Rise, jack.' He lifted half a dozen cards gently from the top of the pack and presented the bottom one to his father.

"It was the jack of hearts.

"Old Jeddiah staggered back. 'Merciful master!' says he, 'ef the boy hain't! Go, my son, go. A father's blessin' with ye!'

" 'And yit,' murmured Simon, as he moved away, 'they say kerds is a waste of time.' "

With such a start in life, it could hardly be expected that the career of the youthful Simon Suggs, whatever its triumphs, would add to the world's stock of harmless pleasure. He had at a very tender age evolved out of his consciousness the theory that mother-wit can beat book-learning at any game. "Human natur' an' the human family is *my* books," said Simon, "and I've seen few but what I could hold my own with. Just give me one o' these book-read fellers, a bottle o' liquor, an' a handful of the dockymints, and I'm mighty apt to git all he's got an' all he knows, an' teach him in a gineral way a wrinkle or two into the bargain. Books ain't fit'n for nothing but to give little children goin' to school, to keep 'em out'n mischief. If a man's got



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mother-wit, he don't need 'em; ef he ain't got it, they'll do him no good, no how." This was Simon's philosophy. His faith consisted in an ineradicable belief that he could whip the tiger in a fair fight. Many defeats had in nowise discouraged him; he had an explanation for each, which at least satisfied his own mind. He had girded up his loins, he had studied the cue-papers, and he was at length master of a system. Nothing was wanting but money enough to carry it out, and this he was as sure of raising at short-cards as he was that the day or night would come when he would get the upper hand of the beast, and wear his hide the remainder of his life as a trophy. Half of his sublime aspiration was realized. One fair morning he found himself possessed of a hundred and fifty dollars, the accumulation of many smart local operations—for, after quitting the parental roof and wandering far and near for twelve or fifteen years, he had married and settled in Tallapoosa. It was the largest sum he had ever had at one time before. His dream was about to be realized. He would at once go to Tuscaloosa, then the capital of Alabama, beard the tiger in his lair, clean out the legislature, vindicate his genius and opinions, and live like a fighting-cock off the proceeds. Considering the magnitude of the proposed expedition, Simon's means, it must be owned, were a little short. "But, what's the odds!" said he, when he started on his foray, "what's the odds —luck's a fortune." A hundred and fifty was as good



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as a thousand and fifty—perhaps better. He reached Tuscaloosa in safety, having picked up an extra twenty-dollar note by the way, and had hardly bolted down his supper before, like Orlando, he set out in quest of adventure—in point of fact, to seek the tiger. Presently he espied a narrow stairway, with a red light gleaming above it. He waited for no further assurance. He boldly mounted the stairs and knocked at the door.

" 'Holloa!' said a voice within.

" 'Holloa yourself,' says Simon.

" 'What do you want?' said the voice.

" 'A game,' says Simon.

" 'What's the name?' said the voice.

" 'Cash,' says Simon.

"Then another voice said: 'Let Cash in.' The door was opened and Simon entered, half-blinded by the sudden burst of light, which streamed from the chandeliers and lamps, and was reflected in every direction by the mirrors which walled the room. Within this magic enclosure were tables covered with piles of doubloons, silver pieces, and bank-notes, and surrounded by eager but silent gamesters. As Simon entered he made a rustic bow, and said in an easy, familiar way:

" 'Good-evenin', gentle*men*.'

"No one noticed him, and the Captain repeated:

" 'I say, good-evenin', gentle*men*.'

"Notwithstanding the emphasis with which the words were re-spoken, there was no response. The Captain was growing restive and felt awkward, when he overheard a conversation between the two young men, who stood at the bar, which interested him. They had mistaken him for General Thomas Witherspoon, of Kentucky. Simon could, of course, have no reasonable ob-



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jection to be taken for the rich hog-drover, and, having mentally resolved that, if he was not respected as such during the evening, it would be no fault of his, he sauntered up to the faro-table, determined to bet his money while it lasted with the spirit and liberality which he imagined General Witherspoon would have displayed had that distinguished citizen been personally present.

"'Twenty-five-dollar checks,' said he, 'and that pretty tolerably d——d quick.'

"The dealer handed him the desired symbol, and he continued with a careless air, 'Now grind on.' He put the whole amount on a single card, and it won; he repeated five times, and still won; he was master of nearly two thousand dollars. The rumor that he was a wealthy sportsman from Kentucky had spread through the room, which, joined to his turn of luck, drew a little group about the table. The Captain thought his time had come. He put up fifteen hundred dollars on the deuce. This was amazing, and a little bandy-legged dry-goods clerk, who looked on, observed:

"'My Lord, General! I wouldn't put up that much on a single turn.'

"Simon turned upon him, and glowered. 'You wouldn't, wouldn't you? Well, I would. And I tell you, young man, the reason you wouldn't bet fifteen hundred dollars on the duce. It's because you ain't got no fifteen hundred dollars to bet.'

"This sally was conclusive as to the wit of the supposititious General. The deuce won, and that settled any remaining doubt as to his identity. It made him a hero. Simon took his good fortune, however, with calm deliberation, responding with courtesy, but dignity, to the ovation which began to be extended. 'I do admit,' said he, 'that it is better—just the least grain in the world better—than drivin' hogs from Kentucky an' sellin' 'em at four cents a pound.' At this point one of



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the young men who had mistaken him for General Witherspoon approached, and, stretching out his hand, said:

" 'Don't you know me, uncle?'

"Captain Suggs drew himself up with as much dignity as he supposed General Witherspoon would have assumed, and said that he did *not* know the young man in his immediate presence.

" 'Don't know me, uncle!' said the young man somewhat abashed. 'Why, I'm little Jimmy Peyton, your sister's son. She's been expecting you for several days.'

"All very well, Mr. James Peyton,' said Simon, with some asperity, 'but this is a cur'us world, and tolerably full of rascally impostors; so it stands a man in hand that has got somethin', like me, to be pretty particular.'

" 'Oh,' said several in the crowd, 'you needn't be afraid; everybody knows he's the Widow Peyton's son.'

" 'Wait for the waggin, gentlemen,' says Simon. 'I'm a leetle notionary about these things, an' I don't want to take a nephy 'thout he's giniwine. This young man mout want to borrow money o' me.'

"Mr. Peyton protested against such a suggestion.

" 'Very good,' says the Captain, approvingly; 'I mout want to borry money of him.'

"Mr. Peyton expressed his willingness to share his last cent with his uncle.

" 'So far so good,' says the Captain; 'but it ain't every man I'd borry from. In the fust place, I must know ef he's a gentleman. In the second place, he must be my friend. In the third place, I must think he's both able an' willin' to afford the accommodation.'

"These sentiments were applauded, and the Captain continued: 'Now, young man, just answer me a few plain questions. What's your mother's first name?'

" 'Sarah,' said Mr. Peyton, meekly.



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" 'Right so far,' says Simon. 'Now, how many children has she?'

" 'Two—me and brother Tom.'

" 'Right ag'in,' says Simon, and, bowing to the company, 'Tom, gentlemen, were named arter me—warn't he, sir?'—this last with great severity.

" 'He was, sir—his name is Thomas Witherspoon.'

"Simon affected great satisfaction. 'Come here, Jeems. Gentlemen, I call you one and all to witness that I rekognize this here young man to be my proper, giniwine nephy—my sister Sally's son; an' I wish him rispected as sich. Jeems, hug your old uncle.'

"After many embraces and much gratulation, during which Simon shed tears, he resumed his fight with the tiger. But the fickle goddess, jealous of his attentions to the nephew of General Witherspoon, turned darkly upon him. He lost all his gains as fast as he had won them, and with the same calm composure. Indeed, he made merry with his multiplying disasters, such as 'Thar goes a fine, fat porker,' and 'That makes the whole drove squeal.' At length he had not a dollar left. 'My friend,' said he to the dealer, 'could an old Kentuckian as is fur from home bet a few mighty slick fat bacon hogs ag'in' money at this here table?' Of course he could, and presently had bet off the biggest drove that had ever entered Alabama.

" 'Jeems,' says he.

" 'Yes, uncle.'

" 'Jeems, my son, I'm a leetle behind to this here gentleman here, an' I'm obliged to go to Greensboro by to-night's stage to collect some money as is owin' to me. Now, ef I should not be back home when my hogs come in—es likely I may not be—do you, Jeems, take this gentlemen to wharever the boys put 'em up, and see to it that he picks out thirty of the very best of the drove. D'ye mind, my son?'



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"This was entirely satisfactory to the dealer, and, having settled like a gentleman, Simon took his nephew into a corner of the room, and says he, thoughtfully: 'Jeems, has—your—mother bought her pork yit?'

"Mr. Peyton said she had not.

" 'Well, Jeems, you go down to the pen when the drove comes in, an' pick her out ten of the best. Tell the boys to show the new breed—them Berkshires.' "

Mr. Peyton made his grateful acknowledgments, and the two started back to rejoin the company. But Simon paused. "Stop," says he. "You moutn't have a couple o' hundred about you that I could use until I get back from Greensboro, mout you?"

Mr. Peyton had only about fifty, but he could raise the rest, which he did at once. Then there was a good deal of joking and drinking, and Simon, finding that General Witherspoon had unlimited credit at the bar, treated the whole company to a champagne supper. At last, at four o'clock in the morning, he and James Peyton repaired to the Greensboro coach. Just before entering this vehicle, Simon stopped to bid an affectionate adieu to his nephew. He was very full.

" 'Jeems,' says he, 'I say, Jeems. I may forgit them fellers, but they'll never forgit me. I'm —— if they do.' Being assured that they never would, he continued: 'Jeems, has yer mother bought her hogs yit?'

" 'No, sir,' says Peyton. 'You know you told me to take ten of your hogs for her—don't you recollect?'

" 'Don't do that,' says Simon.

" 'No, Uncle?'

" 'TAKE TWENTY!' "



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The military career of Captain Suggs sustained the character he had secured for himself in civil life. He commanded at Fort Suggs during the Creek war. His company of Tallapoosa Volunteers were sometimes dubbed by his political adversaries "The Forty Thieves," but this was afterward proved to be a slander. There were only thirty-nine of them. They and their gallant chief were never engaged in regular combat with the Indians, but their exploits upon watermelons and hen-roosts made them famous. Notwithstanding these, however, the close of the Creek war found Simon as poor as he had been when it began. The money which he had obtained by such devious, yet difficult, operations had melted away. At length, Mrs. Suggs informed him that "the sugar and coffee were nigh about out," and that there were "not above a dozen j'ints an' middlin's, all put together, in the smoke-house." To a man of Suggs's affection this state of destitution was most distressing. He pondered over it with bitter anguish. Then he rose and paced the floor. Presently his features were set, his mind was fixed. "Somebody must suffer," said he. He would go to a camp-meeting, he would get religion, he would enter the ministry and build a church. He did not doubt that his versatile talents would carry him through this new part, and he was more than justified by the result. He went up to be prayed for, he toiled three days with the evil spirits, and when he had made himself the ob-



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ject of universal sympathy and hope, he shouted "hallelujah," and from a miserable, impenitent sinner became at once an exhorter with surprising revivalistic talents.

" 'Ante up, brethering,' he cried; 'ante up! I come in on nary pa'r, an' see what I drawed. This is a game whar everybody wins. You jest stick to the devil when he raises yer and raise him back, and he can't turn you off. In the service of the church you allers holds four aces.' This was a new style of religious illustration; but it took amazingly, and in a few days Simon developed his purpose to enter the ministry and build a church, 'ef he could git help.' It was agreed that a collection should be taken; that the proceeds should be placed in the hands of the Rev. Belah Bugg, in trust, and that Simon should be sent back to Tallapoosa, rejoicing in his new-found grace. In passing around through the congregation Simon's appeals were at once persuasive and peculiar. 'Stack 'em up, brethering,' says he, 'and don't be bashful or backward. They'll size theyselves any way you pitch 'em in. Don't you see me? Ain't you proud of me? I'm a hoary old sinner, but I kin draw to a meetin'-house, an' git a whole congregation.' Three hundred dollars were thrown into the hat. After the collection Brother Bugg said: 'Well, Brother Suggs, well done, thou good and faithful servant. Let's go and count it out. I've got to leave presently.'

" 'No,' says Simon, solemnly, 'I can't do that.'

" 'Why, Brother Suggs,' says Brother Bugg, 'what are the matter?'

"Simon looked at him for a moment sadly, and says he, 'Brother Bugg, it's got to be prayed over *fust*.' His whole face was illuminated. It looked like a torchlight procession.



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" 'Well,' says Bugg, 'let's go to one side and do it.'

" 'No,' says Simon, sweetly.

"Mr. Bugg was impressed, but uncertain. He gave a look of inquiry.

"Says Simon: 'You see that krick swamp? I'm gwine down in thar; I'm gwine into that lonely swamp, an' I'm gwine to lay this means down *so,* an' I'm gwine to git on these kn-e-e-s, an' I'm n-e-v-e-r gwine to git up ontil I feel its blessin'. An' nobody ain't got to be thar but me—jess me an' the good spirits as goes with me.'

"The Rev. Belah Bugg was overcome. He could not say a word. He wrung the hand of the new convert, and wished him 'God-speed.' Simon struck for the swamp, where his horse was already hitched and waiting. He mounted and rode musingly away. 'Ef I didn't do them fellers to a crackin',' says he, 'I'll never bet on two pa'r ag'in. They are pretty peart at the game theyselves; but live and let live is my motto, an', arter all, gen'us and experience ought to count for somethin' in the long run.' "

At various times in his life, Simon appeared before the courts to answer for his sins; but he never failed to come off with flying colors. His last appearance was as a witness before the grand jury. It was an especial panel, embracing the judge of the circuit and all the leading lawyers.

" 'Captain Suggs,' said the foreman, 'did you play a game of cards last Saturday night in a room above Sterritt's grocery?'

" 'Yes, sir,' says Simon, 'I did.'

" 'What game of cards did you play, Captain Suggs?'

" 'Well, sir,' says Simon, 'it was a little game they call draw-poker.'



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" 'You played for money, Captain Suggs?'

" 'No, sir; we played for chips.'

"This stumped the foreman; but a talented Alexander, who happened to be on the jury, put in:

" 'Of course, of course, you played for chips, Captain Suggs. But you got your chips *cashed* at the close of the game, didn't you?'

" 'I don't know how that was,' said Simon; 'es for me, I had no chips to cash.' "

It was ever thus with Simon, and it was this which saved him. He rarely had any "chips to cash." He was always in a good humor, he was always a willing soul, he was always ready, and he was always short. In his old age he repented of his sins; he had learned by a long life, full of rich experience, that his own motto, "honesty is the best policy," was true. He pinned his faith to that; and he stood to it. In consequence, he was elected sheriff of Tallapoosa County—a Whig county—he being the first Democrat who ever carried it. He died, and had a public funeral, and upon his tombstone may be seen inscribed to this day the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of

CAPTAIN SIMON SUGGS,

Of the Tallapoosa Volunteers.

He never hilt an opportune hand in his life; but when he drew upon eternity, it is believed he made an invincible in the world to come!"



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I take it that there there is no one here this evening who has not heard of the killing of McKissick. It created no little commotion throughout Coon Creek settlement, not only on account of the circumstances attending the homicide, but because McKissick was Jim Gardner's fourth man. According to Joe Furguson's testimony, "Mr. McKissick were sittin' in his back store a-playin' of his fid-dell—not thinkin' of bein' stobbed, nor nothin' of the kind—when the prisoner at the bar comes in an' stobs Mr. McKissick; whereupon he seizes a i'on mallet, lights out o' the window, lips the fence, an' clars hisself." Circumstances so heinous the law could not brook. The judge sent for the prosecuting attorney, and observed that this time Jim Gardner must go up; but, when the case came to trial, the defence poured in unexepectedly strong. Six or seven witnesses testified that, though a dangerous man when roused, Gardner was peaceful and unaggressive; that his various killings had been in self-defence, and that, if people would let him alone, he'd let them alone. As a last resort, the prosecution, seeing Billy Driver in the court-house, and observing a dreadful scar upon his neck from a wound inflicted by the prisoner some years before, called him to the stand.

"'Mr. Driver,' said the State's attorney, 'do you know the prisoner at the bar?'

"'What, Gar'ner there?'

"'Yes, sir, Gardner there.'



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" 'Oh, yes. I know Gar'ner.'

" 'How long have you known him?'

" 'What, Jim Gar'ner?'

" 'Yes, sir, Jim Gardner.'

" 'Well, Jedge—you see I disremember figgers, but as man an' boy it's gwine on twenty years—mout be twenty-one or it mout be nineteen and a half—thar or tharabouts.'

" 'Where did you get that scar across your neck, Mr. Driver?'

" 'This 'ere scar, sir?'

" 'Yes, sir, that scar. Didn't it result from a wound inflicted by the prisoner at the bar, sir?'

" 'What, Gar'ner?'

" 'Yes, sir, Gardner.'

" 'Oh, yes, that was Gar'ner. No doubt about that.'

" 'Now, sir, tell the jury how it happened.'

" 'Well, you see, me an' a parcel o' the boys was pitching dollars down to the cross-roads, and Jim Gar'ner he was lyin' on the grass, a-keepin' the score. Arter we'd run the pot up to fifteen dollars—it mout ha' been sixteen, and then ag'in it moutn't ha' been more'n fourteen—one o' the boys says, 'Le's go up to the grocery an' git a drink.' We all 'lowed we'd go, an, jes' for devilment—not thinkin' thar was any harm in it, you know— I ups an' knocks Jim Gar'ner's hat off, and says he, 'You cussed, bow-legged, mandy-shanked, knock-kneed, web-footed, tangle-haired vermint, if you do that ag'in I'll cut your ornery throat for you.' Well, we gits a drink and goes back to the cross-roads, an' in about a hour, or a hour an' a half—it mout ha' been two hours—one o' the boys says ag'in, 'Le's go up to the grocery an' git a drink.' So we was gwine along to the grocery to git a drink, and jes' for devilment, you know—an' not thinkin' Gar'ner was in yearnest—I ups an' knocks his hat off, an' the fust thing I know'd he whips



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out a knife and ducks it into my throat. I didn't have no weapon nor nothin', so I 'lowed I'd better put a little daylight 'tween me an' Gar'ner, and I sorter sidled off, like, he follerin'; but, Lord! I know'd I had the bottom an' the hills, and that *he* couldn't ketch up with me. So every now an' then I'd stop an' let him closer, jes' to devil him. Arter a while, however, he picks up a hay-fork ——'

" 'Stop, sir! Was that hay-fork of wood or iron?'

" 'It mout ha' been o' wood, or it mout ha' been o' iron, or it mout ha' been o' steel, or ——'

" 'How many teeth did it have?'

" 'Well, you see, when I see Jim Gar'ner pick up the hay-fork, thinks I, I better put a little more daylight between me an' him, an' I disremember the number o' teeth—it mout ha' been two, and then ag'in it mout ha' been four, may be five—I was in a bit of a hurry, an' I didn't exactly count 'em.'

" 'Go on, sir!'

" 'I did go on, sir, an' presently we got in sight o' my house, an' my wife happened to be comin' out to cut some wood, and as I rin past her to get out o' Gar'ner's way, she fetched him with the axe.'

" 'Exactly, but for which he would have killed you.'

" 'What, Gar'ner?'

" 'Yes, sir, Gardner.'

" 'Oh, in course—in course. It stands to reason. Thar warn't no other door for me to get out of, an' he would ha' been in that if my wife hadn't downed him with the axe.'

" 'How far is it from the cross-roads to your house, Mr. Driver?'

" ' 'Bout a mile, or a mile an' a half, Jedge—may be two mile. I never measured it axactly.'

" 'Now, Mr. Driver, will you tell the court what sort of a man you consider the prisoner at the bar?'



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" 'What, Gar'ner?'

" 'Yes, sir, Gardner.'

" 'I do'no nothin' ag'in Gar'ner, sir.'

" 'Don't you think him a desperate character, sir?'

" 'What, Gar'ner?'

" 'Yes, sir, Gardner.'

" 'No, sir; I never hearn Gar'ner so called.'

" 'Why, you say he cut your throat almost from ear to ear, followed you with an iron or steel hay-fork for two miles, and was only prevented from taking your life by the interposition of your wife.'

" 'What, Gar'ner?'

" 'Yes, sir, Gardner.'

" 'I can't swear he didn't, sir.'

" 'Then, if you don't consider him a desperate character, what do you consider him?'

" 'What, Gar'ner, sir?'

" 'Yes, sir, Gardner.'

" 'Well, your honor, of course Gar'ner is a clever man—I've know'd of him gwine on to twenty years—mout be twenty-one, an' ag'in it moutn't be but nineteen and a half—an' I should say that Gar'ner is a man that it won't do to go a-projeckin' with him.' "

There used to be, and I fear there still are, a good many men in the South with whom "it won't do to go a-projeckin'." It is true that we have reformed that indifferently, and we hope, in time, to reform it altogether; howbeit, there is a deal of misconception abroad touching the character of our murderers. They are not, as is stated so often, young gentlemen of the first families. On the contrary, they are with us, as elsewhere, low fellows — mere brutes and bullies.



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There is, perhaps, more stealing than killing in the North, and more killing than stealing in the South, because the criminal classes of each section go for that which is cheapest, safest, and most abundant—money or blood, as the case may be; but crime is crime the country over, and nothing could be more unjust than the assumption of superior morality by the inhabitants of any part of it. No people in the world are more homogeneous than the people of the United States. Where differences exist they are purely exterior. The self-governing principle, the vestal fire of our Anglo-Saxon race, is strong enough and warm enough to maintain our system of Anglo-Saxon freedom and law to the farthest ends of the Republic. Like a touch of nature, making the whole Union kin, it joins the States, and should be left in each to do its work in its own way. The methods which suit one State may not suit another; but in all we may safely trust the result to the good sense and good feeling, shaped by the interest and guided by the intelligence, of the greater number, sure that in the South, no less than in the North, the conservative forces of society, left to themselves, will prevail over violence and wrong. Much, if not most, of the disorder of the last few years has been directly traceable to a conflict of jurisdictions, State and Federal. Between the two stools justice fell to the ground, while malefactors made their escape. It is absurd to suppose that any civilized people, living



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within the sound of church-bells, can love lawlessness for its own sake.

If the manhood of the South were less true than it is, it would be held to its standards by the womanhood of the South. During our period of savage contention this shone with a sweet and gracious lustre, which dazzled even those against whom it was directed, so that the worst which was said of the Southern woman by soldiers whom only the laws of war made her enemies, related to her fidelity in what they considered a bad cause. But if in time of war she was plucky, patient, and sincere, her triumphs have been tenfold greater during a peace which has spread before her harder trials still; the transition from wealth to poverty, with its manifold heart-burnings and mischances, joining the sharp pangs of memory to the grievous burdens of every-day life; the unfamiliar broomstick and the unused darning-needle; the vacant clothes-chest and the empty cupboard—

"The desecrated shrine, the trampled ear,
The smould'ring homestead and the household flower,
Torn from the lintel."

I know nothing more admirable in all the world of history or romance than the blithe, brave woman of the South, grasping the realities of life in hands yet trembling with the interment of its ideals, and planting upon the grave of her first and only love signals



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of fortitude and honor, cheerfulness and gentleness, to be seen and followed by her children. These she would have inherit with the misfortunes of the South, the pride of the South—not expressed in noisy vaunt and scorn of honest toil, in idleness and repining, but in a noble nature and a gift for work.

In the full meridian of their prosperity, the people of the South were an easy-going, pleasure-loving people. You will not have failed to observe, in the rude examples of Southern humor which I have cited, the conspicuous part played by the literature of the pictorial pasteboards, by cards and gaming. It could not be otherwise if they should be true to nature and reality. Men who dwell upon great estates, who are surrounded by slaves, who have few excitements or cares, are likely to grow indolent. The Southern gentleman had plenty of time, and he thought he had plenty of money to lose. A wide veranda, a party of agreeable neighbors, ice-water to burn and Havana cigars, a brisk little black boy to keep off the flies, and a bright little yellow boy to pass about the nutmeg—that was the ideal state. Of course the lower orders imitated and vulgarized, as I have shown, the luxurious habits of the upper. The crash came; and, like the unsubstantial pageant of a dream, the pretty fabric fell. The great and the small, the good and the ill, were buried under one common ruin. There is hardly anything left of the gilded structure. It is no longer fashionable or respectable to



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fribble the days away in idle, costly pleasure. Battle-scarred, time-worn, and care-worn, the South that is, is most unlike the South that was. There is something truly pathetic in the spectacles of altered fortune which everywhere meet the eye; for in the old life there were very few shadows. Such as there were gathered themselves about the negro cabins.

I have purposely omitted the humors of the Southern black, because, amusing though they be, they are not essentially racy of the soil. The negro is an African in Congo or in Kentucky, in Jamaica or in Massachusetts. His humor is his own, a department to itself, embracing, amid much that is grotesque, more that is touching; for his lot has been as varied as his complexion, and ever and ever of a darksome hue. I know nothing that appeals so directly to the intellects and sensibilities of thoughtful men as the treatment he has received among us, North and South, in the present and in the past, and I declare that when I think of him, funny as he may seem to be, I am moved by any other than mirthful suggestions. I look back into that by-gone time, and I see him, not as a squalid serf, picturesque in his rags, or as we behold him on the minstrel stage—the clown in the pageant making merry with cap and bell—but as an image of impending sorrow crouched beneath the roof-tree, God's shadow upon the dial of American progress, whose cabalistic figures the wisest have not been able to read. I turn away dismayed. I



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dare not look upon the scene and laugh, if he is to be a part of it. I only know, and to that degree I am happy, that slavery is gone with other bag and baggage of an obsolete time; that it is all gone—the wide veranda filled with pleasure-loving folk; the vast estate, without a reason for its existence or a purpose in the future; the system which, because it was contented, refused to realize or be impressed by the movements of mankind.

All, all has passed away. The very life which made it possible is gone. The man who, being able to pursue his bent, lives to amuse himself, is hardly more thought of now than the poor parasite who seeks to live and thrive off the weaknesses and vices of his betters. Never again shall the observation of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina be quoted as a wise, witty, and relevant remark; never again shall the black boy's dream of happiness be realized in the polishing of an unexpected pair of boots. If proselytism be the supremest joy of mankind, New England ought to be supremely happy. It is at length the aim of the Southron to out-Yankee the Yankees, to cut all the edges, and repair his losses by the successful emulation of Yankee thrift. Taking a long view of it, I am not sure it is best for the country, although, as matters stand, I know it to be better for the South.



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## MONEY AND MORALS *

Last winter as I was about setting out to fill a round of lecture engagements I received a letter from an old friend of mine saying he had seen it stated in the newspapers that I was going to talk about money and morals and adding regretfully that, as he had very little of either, he would come and hear me. Let me hope that those of you who have done me the honor to come here to-night have not been drawn out by a similar state of destitution. Because, to be in the beginning entirely candid and confidential with you, it is not my purpose in undertaking a few guesses at truth touching those great forces of life and thought, to dwell overlong upon the economic aspects of the one, or the abstract relations of the other. Whatever may have been my offences in that regard, and on occasions past and gone, it is my present wish rather to avoid than to invite, or provoke, controversy; though, as a matter of fact, I do not believe that, since the days of the bard who "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll," the man has lived who could argue a case better, or more to his own satisfaction—when there happened to be no one to listen to

* 1888.



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him, or to answer him—than I can myself. And yet, on the other hand, if we would only allow ourselves to see it, there is scarcely any question, public or private, which has not two sides to it, and on which some common ground might not be found by the man who should seek honestly to ascertain the actual facts involved, and, although agreement as to conclusions might not always follow, certainly much of the bitterness of disagreement would be struck out of the record.

Indeed, I am inclined to believe that we are, as a rule, nearest to being in the wrong when we are most positive and emphatic. It was, you will remember, William Lamb, afterward Lord Melbourne, who said: "I wish I could be as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." The New England deacon on our own side of the water put this idea subjectively and wittily, when, coming out of church on a Sunday, he observed to the neighbor, between whom and himself there had been a coolness, "Brother Jones, after listening to the discourse of our beloved pastor to-day upon Christian charity, I think you and I ought to shake hands and be friends again. Now, as I can't give in, you must." That man was a humorist no less than a philosopher, and knew that he was, in reality, confessing himself to have been in the wrong. It is a thousand pities that humor, which is to philosophy what the dews of Heaven are to the earth, does not descend oftener into our hearts and minds, to moisten and soften what it finds there;



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showing us through each reflecting globule and prism the pains we take to make ourselves and others wretched; and all in our own selfishness and conceit. And so, my friends, in what I am going to say to you to-night I shall at least not be pragmatical; though, as I happen to have the floor, and can't give in, why, in case of disagreement, you must!

Take the map of North America and fix it in your mind's eye. Behold, what an empire! Cæsar never looked upon the like. Napoleon, in his wildest dreams, conceived nothing so magnificent and vast. See how it takes up its line of travel with the North Star; how it coasts along the frozen seas of Alaska and Labrador; how it sweeps round the capes of the Newfoundland, losing itself a moment in the mist; how it skips, as it were, over His Majesty's Dominions, to deepen into the pine forests and granite hills of New England, with inland oceans for its jewels and the great Niagara for its crown of diamonds; how it journeys in palace coaches and vestibule trains through the glorious North and the teeming South, until, dropping its rich fruitions into the Gulf Stream, it fades at last into a vision of Paradise under the Southern Cross, amid the silence and the solitude of eternal summer. What a wealth is here to elevate the mind; to inspire the heart; to make us proud of our country and ourselves! What historic memories crowd every foot of the way, tracing the prowess of our land and race in the bones of heroes that reach to the



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borders of the Polar mystery, to the bones of heroes that have enriched the soil of the Montezumas, marking, in peace and war, in the triumphs of the senate and the field, in the nobler achievements of the laboratory and the workshop, the progress of a people who have already revolutionized the New World and put the Old to blush, and who are destined ultimately to absorb all the resources of the earth and air, and all the arts and powers of man in his state of final and complete development. Is there anything to mar the prospect? Is there anything to dim the light, or to darken the scene? Is there anything across the great highway of the future to obstruct our march of triumph and glory as a nation and a people? Yes, I think that there is; and, recurring to my text, and still keeping money and morals in mind, nor yet forgetting our extradition treaties and our detective system, I answer without hesitation—Canada and Mexico. Yes, Canada and Mexico; Canada, the ready asylum of gentlemen who have more money than legal right or moral title to it; Mexico, the flowery home of gentlemen who, with or without money, have no morals to speak of. In other days, the gentleman possessed of an obliquity with respect to money, or the gentleman who had made himself responsible for a funeral not sanctioned by morals, found an easy retreat on this side of the Rio Grande. You will remember that when the lawyer heard from his client the whole story of the homicide,



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and advised the survivor to fly, the client was most indignant.

"What, fly?" said he. "Ain't I already in Texas?"

The Lone Star has deepened into forty-five stars since then; so that now the excursionist who would escape the importunities of the sheriff and the blandishments of the court must put the Sierras betwixt himself and official civility, or else go to Canada direct, which, on account of its accessibility, I suppose, seems to have gained greatly of late in the favor of those tourists who disdain Cook's tickets and have no time to wait for passports. And so it is that I use Canada and Mexico as geographic expressions of a thought that irresistibly calls up the genial defaulter and the able embezzler, to say nothing about the obliging but absconded cashier of the savings-bank, and the delightful custodian of the trust fund, that is, alas, no more; and not, as terms of ill-will or offence toward those friendly neighbors who, as in the case of Texas before them, will one day rap at our outer gates for admission into our sisterhood of States.

I am sure that there is no one here to-night, who is old enough to have invaded an apple orchard, or robbed a watermelon patch, who has not many a time reflected what a great thing it is to have plenty of money. All of us have turned that matter over in moments of reflection, dejection, and embarrassment; in day-dreams, seeing a fairy ship come home from India, and building castles in the air off the proceeds of the sale of the cargo;



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in those yet deeper and more disappointing dreams of the dead of night, when sleep has triumphed over toil and care, and the wheels of fancy, going round and round the darkened chamber, have revealed to us at last the lucky number in the phantom lottery. Who has not thought of the good he would do with it; of how he would minister here to the wants of the poor and there to the needs of his friend? What spendthrift but has paid his debts off the usufruct of his visions? How many a wealthy beggar, a golden sorrow ever pressing about his heart, rich in dollars, though relatively poor—for money, like all things else in life except love and duty, is relative—how many a millionaire, encumbered by his possessions, yet unable to meet the demands of those inexorable creditors, Conscience, Thought & Co., but has wished a thousand times over that money was a vision, and only a vision?

I say that money is relative, and it is very relative. The man who has ten millions of dollars cuts a poor figure by the man who has two or three hundred millions of dollars; while the man who has only a measly million is, in the estimation of these, a kind of pauper. The man who has a hundred thousand dollars of income and a hundred and fifty thousand dollars of wants is worse off than the man who has nothing and wants his dinner. There are men, dwelling in the great money centres, who contrive to eke out a scanty livelihood on fifty thousand dollars a year, and who,



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discounting the cost of living there and here, are unable to conceive how any man can possibly get on here for less than twenty-five thousand dollars a year; whereas, I have an impression, that, if I should go out into this community with a search-warrant—even out into this audience, manifest as are its evidences of wealth and culture—I might be able to find a few persons who manage to make both ends meet on half that sum.

But this is by no means all. Money is not only relative; it is full of illusions and delusions. From the poor creature who is sure he will get it somehow, he doesn't know nor care much how, and who goes into debt on the strength of his expectations, to the poor creature who has no hope in particular, but who loves to talk about it; from the wan woman in the attic, waiting for the letter that never comes, to the brave and honest lad by the furnace, who doubts not that the hammer in his hand is a wizard's wand—as it often is—and who never means to let it go until he has struck fortune out of the dregs and dross of the earth; from the capitalist in his counting-house, to whom money is now a master and now a slave, but always an attending geni, to the young fellow behind the counter who gets seven dollars a week for selling prints and playing baseball on Sundays; yea, from the little maiden out-o'-doors, hanging up the clothes and singing her song o' sixpence—

"Pocket full o' rye,"



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# Money and Morals

to the Queen in her royal robes and in the kitchen,

"Eating bread and honey"

—prince, peasant, philosopher, statesman, and warrior, all of us have at one time or another had a touch from that fatal wand, which has brought so much happiness, and so much wretchedness into the world, and will continue to do so as long as the world endures.

For money is the first, greatest of the material facts of which life is composed; it is the pivot about which everything else revolves; the piston-rod that drives all else. Whether we take counsel of the New Testament and regard the love of it as "the root of all evil," or fall in with the cynicism of Heine that "money is god, and Rothschild is his prophet," no man can afford to disregard it, or to leave it out of his account. Bacon calls it "the baggage of virtue," but even he admits that, though it hindereth the march, "it cannot be spared, or left behind." It is the one thing universally used and abused; universally coveted and reviled. All men affect to hold it lightly, and all men I am afraid secretly hanker after it. For my own part—though not as a rule given to the pharisaic mood—I am thankful to God that to me it has been at all times an instrument and not an end, and that, with debts paid and a shot in the locker, I would about as soon be myself as a gold mine, for all the further good that money can do me. Indeed, I was never happier in my life than when, to escape the



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humiliation of borrowing from an uncle whose politics I did not approve, I went with my watch to an uncle who had no politics at all and got $50 on it, and I never knew what it was to be thoroughly unhappy, until I had acquired a considerable income, with its accumulation of wants, and was brought into close, personal intimacy with those charming friends of the man who has what they call credit in bank, Mr. Promissory Note, and Messrs. Renewal, Discount & Co.

Nevertheless, it is a good thing to have plenty of money, honestly obtained, and a still better thing if this money be honestly applied. The camel's passage through the needle's eye may have been easier in those old days than the rich man's entrance into the gates of Heaven—particularly if it happened to be a very small camel and a very large needle—and yet, on the other hand, there must have been many a rich man gone to Heaven, for we have the record of many a good one here on earth; men who have served God and loved their fellow-men; and—

> "Given freely of their store
> To the needy and the poor."

I should hate to think that money is a positive bar to salvation; and that it is an actual sin to seek and to gain much of it. But it is undoubtedly true, that it does harden and corrupt ten times to the one time that it elevates and softens. The man who trades in money is



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apt to take on some of the brittleness of the metal of which it is composed. He gets in time to measure everything and everybody by that one metallic standard. It is his business constantly to think how he may rub two dollars together and make three of them, or better, four, or five, or six. Capital we are told is timid. That is because it has no heart in it. But it has eyes and ears, and makes up for its lack of courage by a craft that rarely trusts, except on good security, and never tires, except when the plate is passed, and is always suspicious and alert. How many a good fellow have I not known turned into a bad fellow by the possession of money; how many a generous fellow who has entered a bank all grace to come out all gall; and how few the cases where money has enlarged the mind and amplified the soul.

Our literature is full of illustrations, some of them humorous and some of them pathetic, showing the ills that wealth, particularly sudden wealth, has brought to individuals and to families. But we need not these fictitious examples. We are continually meeting in our daily walks and ways instances that point the moral and adorn the tale of great expectations come to naught by actual realization and delightful visions of the fancy turned to ashes of dead-sea fruit in the hand of possession.

It is my belief that the world has been much misled by some of its best maxims, or, rather, let me say, by the misinterpretation of some of its most accepted maxims.



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# The Compromises of Life

There is no one of these which appears in so many languages, and puts itself in such a variety of phrase, as that which urges us to persevere in all things. Perseverance, we are told, conquers all things. Then we are told that labor conquers all things. Then we are told that love conquers all things. Now perseverance will divert no man from the uses to which he was born; labor will not create out of a clod a painter, or a poet; and love, for all its enchantments and powers, never yet made a silk purse out of a sow's ear, though sometimes very young people think so. Perseverance may apply itself to mistaken objects; and then it becomes vicious. Labor may be misdirected, and so be wasted. And, in seeking to conquer, love, like many other heroes, often falls a victim to its own excesses. How many a man has started out in the world, saying, "I will be a power, I will sacrifice everything to power," or, "I will be rich, I will sacrifice everything to riches," to find, before the journey was half over, not merely that no one of the material things of life brings happiness, but that happiness itself shifts its foot from time to time, that failing utterly to please or satisfy us at five-and-forty, which delighted us at five-and-twenty. Oftenest, the sacrifice is made to failure; but, even where success is attained, it fails somehow to bring us what we expected of it.

An eminent public man once said to me in the presence of a great domestic bereavement: "I got into the Senate of the United States when I was just turned



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thirty, and by an unusual act of perfidy and treason on the part of a supposed friend, lost my seat two or three years later. From that day to this, the last fifteen years, the sole end and object of my existence, my one aim in life, has been to get that seat back again. At last this wish has been fulfilled, and what does it matter after all?" I once heard a President of the United States say: "For twenty years I was a candidate for President. Every four years Pennsylvania sent a delegation to the National Convention to urge my nomination. Every four years we came away beaten and disappointed. Finally, when I had given it up, when it had ceased to be an object of ambition or desire with me, when all of the friends I loved and wanted to reward were dead, and most of the enemies I hated and had meant to punish were turned my friends, I was nominated and elected, and here I am, an old man, full of trials and troubles, with scarcely one joy in the world."

You doubtless remember how Webster and Clay, at the very zenith of their eminence and fame, deplored their entrance into public life. They had, to the unthinking multitude, achieved the greatest success, and were in possession of all that should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends; but these things were valueless in their eyes. Each of them had set his heart on one object, the White House, and, failing of that, each saw himself a beaten and broken



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old man, defeated in the race of life and cheated out of something he had brought himself to believe honestly belonged to him. A little while before his death, Mr. George D. Prentice said to me: "If Mr. Clay had been elected President he would have been the wretchedest man that ever lived, because he would have been proved the biggest liar that ever lived." "How was that, Mr. Prentice?" I asked. "Why, sir," the old journalist replied, "Mr. Clay was a candidate, an aspirant for the Presidency, during nearly thirty years. He was a warm, impulsive man, with a genius for making friends. Unconsciously he had plastered the public service over three plies deep with promises, real or implied—promises which could not by any possibility be discharged. He was an honorable, generous, self-respecting man, and when these promises came to maturity and were presented for payment, and he realized the situation, it would have embittered his life and broken his heart." There is a lesson, and a true one, for those who lament the loss of that which they cannot get, as it is a sermon against the overweening desire for any particular thing.

You may trust me when I say I am so far sincere in believing self-repression in this regard true wisdom, that I rather think the young fellow who is very much in love with a girl and finds her very hard to get, had better let her go and seek him a wife elsewhere. There must be, away down in the feminine intuition, some potent reason impelling a woman to fly from the im-



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portunities of a lover, and when at last, as the saying is, she marries him to get rid of him, he had best look to it.

In short, and in fine, my argument is that we are constantly setting our heart and hope upon the possession of some one of the tangible things of life, as office, or money, or an establishment, or a wife, thinking failure therein failure in life, and success therein success in life, when, if we could know the truth in advance, that is the very object from which we should start back with horror.

Success in life is happiness. The successful man, the happy man is the man who believes his old wife the loveliest woman in the world, the vine-covered cottage he calls his home the dearest spot on earth, and who wouldn't swap his ragged, red-headed, freckled-face brats for the best-looking and best-dressed kids of the proudest of his neighbors. Men in their places are the men who stand. The material, the tangible things of life, essential as they are under right conditions to happiness and comfort, do not, of themselves, bring happiness and comfort. Millions of money will not save a sensitive man from the tortures of a sore toe. Infinite fame will not save a proud man from the torments of a debt he is unable to pay. I repeat that success in life is happiness, and its seat is in the heart and mind; not in the stomach or the pocket.

And this brings me to what I was saying awhile ago about Canada and Mexico. Let us recur to them, or,



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rather, to some of our late neighbors and friends who have found those countries so attractive that they have gone to pay them indefinite visits.

Do you know that for many of those men I have a sympathy which I cannot repress, and would not repress if I could? I don't believe that every man who has come short of his accounts is necessarily a scoundrel. I don't believe that every refugee must needs be a thief at heart. I believe that in many cases there was no original purpose to steal, and, in many other cases, if all the facts could be got at, it would be found that down to the very hour of flight there was an honest purpose, even an honest effort, to repair the wrong done in the heat of sanguine expectation or the recklessness of despair. In cases of official delinquency how often the first false step arose from the official's failure to keep his public and private accounts separate and distinct. Of a sudden he discovers a discrepancy. He promises himself to make this good. A year passes. The gap is wider still. He takes a risk. This fails, of course. Then he loses his head. And then he makes the fatal plunge, and down he goes into the vortex.

How many breaches of trust begin in those good intentions with which that very hot place with the very short name is supposed to be paved. Indeed, the gambling mania, in some form or other, seems to be well-nigh universal, and the gambler never expects to lose. There is always before his mind's eye the mirage of that



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capital prize in the lottery of life, or that winning hand in the game of his choice. Even among those who habitually play for money, it has been observed that they laugh when they win and swear when they lose, just as if it was not a certainty, when they sat down at table, that they must inevitably either do the one thing or the other, eliminating from the proceeding any possible surprise. One would fancy that such persons ought to be more stoical. But it is not so. Each sitting is to them as though it were their last, and, as no man deliberately plays to lose, he is correspondingly angry when he fails to win. But what a fatal mistake is made by that man who lays his hand upon a dollar he cannot honestly call his own.

And I know something about that myself. When I was a lad I had an experience which has lasted me a lifetime. I was elected by my schoolmates one of the editors of the periodical of our literary society, and by successive re-elections, term after term, the entire management of that ambitious serial at length came into my hands. I was editor and managing editor and secretary and treasurer—a bad combination wherever it is found. Well, one day—of course, it was at the precise moment when I was required to make my official report—it always happens so—I discovered that I lacked four dollars and fifty cents of money enough to balance my books. I must either get that money or falsify those books. Well, I did not have the money—I had spent



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it. I had not only spent it, but had overdrawn my own private account. I was simply aghast. After lying awake a whole night in alternate anguish and speculation, I rose in the morning haggard but resolute. I went directly to the guardian angel who had charge of my fiscal affairs and made a clean breast of it.

"And what is the amount of this defalcation?" says he.

"Four dollars and fifty cents," I gasped.

I remember to this day, I can see at this moment, the half queer, half threatening expression that came over those kindly, weather-bronzed features as, handing me a check, he said:

"There, my boy; there are five dollars. It is an ugly piece of business. Don't let it ever happen again."

And it never has.

Among those persons who appropriate to their own use money that does not belong to them, seeking those dark-alley short-cuts to fortune that end in disgrace, it has always seemed to me that they are the worst who masquerade as pillars of the church or pose as models of commercial integrity and virtue. Such a man not only robs those who have trusted him and believed in him, adding hypocrisy to felony, but he commits an even greater moral crime by the shock he inflicts upon our common faith in human nature.

I recall a curious episode of this kind which happened a few years ago in the directory of a bank in one of our



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great cities. A certain member of the board was found to have duplicated warehouse receipts to a considerable amount borrowed of the bank on those collaterals. His friends raised the money, paid the notes, and the matter was hushed up. Not, however, without the earnest protest of two of the delinquent's colleagues, who thought, or who said they thought, it compromising with crime—that it was not fair—to allow such a scamp to be turned loose on an unsuspecting community. Finally, however, their moral susceptibility yielded to entreaty and they acquiesced in the concealment. Less than a year later one of these gentlemen fled to Mexico, leaving behind him a hundred thousand dollars' worth of duplicated warehouse receipts. His surviving partner in morality was indignant beyond expression. He went about wringing his hands, rolling his eyes and stigmatizing the villany right and left. Six months later this gentleman's turn came round. He ran away to Canada, leaving behind him half a million of money raised on bogus security. And, now what do you suppose came to pass? Why, the original sinner—the man who, though so vehemently denounced, had been saved by the generosity of his friends and the silence of the bank—once more a prosperous merchant—actually served as foreman of the grand jury that indicted the other two!

Hypocrisy, we are told by the witty Frenchman, is the homage vice pays to virtue. It is also the mask



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behind whose smug features pretended virtue seeks to work off her self-righteous shams. Nor is it an exclusive possession of the criminal classes. We encounter it in the best society, setting up for a lady of fashion; in the church, setting up for a philanthropist; in the Board of Trade, setting up for a most enterprising patriot. Which of us has not had his fingers burned by corner lots bought in cities that never were and never will be in the name of development and public spirit, to find no relief in watered stock, no matter how coolly and copiously that may have been applied? Which of us does not recall the obliging friend, who, if it is any accommodation to us, will let us in upon the ground-floor of a financial edifice, having three or four cellars beneath it, and laid, at bottom, in a cave of winds? Which of us has not his hard-luck story to tell of the neighbor, having an infinite deal of horse-sense and an illimitable knowledge of horse-flesh, with his inevitable "tip" as to the "sure winner" in the coming race?

But, and more's the pity, there be hypocrisy and hypocrisy. There is a kind of hypocrisy that goes maundering through the world mistaking itself for virtue and never finding itself out. And then there is a hypocrisy that springs rather from cowardice than fraud, and that is to be pitied. How many a man has lied to save appearances, who might as well have told the truth and gone about his business. The only hon-



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est hypocrites, Hazlitt reminds us, are the play-actors who change their characters with every performance, wearing the robes of a king to-day, and the rags of a beggar to-morrow. Nay, the woods are full of hypocrites, unconscious hardly less than conscious; pious hypocrites, who deceive themselves more than they deceive anybody else, to end at last in the ditch; bullying hypocrites, who, like poor Acres, really fancy they can fight, until brought to shame by their own folly. In the great Crédit Mobilier scandals it was not so much the ownership of stock that brought the disgraces, as the denial of it.

Each age has its idiosyncrasy. We speak of the golden age, of the iron age, and so forth. Each country has its virtues and its vices; its crown of glory and its crown of thorns. Find out a nation's sin and you shall know that nation's danger. As for ourselves, we should be most concerned for our own. Never mind about Europe, about Asia, about Africa, what is the matter with America? That is the question for us to ponder unceasingly, to investigate with an enlightened self-accusing sense of justice without fear or favor, seeking to decide it fairly.

What, then, is the trouble with us? Is it the failure of our municipal methods and processes to give efficient and good government to our great cities? That is a menace to our centres of population. But I hardly think it far-reaching enough to bode na-



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tional ruin. Is it the race question at the South? That, too, is a great peril to the people who live there. It is a problem, the solution of which the wisest have not been able to compass; the end of which the most sagacious cannot see. I know so much about it that I long ago ceased to theorize at all. My hope and faith are embarked in one direction only; in a process of evolution involving the elevation and education of both races; and in a simple, childlike trust in God, who can raise up as He has cast down, and who doeth all things well. Is it the labor question, the social question, the question of free and fair elections? I think not so organically. In a democratic republic, where all things are open to all men, there can never be any general motive or occasion for a resort to combustible agencies and revolutionary expedients. Left to the operation of our electoral and representative machinery, those questions ought in time to settle themselves. We are not shut in by feudal bonds and tenures, the bursting of which means blood and terror. We are not the slaves of custom, bound to class distinction and artificial convention, which, growing obsolete, can only be annihilated by dynamite in the hands of anarchy. The poorest babe that steals timidly and unnoticed into the world by the back door has the same chance of becoming President of the United States with the richest that ever shook its tiny fists at the announcing heralds, or pulled the whiskers of its millionaire paternity. Agrarianism



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has no place here. Against the pick-axe of the leveller and the brand of the incendiary we may safely leave the result, under God, with the noiseless snowfall of ballots, which soon or late will swallow up the political organism that is persistently and consciously faithless to its duty.

Someone may be disposed to ask me whether the greatest evil that threatens us is not the tariff? Well, my friends, that old sinner has been sinning a long time, I do admit; and he is a very tough and a very smooth citizen, into the bargain. He has grown very rich and very proud, and wears a mighty ruffle to his shirt, and a great watch-fob dangling by his capacious stomach. He makes himself exceedingly active and aggravating about election time, and is at all times more or less self-complacent and boastful, blind of one eye and deaf in one ear, though seeing more and hearing more than is good for anybody to see and hear, because half of what he knows is not true, while, as to the other half, it were best forgotten. But I do not despair even of our dear, delightful, audacious old friend, High Tariff. He has had a good deal of fat fried out of him latterly, and is not nearly so stout as he was. I know what I am talking about when I tell you that he has recently been caught taking more than one furtive look into the sweet face of that star-eyed divinity, who has, from the first, stretched out her hands to save, and not to hurt, him, and I have thought I observed upon those stern, iron-



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clad features of his a certain pleased expression, if not an actual smirk. No, no; I am not in the least afraid of the tariff. That will come round all right; and, meanwhile, no matter how high you build it, I can live under it and enjoy myself as long and as much as the rest can.

Indeed, I am afraid of no single political issue at this moment parcelling the people out on the right and on the left within party lines. Speaking as a philosopher, and in a historic spirit, the entire present stock in trade of both our parties, of all our parties, makes up the sum of what I call rather small politics. There has never been a time in the history of the country where there was less cause for apprehension from the drift and tenor of current partisan contention. The differences that disturb us are trifles as light as air, compared with the dangers and difficulties which distressed our grandfathers, our fathers, and those of us who are old enough to remember times that did, indeed, "try men's souls."

I have, in my own day, seen the republic outlast an irrepressible conflict sown in the blood and marrow of the social order. I have seen the Federal Union, not too strongly put together in the first place, come out of a great war of sections stronger than when it went into it, its faith renewed, its credit rehabilitated, and its flag flying in triumph and honor over sixty millions of God-fearing men and women, thoroughly reconciled and homogeneous. I have seen the Constitution of the



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United States survive the strain, not merely of a reconstructory ordeal and a Presidential impeachment, but of a disputed count of the electoral vote, a Congressional deadlock, and an extra constitutional tribunal, yet, standing as firm as a rock against the assaults of its enemies, yielding itself with admirable flexibility to the needs of the country and the time. And, finally, I saw the gigantic fabric of the Federal Government transferred from hands that had held it for a quarter of a century to other hands without so much as a protest or a bloody nose, though the fight at the finish had been so close a single blanket might have covered both contestants for the Chief Magisterial office. He who has seen these things, who has borne his part in the awful responsibilities pressing from day to day on all men, bringing with each night a terror with every thought of the morrow, is not going to lose much sleep about what is now going on at Washington, or whether Bill Jones's pension is increased a dollar or a dollar and a half a week, or the duty on slip-ups is altered from forty-two specific to thirty-seven and one-half ad valorem. Certainly, we want to be frugal in our expenditures, just in our appropriations, and otherwise careful of the people's money. We want to go slow in the matter of new legislation and innovations of every sort. But parties are too evenly balanced, and the issues that divide them arise too much out of questions of mere expediency, or local, or selfish, or party interest



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to excite any man unduly unless he wants an office, and wants it bad.

The history of a hundred years of Constitutional Government in America—the story and the moral lesson of all our parties—may be summed up in a single sentence: That when any political society in this country thinks it has the world in a sling, public opinion just rears back upon its hind legs and kicks it out. The real danger before us—a danger having its sources deeply laid in the roots of human nature—peculiarly fostered by our peculiar structure—the Damocles sword perpetually hanging above us—is a moral danger, and it springs directly from the relation of money to the moral nature of the people.

We have no great aristocratic titles, or patents of nobility; and the simplest standard is the money standard. "Put money in thy purse" seems to have become a national motto. If this limited itself to fiscal, or even commercial, pursuits, it might not be so bad. But we find it everywhere. From the ten-thousand-a-year pulpit to the hundred-thousand-dollar seat in the Senate of the United States, the trail of the trade-mark is over us all. I remember some doggerel verses which went the rounds of the newspapers when I was a boy, and, though I have not seen them in print from that day to this, I can still recall a few of them. They had some relevancy then; how much greater their application now. They rattled off somewhat in this wise:



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"As with cautious step we tread our way through
This intricate world as other folks do,
May we each on his journey be able to view
The benevolent face of a dollar or two;
The gospel is preached
For a dollar or two;
Salvation is reached
For a dollar or two;
You may sin sometimes,
But the worst of all crimes
Is to find yourself short
Of a dollar or two!"

And so on for quantity. But how true it was and it is! How ready we are to forgive the sins of the rich, to forget how they got their money, to stick our feet under their mahogany, to eat of their food and drink of their wine! How little of the old, primitive morality, with its fine distinction of right and wrong, remains to our great cities! What a struggle it is to get money for money's sake alone. Money, money, nothing but money! When old Agassiz was offered a thousand dollars a lecture for a hundred consecutive lectures, and turned away from the tempter, saying: "Oh, go along with you! What time have I to waste on money-making," there were those who thought he was bereft of his senses. Would to God we had an Agassiz or two in every community throughout this land! But honorable poverty seems to have become one of the lost arts. Fame without money is left to second-rate aspirants. The genius of the country is no longer engaged upon



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works of patriotic devotion, on works of the imagination, on works of humble piety. It is engaged in business, in commerce, in constructive enterprises, in development in money-making. The young fellow with a head on his shoulders and a heart in his bosom turns his back upon public life, and takes to that which pays surest and best cash in hand. "I cannot," he says to himself, "afford to surrender freedom and affluence at home to take poverty and slavery at Washington, to go to Congress for five thousand a year, when I can make five-and-twenty in an office which costs me nothing to get and to keep, and of which I am master. I will make my fortune first, and then, if I have a mind to, I can buy me a seat in the Senate of the United States." Sensible man, perhaps, though, at this rate, how long shall it be before we have crushed all generous manhood beneath this hard, metallic load and come out of the struggle for wealth a nation of the merest money-changers? It is certain that we can carry none of it with us when we go hence; and, when we are required by the Master to give an account of our stewardship, what shall it profit us if we point to our hoarded millions and exclaim, "There, dear Lord"? Believe me, there is more happiness to be got of the coining of one kind thought in this world, and at the same time a surer correspondence with the world to come, than may be extracted from a mint of money.

I am far from believing that the happiest people are



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the poorest. But no more are the richest. The dolor of the one and the ennui of the other have passed into a proverb. Yet there is no country in the world quite so happy, and yet relatively quite so poor, as Switzerland. There, and I am afraid there only, shall we find the ideal Jeffersonian Democracy. The government is simple and frugal. The officials are paid barely their living, and elections being annual, there is no motive for corruption. They are held, in fact, in the churches, and on Sunday. One of the greatest of modern Swiss statesmen, a man who had been many times President of the republic, died in a dingy little apartment at Berne, and after his death it was discovered that, to obtain the needful medicines and comforts during his last illness, he had pawned a service of silver, presented him by the government of the United States for his invaluable counsels as our referee at the Geneva Conference. There was a brave, a pure, and a poor man for you; one who scorned to beg as he would have scorned to steal, going confidently to his God without so much as a franc to pay Charon his ferriage across the stream.

Diogenes, seeking an honest man, might in the history of the Irish Union come up with a parallel case in poor old Hussey Bergh, who refused all the gold that England could offer him, abandoned the borough of Kilmainham, for which he sat, and which the British Ministry guaranteed him for life, voted against the bill



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which robbed his country of its freedom, and was found dead in his bed, with sixpence on the mantel and a paper on which was scrawled: "Ireland forever and be damn'd to Kilmainham!"

They don't do political business that way nowadays, except in that Alpine fortalice of freedom and virtue, of which I was speaking. The humble Switzer, in his chalet by the mountain side, with barely enough to sustain life, and not a sou to spare, is the happiest man in the world. There is no country on earth which illustrates so vividly the truth of Goldsmith's inspired couplet—

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay,"

for Switzerland is no richer now than it was five hundred years ago, while the men who in 1870 mustered on the Swiss frontier to warn off the warring French and Germans from the desecration of Swiss soil were as rugged and as valiant as the men who followed Rudolph von Erlach across the German border to victory and independence, and rallied by the side of Arnold von Winkelred, at Sempach, against the combined hordes of Burgundy and Austria, away back when the world was putting on its jack-boots and the centuries but beginning their teens. I stand with head uncovered, reverently, in the presence of these poor, proud, and brave mountaineers; and have sometimes thought that, if ever



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I should become an exile from my own country, there is the one spot in the world where I might live with some sort of happiness and contentment.

But enough of this. To come back to our own time and country, let us cast about us and see where we stand; let us sum up the case, as it were, and, considering the point from which we started, let us take counsel of the past and the present, and, by the light thus supplied, let us try and look into the future.

With the money standards so high and the moral standards so low, the pessimist may not unreasonably ask what hope for us there is in the outlook. There is much hope in spite of all that has been said, and all that may be said, as to the darker side of the picture. That hope lies in the better development of the national character and in the more complete realization of the ideals embraced by our national institutions.

I have always believed in the power, and in the ultimate triumph, of moral forces and organized ideas, and shall never surrender that belief to the claim that there is more of bad than of good in human nature. I am something of a Methodist in the conceit that, under the benign influence of intelligence and morality, we are perpetually and steadily going on from grace to grace toward perfection, and, though we may not reach the halcyon days predicted, I believe, to come in the twentieth century, by a recent fable—at least, not until we have reached the millennium promised us by an older



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and, as I conceive, a more reliable prophecy—yet I think there are hundreds of years of grandeur and glory before us as a nation and as a people.

There was never a people so happily situate as we; never a country so blessed. We are masters of the greatest, the most fruitful, and varied of the continents. We are so strong that we need fear no assaults from without. We inherit a system of government as nearly perfect as the genius of man can devise; a system which is slowly but surely drawing to itself all the nations of the earth. Of political dangers there is but one to threaten us; and that is the spirit of party. Of moral dangers only one; and that is the love of money. Finding these sinister forces, intolerance and avarice, united in a single presence, I gave this a name some years ago, which seems to have stuck to it. I called it the Money Devil. And this Money Devil is the lion right across the highway of our future, standing just at the fork of the roads, one of which leads up the heights of national fame and glory, the other down into the depths of the plutocracy, which yawns before us, opening its ponderous jaws and licking its bloody lips to swallow all that is great and noble in our national life. Already it costs a million of dollars to set a Presidential ticket in the field, already a hundred thousand dollars to sustain a contest for a seat in the Senate of the United States; how long shall it be before our public men become a race of Medician princes without the learning,



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or the arts of Florence, the Presidential chair itself a mere commodity to be auctioned off to the highest bidder? Beware of that Money Devil! Beware of the man who puts his party above his country, his pocket above his conscience.

I shall not undertake in this place to dwell upon the evils of party spirit. All of us know what they are. Nor are we required to be false to our party to be true to our country, false to our interests to be true to our convictions. By all means let every man act upon his beliefs and live up to them. But let him not think more of himself or love his neighbor less, because that neighbor, exercising the same right, does the same thing. I need not dwell, either, upon the evils that attend the struggle for wealth. If the roofs could be lifted off the palaces of the rich, what sights might not be seen, what skeletons in the closets, what rats behind the arras, what sorrows, and what shams? In case you wish to read a sure-enough tragedy, peruse the personal history of Wall Street. There was a time when it had a graveyard all its own in which were chiefly laid its suicides. Oddly enough, that melancholy cul-de-sac starts out from a graveyard, to end in a deep and mighty stream; fit emblem of mystery and death. Turn we, all of us, to the brighter side of the page, on which is inscribed that blessed legend, "Do thou unto others as thou wouldst that others should do unto you." Therein lies the whole secret of human happiness. Of all the



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great speeches which Shakespeare has put into the mouths of his heroes none seems to me to bear with it so much wisdom and comfort as the words addressed by Wolsey to the one lone follower who survived his fall:

"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition.
By that sin fell the angels; how then can man,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues; be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then if fallest thou, O Cromwell!
Thou fallest a blessed martyr!"

There is an epitome of all the world has to give and to take away, done by one who had trod every path of glory, and sounded all the depths of honor, to find, when it was too late, how weak is the strength of pride, how poor, how ignoble the power of money. We must cast forth the devil of party spirit, and kill the Money Devil outright, if we are to reach the summit of our destiny. The statesmanship which is to lead us thither must address itself somewhat more to the moral nature of the people; it must seek, indeed, to unite tradition and progress, going forward at all times, but never forgetting the humble homespun sources of our being as a nation and as a people.



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# Money and Morals

If I were delivering a sermon to the people of New England I would say to them: "Because you have struck these rocks with the force of a genius and a virtue which nobody denies, and made them to blossom like the rose, don't imagine that there is no other genius, no other virtue in the world. Go down South and bathe in the sunshine you shall find there! Soften some of the harder fibres! Lop off some of the brittle edges! Take a lesson, or two, from the old-time planter's simplicity, honor, and truth. You will feel the better and be the better for doing so." And, if I were delivering a sermon to those same planters of the South, I would say to them: "Gentlemen, all this clinging to a personal and social superiority, which does not exist, is sheer folly and pride. The Yankees are just as good as you are, and in many things they know a great deal better than you do how to get on in the world. Take a turn among them. Look into their domestic economies, rejecting nothing on account of its trade-mark. Send some of your boys up there to school and let them learn how to work for a living. In many cases, it will be merely a revisitation of the home of their forefathers, for many of the greatest families of the South trace back their origin to the blood and loins of the Pilgrim Fathers."

Thus would I revitalize and blend the good that is in one section with the good that is in the other section, bringing both to a better comprehension of the truth



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that we are the most homogeneous people on the face of the globe, differing in nothing except in external characteristics and local habits; and thus would I lure our great Republic away from the pitfalls that engulfed old Rome, and plant it anew upon the sure foundations of morality and manhood, the only genuine sources of a nation's wealth.

And now, my friends, I am done. I have said my say. I entreat you to take these things in heart and mind, believing them the honest emanations of one who has travelled far and wide in this great land of ours. I have been in every State and Territory of the Union, and have yet to go away from one of them where I had not found something to make me proud of my country. And when you go hence tonight, whatever else you may be proud of, be proudest of all that each and every one of us is an American citizen. All of us may not sit in the high places. All of us may not get the capital prizes. But there is no one among us, however lowly his lot, who cannot be happy—a better citizen and a more prosperous man because he is happy—loving work for work's sake and his own work for its own sake—and along the entire journey from the cradle to the grave, finding—

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks.
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."



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## ABRAHAM LINCOLN *

The statesmen in knee-breeches and powdered wigs who signed the Declaration of Independence and framed the Constitution—the soldiers in blue-and-buff, top-boots, and epaulets who led the armies of the Revolution—were what we are wont to describe as gentlemen. They were English gentlemen. They were not all, nor even generally, scions of the British aristocracy; but they came, for the most part, of good Anglo-Saxon and Scotch-Irish stock.

The shoe-buckle and the ruffled shirt worked a spell peculiarly their own. They carried with them an air of polish and authority. Hamilton, though of obscure birth and small stature, is represented by those who knew him to have been dignity and grace personified; and old Ben Franklin, even in woollen hose, and none too courtier-like, was the delight of the great nobles and fine ladies, in whose company he made himself as much at home as though he had been born a marquis.

When we revert to that epoch the beauty of the scene which history unfolds is marred by little that is un-

* Lincoln Union, Auditorium, Chicago, February 12, 1895.



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couth, by nothing that is grotesque. The long procession passes, and we see in each group, in every figure, something of heroic proportion. John Adams and John Hancock, Joseph Warren and Samuel Adams, the Livingstons in New York, the Carrolls in Maryland, the Masons, the Randolphs, and the Pendletons in Virginia, the Rutledges in South Carolina—what pride of caste, what elegance of manner, what dignity and dominancy of character! And the soldiers! Israel Putnam and Nathanael Greene, Ethan Allen and John Stark, Mad Anthony Wayne and Light Horse Harry Lee, and Morgan and Marion and Sumter, gathered about the immortal Washington—Puritan and Cavalier so mixed and blended as to be indistinguishable the one from the other—where shall we go to seek a more resplendent galaxy of field-marshals? Surely not to Blenheim, drinking beakers to Marlborough after the famous victory; nor yet to the silken marquet of the great Condé on the Rhine, bedizened with gold lace and radiant with the flower of the nobility of France! Ah, me! there were gentlemen in those days; and they made their influence felt upon life and thought long after the echoes of Bunker Hill and Yorktown had faded away, long after the bell over Independence Hall had ceased to ring.

The first half of the Republic's first half-century of existence the public men of America, distinguished for many things, were chiefly and almost universally dis-



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tinguished for repose of bearing and sobriety of behavior. It was not until the institution of African slavery had got into politics as a vital force that Congress became a bear-garden, and that our law-makers, laying aside their manners with their small-clothes, fell into the loose-fitting habiliments of modern fashion and the slovenly jargon of partisan controversy. The gentlemen who signed the Declaration and framed the Constitution were succeeded by gentlemen—much like themselves—but these were succeeded by a race of party leaders much less decorous and much more self-confident; rugged, puissant; deeply moved in all that they said and did, and sometimes turbulent; so that finally, when the volcano burst forth flames that reached the heavens, great human bowlders appeared amid the glare on every side; none of them much to speak of according to rules regnant at St. James and Versailles; but vigorous, able men, full of their mission and of themselves, and pulling for dear life in opposite directions.

There were Seward and Sumner and Chase, Corwin and Ben Wade, Trumbull and Fessenden, Hale and Collamer and Grimes, and Wendell Phillips, and Horace Greeley, our latter-day Franklin. There were Toombs and Hammond, and Slidell and Wigfall, and the two little giants, Douglas and Stephens, and Yancey and Mason, and Jefferson Davis. With them soft words buttered no parsnips, and they cared little how many pitchers might be broken by rude ones. The



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issue between them did not require a diagram to explain it. It was so simple a child might understand. It read, human slavery against human freedom, slave labor against free labor, and involved a conflict as inevitable as it was irrepressible.

Long before the guns of Beauregard opened fire upon Fort Sumter, and, fulfilling the programme of extremism, "blood was sprinkled in the faces of the people," the hustings in America had become a battle-ground, and every rood of debatable territory a ring for controversial mills, always tumultuous, and sometimes sanguinary. No sooner had the camp-fires of the Revolution—which warmed so many noble hearts and lighted so many patriotic lamps—no sooner had the camp-fires of the Revolution died out, than there began to burn, at first fitfully, then to blaze alarmingly in every direction, a succession of forest fires, baffling the energies and resources of the good and brave men who sought to put them out. Mr. Webster, at once a learned jurist and a prose poet, might thunder expositions of the written law, to quiet the fears of the slave-owner and to lull the waves of agitation. Mr. Clay, by his resistless eloquence and overmastering personality, might compromise first one and then another of the irreconcilable conditions that threw themselves across the pathway of conservative statesmanship. To no purpose, except to delay the fatal hour.

There were moving to the foreground moral forces



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which would down at no man's bidding. The still, small voice of emancipation, stifled for a moment by self-interest playing upon the fears of the timid, recovered its breath and broke into a cry for abolition. The cry for abolition rose in volume to a roar. Slowly, step by step, the forces of freedom advanced to meet the forces of slavery. Gradually, these mighty, discordant elements approached the predestined line of battle; the gains for a while seeming to be in doubt, but in reality all on one side. There was less and less of middle-ground. The middle-men who ventured to get in the way were either struck down or absorbed by the one party or the other. The Senate had its Gettysburg; and many and many a Shiloh was fought on the floor of the House. Actual war raged in Kansas. The mysterious descent upon Harper's Ferry, like a fire-bell in the night, might have warned all men of the coming conflagration; might have revealed to all men a prophecy in the lines that, quoted to describe the scene, foretold the event—

"The rock-ribbed ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is asked her, answers: 'Death.'"

Greek was meeting Greek at last; and the field of politics became almost as sulphurous and murky as an actual field of battle.



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# The Compromises of Life

Amid the noise and confusion, the clashing of intellects like sabres bright, and the booming of the big oratorical guns of the North and the South, now definitely arrayed, there came one day into the Northern camp one of the oddest figures imaginable; the figure of a man who, in spite of an appearance somewhat at outs with Hogarth's line of beauty, wore a serious aspect, if not an air of command, and, pausing to utter a single sentence that might be heard above the din, passed on and for a moment disappeared. The sentence was pregnant with meaning. The man bore a commission from God on high! He said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half free and half slave. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided." He was Abraham Lincoln.

How shall I describe him to you? Shall I speak of him as I first saw him immediately on his arrival in the national capital, the chosen President of the United States, his appearance quite as strange as the story of his life, which was then but half known and half told, or shall I use the words of another and a more graphic word-painter?

In January, 1861, Colonel A. K. McClure, of Pennsylvania, journeyed to Springfield, Ill., to meet and confer with the man he had done so much to elect, but whom he had never personally known. "I went di-



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rectly from the depot to Lincoln's house," says Colonel McClure, "and rang the bell, which was answered by Lincoln himself opening the door. I doubt whether I wholly concealed my disappointment at meeting him. Tall, gaunt, ungainly, ill-clad, with a homeliness of maner that was unique in itself, I confess that my heart sank within me as I remembered that this was the man chosen by a great nation to become its ruler in the gravest period of its history. I remember his dress as if it were but yesterday—snuff-colored and slouchy pantaloons; open black vest, held by a few brass buttons; straight or evening dress-coat, with tightly fitting sleeves to exaggerate his long, bony arms, all supplemented by an awkwardness that was uncommon among men of intelligence. Such was the picture I met in the person of Abraham Lincoln. We sat down in his plainly furnished parlor, and were uninterrupted during the nearly four hours I remained with him, and, little by little, as his earnestness, sincerity, and candor were developed in conversation, I forgot all the grotesque qualities which so confounded me when I first greeted him. Before half an hour had passed I learned not only to respect, but, indeed, to reverence the man."

A graphic portrait, truly, and not unlike. I recall him, two months later, a little less uncouth, a little better dressed, but in singularity and in angularity much the same. All the world now takes an interest



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in every detail that concerned him, or that relates to the weird tragedy of his life and death.

And who was this peculiar being, destined in his mother's arms—for cradle he had none—so profoundly to affect the future of human-kind? He has told us himself, in words so simple and unaffected, so idiomatic and direct, that we can neither misread them, nor improve upon them. Answering one who, in 1859, had asked him for some biographic particulars, Abraham Lincoln wrote:

"I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks. . . . My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Va., to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. . . .

"My father (Thomas Lincoln) at the death of his father was but six years of age. By the early death of his father, and the very narrow circumstances of his mother, he was, even in childhood, a wandering, laboring boy, and grew up literally without education. He never did more in the way of writing than bunglingly to write his own name. . . . He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. . . . It was a wild region, with many bears and other animals still in the woods. . . . There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond



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'readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three.' If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. . . . Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three. But that was all. . . . The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

"I was raised to farm work . . . till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem . . . where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War; and I was elected captain of a volunteer company, a success that gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went the campaign, was elated, ran for the Legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next, and three succeeding biennial elections, I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During the legislative period I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practise it. In 1846 I was elected to the lower house of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, inclusive, practised law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again.

"If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said that I am in height six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected."



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There is the whole story, told by himself, and brought down to the point where he became a figure of national importance.

His political philosophy was expounded in four elaborate speeches; one delivered at Peoria, Ill., October 16, 1854; one at Springfield, Ill., June 16, 1858; one at Columbus, O., September 16, 1859, and one, February 27, 1860, at Cooper Institute, in the city of New York. Of course, Mr. Lincoln made many speeches and very good speeches. But these four, progressive in character, contain the sum total of his creed touching the organic character of the Government and at the same time his personal and party view of contemporary affairs. They show him to have been an old-line Whig of the school of Henry Clay, with strong emancipation leanings; a thorough anti-slavery man, but never an extremist or an abolitionist. To the last he hewed to the line thus laid down.

Two or three years ago I referred to Abraham Lincoln—in a casual way—as one "inspired of God." I was taken to task for this and thrown upon my defence. Knowing less then than I now know of Mr. Lincoln, I confined myself to the superficial aspects of the case; to the career of a man who seemed to have lacked the opportunity to prepare himself for the great estate to which he had come, plucked as it were from obscurity by a caprice of fortune.

Accepting the doctrine of inspiration as a law of the



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universe, I still stand to this belief; but I must qualify it as far as it conveys the idea that Mr. Lincoln was not as well equipped in actual knowledge of men and affairs as any of his contemporaries. Mr. Webster once said that he had been preparing to make his reply to Hayne for thirty years. Mr. Lincoln had been in unconscious training for the Presidency for thirty years. His maiden address as a candidate for the Legislature, issued at the ripe old age of twenty-three, closes with these words, "But if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointment to be very much chagrined." The man who wrote that sentence, thirty years later wrote this sentence: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot-grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the angels of our better nature." Between those two sentences, joined by a kindred, sombre thought, flowed a life-current—

"Strong, without rage, without o'erflowing, full,"

pausing never for an instant; deepening while it ran, but nowise changing its course or its tones; always the same; calm; patient; affectionate; like one born to a destiny, and, as in a dream, feeling its resistless force.

It is needful to a complete understanding of Mr.



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Lincoln's relation to the time and to his place in the political history of the country, that the student peruse closely the four speeches to which I have called attention; they underlie all that passed in the famous debate with Douglas; all that their author said and did after he succeeded to the Presidency. They stand to-day as masterpieces of popular oratory. But for our present purpose the debate with Douglas will suffice—the most extraordinary intellectual spectacle the annals of our party warfare afford. Lincoln entered the canvass unknown outside the State of Illinois. He closed it renowned from one end of the land to the other.

Judge Douglas was himself unsurpassed as a stump-speaker and ready debater. But in that campaign, from first to last, Judge Douglas was at a serious disadvantage. His bark rode upon an ebbing tide; Lincoln's bark rode upon a flowing tide. African slavery was the issue now; and the whole trend of modern thought was set against slavery. The Democrats seemed hopelessly divided. The Little Giant had to face a triangular opposition embracing the Republicans, the Administration, or Buchanan Democrats, and a little remnant of the old Whigs, who fancied that their party was still alive and thought to hold some kind of balance of power. Judge Douglas called the combination the "allied army," and declared that he would deal with it "just as the Russians dealt with the allies at Sebastopol—that is, the Russians did not stop to inquire,



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when they fired a broadside, whether it hit an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a Turk." It was something more than a witticism when Mr. Lincoln rejoined, "In that case, I beg he will indulge us while we suggest to him that those allies took Sebastopol."

He followed this centre-shot with volley after volley of exposition so clear, of reasoning so close, of illustration so pointed, and, at times, of humor so incisive, that, though he lost his election—though the allies did not then take Sebastopol—his defeat counted for more than Douglas's victory, for it made him the logical and successful candidate for President of the United States two years later.

What could be more captivating to an out-door audience than Lincoln's description "of the two persons who stand before the people of the State as candidates for the Senate," to quote his prefatory words? "Judge Douglas," he said, "is of world-wide renown. All the anxious politicians of his party . . . have been looking upon him as certainly . . . to be President of the United States. They have seen in his round, jolly, fruitful face, post-offices, land-offices, marshalships and cabinet appointments, chargeships and foreign missions, bursting and spreading out in wonderful exuberance, ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. And as they have been gazing upon this attractive picture so long, they cannot, in the little distraction that has taken place in the party, bring themselves to



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give up the charming hope; but with greedier anxiety they rush about him, sustain him, and give him marches, triumphal entries, and receptions, beyond what in the days of his highest prosperity they could have brought about in his favor. On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting."

As the debate advanced, these cheery tones deepened into harsher notes; crimination and recrimination followed; the two gladiators were strung to their utmost tension. They became dreadfully in earnest. Personal collision was narrowly avoided. I have recently gone over the entire debate, and with a feeling I can only describe as most contemplative, most melancholy.

I knew Judge Douglas well; I admired, respected, loved him. I shall never forget the day he quitted Washington to go to his home in Illinois to return no more. Tears were in his eyes and his voice trembled like a woman's. He was then a dying man. He had burned the candle at both ends from his boyhood; an eager, ardent, hard-working, pleasure-loving man; and, though not yet fifty, the candle was burned out. His infirmities were no greater than those of Mr. Clay; not to be mentioned with those of Mr. Webster. But he lived in more exacting times. The old-style party organ, with its mock heroics and its dull respectability, its beggarly array of empty news-columns and cheap



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advertising, had been succeeded by that unsparing, tell-tale scandal-monger, modern journalism, with its myriad of hands and eyes, its vast retinue of detectives, and its quick transit over flashing wires, annihilating time and space. Too fierce a light beat upon the private life of public men, and Douglas suffered from this as Clay and Webster, Silas Wright and Franklin Pierce had not suffered.

The Presidential bee was in his bonnet, certainly; but its buzzing there was not noisier than in the bonnets of other great Americans, who have been dazzled by that wretched bauble. His plans and schemes came to naught. He died at the moment when the death of those plans and schemes was made more palpable and impressive by the roar of cannon proclaiming the reality of that irrepressible conflict he had refused to foresee and had struggled to avert. His life-long rival was at the head of affairs. No one has found occasion to come to the rescue of his fame. No party interest has been identified with his memory. But when the truth of history is written, it will be told that, not less than Webster and Clay, he, too, was a patriotic man, who loved his country and tried to save the Union. He tried to save the Union, even as Webster and Clay had tried to save it, by compromises and expedients. It was too late. The string was played out. Where they had succeeded he failed; but, for the nobility of his intention, the amplitude of his resources, the splen-



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dor of his combat, he merits all that any leader of losing cause ever gained in the report of posterity; and posterity will not deny him the title of statesman.

In that great debate it was Titan against Titan; and, perusing it after the lapse of forty years, the philosophic and impartial critic will conclude which got the better of it, Lincoln or Douglas, much according to his sympathy with the one or the other. Douglas, as I have said, had the disadvantage of riding an ebb-tide. But Lincoln encountered a disadvantage in riding a flood-tide, which was flowing too fast for a man so conservative and so honest as he was. Thus there was not a little equivocation on both sides foreign to the nature of the two. Both wanted to be frank. Both thought they were being frank. But each was a little afraid of his own logic; each was a little afraid of his own following; and hence there was considerable hair-splitting, involving accusations that did not accuse and denials that did not deny. They were politicians, these two, as well as statesmen; they were politicians, and what they did not know about political campaigning was hardly worth knowing. Reverently, I take off my hat to both of them; and I turn down the page; I close the book and lay it on its shelf, with the inward ejaculation, "there were giants in those days."

I am not undertaking to deliver an oral biography of Abraham Lincoln, and shall pass over the events



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which quickly led up to his nomination and election to the Presidency in 1860.

I met the newly elected President the afternoon of the day in the early morning of which he had arrived in Washington. It was a Saturday, I think. He came to the Capitol under Mr. Seward's escort, and, among the rest, I was presented to him. His appearance did not impress me as fantastically as it had impressed Colonel McClure. I was more familiar with the Western type than Colonel McClure, and while Mr. Lincoln was certainly not an Adonis, even after prairie ideals, there was about him a dignity that commanded respect.

I met him again the forenoon of March 4 in his apartment at Willard's Hotel as he was preparing to start to his inauguration, and was touched by his unaffected kindness; for I came with a matter requiring his immediate attention. He was entirely self-possessed; no trace of nervousness; and very obliging. I accompanied the cortège that passed from the Senate chamber to the vast portico of the capitol, and, as Mr. Lincoln removed his hat to face the vast multitude in front and below, I extended my hand to receive it, but Judge Douglas, just beside me, reached over my outstretched arm and took the hat, holding it throughout the delivery of the inaugural address. I stood near enough to the speaker's elbow not to obstruct any gestures he might make, though he made but few; and



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then it was that I began to comprehend something of the power of the man.

He delivered that inaugural address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. Firm, resonant, earnest, it announced the coming of a man; of a leader of men; and in its ringing tones and elevated style, the gentlemen he had invited to become members of his political family—each of whom thought himself a bigger man than his master—might have heard the voice and seen the hand of a man born to command. Whether they did or not, they very soon ascertained the fact. From the hour Abraham Lincoln crossed the threshold of the White House to the hour he went thence to his death, there was not a moment when he did not dominate the political and military situation and all his official subordinates.

Mr. Seward was the first to fall a victim to his own temerity. One of the most extraordinary incidents that ever passed between a chief and his lieutenant came about within thirty days after the incoming of the new administration. On April 1 Mr. Seward submitted to Mr. Lincoln a memorandum, entitled "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration." He began this by saying: "We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy, either foreign or domestic." There follows a series of suggestions hardly less remarkable for their character than for their emanation. They make quite a baker's dozen, for the most



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part flimsy and irrelevant; but two of them are so conspicuous for a lack of sagacity and comprehension that I shall quote them as a sample of the whole:

"We must change the question before the public," says Mr. Seward, "from one upon slavery, or about slavery, to one upon union or disunion"—as if it had not been thus changed already—and "I would demand explanations from Spain and France, energetically, at once, . . . and, if satisfactory explanations are not received from Spain and France, I would convene Congress and declare war against them. . . . I would seek explanations from Great Britain and Russia, and send agents into Canada, Mexico, and Central America to arouse a vigorous spirit of continental independence on this continent against European intervention."

Think of it! At the moment this advice was seriously given the head of the State by the head of the Cabinet—supposed to be the most accomplished statesman and astute diplomatist of his time—a Southern Confederacy had been actually established, and Europe was only too eager for some pretext to put in its oar, effectually, finally, to compass the dissolution of the Union and the defeat of the Republican experiment in America. The Government of the United States had but to make a grimace at France and Spain; to bat its eye at England and Russia, to raise up a quadruple alliance, monarchy against democracy, bringing down



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upon itself the navies of the world, and double assuring, double confirming the Government of Jefferson Davis.

In concluding these astounding counsels, Mr. Seward says:

"But whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it.

"For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly.

"Either the President must do it himself and be all the while active in it, or devolve it on some member of his Cabinet.

"Once adopted, all debates on it must end and all agree and abide.

"It is not in my especial province; but I neither seek to evade nor assume responsibility."

Before hearing Mr. Lincoln's answer to all this, consider what it really implied. If Mr. Seward had simply said: "Mr. Lincoln, you are a failure as President, but turn over the direction of affairs exclusively to me, and all shall be well and all be forgiven," he could not have spoken more explicitly and hardly more offensively.

Now let us see how a great man carries himself at a critical moment under extreme provocation. Here is the answer Mr. Lincoln sent Mr. Seward that very night:

"Executive Mansion, April 1, 1861.

"Hon. W. H. Seward:

"My Dear Sir: Since parting with you I have been considering your paper dated this day and entitled



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'some thoughts for the President's consideration.' The first proposition in it is, 'we are at the end of a month's administration and yet without a policy, either domestic or foreign.'

"At the beginning of that month in the inaugural I said: 'The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imports.' This had your distinct approval at the time; and taken in connection with the order I immediately gave General Scott, directing him to employ every means in his power to strengthen and hold the forts, comprises the exact domestic policy you urge, with the single exception that it does not propose to abandon Fort Sumter.

. . . . . .

"The news received yesterday in regard to Santo Domingo certainly brings a new item within the range of our foreign policy, but up to that time we have been preparing circulars and instructions to ministers and the like, all in perfect harmony, without even a suggestion that we had no foreign policy.

"Upon your closing proposition—that 'Whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it.

" 'For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly.

" 'Either the President must do it himself and be all the while active in it, or devolve it upon some member of his Cabinet.

" 'Once adopted, debates must end, and all agree and abide.' I remark that if this be done, I must do it. When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend there is no danger of its being changed without good reason, or continuing to be a subject of unnecessary debate; still, upon points arising in its progress,



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I wish, and suppose I am entitled to have, the advice of all the Cabinet. Your obedient servant,

"A. LINCOLN."

I agree with Lincoln's biographers that in this letter not a word was omitted that was necessary, and not a hint or allusion is contained that could be dispensed with. It was conclusive. It ended the argument. Mr. Seward dropped into his place. Mr. Lincoln never referred to it. From that time forward the understanding between them was mutual and perfect. So much so that when, May 21 following, Mr. Seward submitted to the President the draft of a letter of instruction to Charles Francis Adams, then Minister to England, Mr. Lincoln did not hesitate to change much of its character and purpose by his alteration of its text. This original copy of this despatch, in Mr. Seward's handwriting, with Mr. Lincoln's interlineations, is still to be seen on file in the Department of State. It is safe to say that, if that letter had gone as Mr. Seward wrote it, a war with England would have been, if not inevitable, yet very likely. Mr. Lincoln's additions, hardly less than his suppressions, present a curious contrast between the seer in affairs and the scholar in affairs. Even in the substitution of one word for another, Mr. Lincoln shows a grasp both upon the situation and the language which seems to have been wholly wanting in Mr. Seward, with all his experience and learning. It is said that, pondering over this document, weighing in



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his mind its meaning and import, his head bowed and pencil in hand, Mr. Lincoln was overheard murmuring to himself: "One war at a time—one war at a time."

While I am on this matter of who was really President while Abraham Lincoln occupied the office, I may as well settle it. We all remember how, in setting up for a bigger man than his chief, Mr. Chase fared no better than Mr. Seward. But it is sometimes claimed that Mr. Stanton was more successful in this line. Many stories are told of how Stanton lorded it over Lincoln. On a certain occasion it is related that the President was informed by an irate friend that the Secretary of War had not only refused to execute an order of his, but had called him a fool into the bargain. "Did Stanton say I was a fool?" said Lincoln. "Yes," replied his friend, "he said you were a blank, blank fool!" Lincoln looked first good-humoredly at his friend and then furtively out of the window in the direction of the War Department, and carelessly observed: "Well, if Stanton says that I am a blank fool, it must be so, for Stanton is nearly always right and generally means what he says. I think I shall just have to step over and see Stanton."

On another occasion Mr. Lincoln is quoted as saying: "I have very little influence with this Administration, but I hope to have more with the next."

Complacent humor such as this simply denotes as-



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sured position. It is merely the graciousness of conscious power. But there happens to be on record a story of a different kind. This is related by Gen. James B. Fry, Provost Marshal General of the Army, on duty in the War Department.

As General Fry tells it, Mr. Stanton seems to have had the right of it. The President had given an order which the Secretary of War had refused to issue. The President thereupon came into the War Department and this is what happened. In answer to Mr. Lincoln's inquiry as to the cause of the trouble, Mr. Stanton went over the record and the grounds for his action, and concluded with: "Now, Mr. President, these are the facts, and you must see that your order cannot be executed."

Lincoln sat upon a sofa with his legs crossed—I am quoting General Fry—and did not say a word until the Secretary's last remark. Then he said in a somewhat positive tone: "Mr. Secretary, I reckon you'll have to execute the order."

Stanton replied with asperity: "Mr. President, I cannot do it. The order is an improper one and I cannot execute it."

Lincoln fixed his eye upon Stanton, and in a firm voice, and with an accent that clearly showed his determination, he said:

"Mr. Secretary, it will have to be done."

"Stanton then realized"—I am still quoting General



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Fry—"that he was overmatched. He had made a square issue with the President and been defeated, notwithstanding the fact that he was in the right. Upon an intimation from him, I withdrew and did not witness his surrender. A few minutes after I reached my office I received instructions from the Secretary to carry out the President's order. Stanton never mentioned the subject to me afterward, nor did I ever ascertain the special, and no doubt sufficient reason, which the President had for his action in the case."

Once General Halleck got on a high horse, and demanded that, if Mr. Lincoln approved some ill-natured remarks alleged to have been made of certain military men about Washington, by Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster-General, he should dismiss the officers from the service, but, if he did not approve, he should dismiss the Postmaster-General from the Cabinet. Mr. Lincoln's reply is very characteristic. He declined to do either of the things demanded. He said:

"Whether the remarks were really made I do not know, nor do I suppose such knowledge necessary to a correct response. If they were made, I do not approve them; and yet, under the circumstances, I would not dismiss a member of the Cabinet therefor. I do not consider what may have been hastily said in a moment of vexation . . . sufficient ground for so grave a step. Besides this, truth is generally the best vindication against slander. I propose continuing to be myself the judge as to when a member of the Cabinet shall be dismissed."



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Next day, however, he issued a warning to the members of his political family, which, in the form of a memorandum, he read to them. There is nothing equivocal about this. In language and in tone it is the utterance of a master. I will read it to you, as it is very brief and to the purpose. The President said:

"I must myself be the judge how long to retain and when to remove any of you from his position. It would greatly pain me to discover any of you endeavoring to procure another's removal, or in any way to prejudice him before the public. Such endeavor would be a wrong to me, and much worse, a wrong to the country. My wish is, that on this subject no remark be made, nor any question be asked by any of you, here or elsewhere, now or hereafter."

Always courteous, always tolerant, always making allowance, yet always explicit, his was the master-spirit, his the guiding hand; committing to each of the members of his Cabinet the details of the work of his own department; caring nothing for petty sovereignty; but reserving to himself all that related to great policies, the starting of moral forces and the moving of organized ideas.

I want to say just here a few words about Mr. Lincoln's relation to the South and the people of the South.

He was, himself, a Southern man. He and all his tribe were Southerners. Although he left Kentucky when but a child, he was an old child; he never was very young; and he grew to manhood in a Kentucky



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colony; for what was Illinois in those days but a Kentucky colony, grown since somewhat out of proportion? He was in no sense what we in the South used to call "a poor white." Awkward, perhaps; ungainly, perhaps, but aspiring; the spirit of a hero beneath that rugged exterior; the soul of a prose-poet behind those heavy brows; the courage of a lion back of those patient, kindly aspects; and, before he was of legal age, a leader of men. His first love was a Rutledge; his wife was a Todd.

Let the romancist tell the story of his romance. I dare not. No sadder idyl can be found in all the short and simple annals of the poor.

We know that he was a prose-poet; for have we not that immortal prose-poem recited at Gettysburg? We know that he was a statesman; for has not time vindicated his conclusions? But the South does not know, except as a kind of hearsay, that he was a friend; the sole friend who had the power and the will to save it from itself. He was the one man in public life who could have come to the head of affairs in 1861, bringing with him none of the embittered resentments growing out of the anti-slavery battle. While Seward, Chase, Sumner, and the rest had been engaged in hand-to-hand combat with the Southern leaders at Washington, Lincoln, a philosopher and a statesman, had been observing the course of events from afar, and like a philosopher and a statesman. The direst blow that could have



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been laid upon the prostrate South was delivered by the assassin's bullet that struck him down.

But I digress. Throughout the contention that preceded the war, amid the passions that attended the war itself, not one bitter, proscriptive word escaped the lips of Abraham Lincoln, while there was hardly a day that he was not projecting his great personality between some Southern man or woman and danger.

Under date of February 2, 1848, from the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, while he was serving as a member of Congress, he wrote this short note to his law partner at Springfield:

"Dear William: I take up my pen to tell you that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little, slim, pale-faced, consumptive man, with a voice like Logan's" (that was Stephen T., not John A.), "has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old, withered, dry eyes" (he was then not quite thirty-seven years of age) "are full of tears yet."

From that time forward he never ceased to love Stephens, of Georgia.

After that famous Hampton Roads conference, when the Confederate Commissioners, Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter, had traversed the field of official routine with Mr. Lincoln, the President, and Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, Lincoln, the friend, still the old Whig colleague, though one was now President of the United States and the other Vice-President of the



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Southern Confederacy, took the "slim, pale-faced, consumptive man" aside, and, pointing to a sheet of paper he held in his hand, said: "Stephens, let me write 'Union' at the top of that page, and you may write below it whatever else you please."

In the preceding conversation Mr. Lincoln had intimated that payment for the slaves was not outside a possible agreement for reunion and peace. He based that statement upon a plan he already had in hand, to appropriate four hundred millions of dollars to this purpose.

There are those who have put themselves to the pains of challenging this statement of mine. It admits of no possible equivocation. Mr. Lincoln carried with him to Fortress Monroe two documents that still stand in his own handwriting; one of them a joint resolution to be passed by the two Houses of Congress appropriating the four hundred millions, the other a proclamation to be issued by himself, as President, when the joint resolution had been passed. These formed no part of the discussion at Hampton Roads, because Mr. Stephens told Mr. Lincoln they were limited to treating upon the basis of the recognition of the Confederacy, and to all intents and purposes the conference died before it was actually born. But Mr. Lincoln was so filled with the idea that next day, when he had returned to Washington, he submitted the two documents to the members of his Cabinet. Excepting Mr. Seward, they were all



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against him. He said: "Why, gentlemen, how long is the war going to last? It is not going to end this side of a hundred days, is it? It is costing us four millions a day. There are the four hundred millions, not counting the loss of life and property in the meantime. But you are all against me, and I will not press the matter upon you." I have not cited this fact of history to attack, or even to criticise, the policy of the Confederate Government, but simply to illustrate the wise magnanimity and justice of the character of Abraham Lincoln. For my part, I rejoice that the war did not end at Fortress Monroe—or any other conference—but that it was fought out to its bitter and logical conclusion at Appomattox.

It was the will of God that there should be, as God's own prophet had promised, "a new birth of freedom," and this could only be reached by the obliteration of the very idea of slavery. God struck Lincoln down in the moment of his triumph, to attain it; He blighted the South to attain it. But He did attain it. And here we are this night to attest it. God's will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven. But let no Southern man point finger at me because I canonize Abraham Lincoln, for he was the one friend we had at court when friends were most in need; he was the one man in power who wanted to preserve us intact, to save us from the wolves of passion and plunder that stood at our door; and as that God, of whom it has been said that



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"whom He loveth He chasteneth," meant that the South should be chastened, Lincoln was put out of the way by the bullet of an assassin, having neither lot nor parcel, North or South, but a winged emissary of fate, flown from the shadows of the mystic world, which Æschylus and Shakespeare created and consecrated to tragedy!

I sometimes wonder shall we ever attain a journalism sufficiently upright in its treatment of current events to publish fully and fairly the utterances of our public men, and, except in cases of provable dishonor, to leave their motives and their personalities alone?

Reading just what Abraham Lincoln did say and did do, it is inconceivable how such a man could have aroused antagonism so bitter and abuse so savage, to fall at last by the hand of an assassin.

We boast our superior civilization and our enlightened freedom of speech; and yet, how few of us—when a strange voice begins to utter unfamiliar or unpalatable things—how few of us stop and ask ourselves, May not this man be speaking the truth after all? It is so easy to call names. It is so easy to impugn motives. It is so easy to misrepresent opinions we cannot answer. From the least to the greatest what creatures we are of party spirit, and yet, for the most part, how small its aims, how imperfect its instruments, how disappointing its conclusions!

One thinks now that the world in which Abraham



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Lincoln lived might have dealt more gently by such a man. He was himself so gentle—so upright in nature and so broad of mind—so sunny and so tolerant in temper—so simple and so unaffected in bearing—a rude exterior covering an undaunted spirit, proving by his every act and word that—

> "The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving are the daring."

Though he was a party leader, he was a typical and patriotic American, in whom even his enemies might have found something to respect and admire. But it could not be so. He committed one grievous offence; he dared to think and he was not afraid to speak; he was far in advance of his party and his time; and men are slow to forgive what they do not readily understand.

Yet, all the while that the waves of passion were breaking against his sturdy figure, reared above the dead-level, as a lone oak upon a sandy beach, not one harsh word rankled in his heart to sour the milk of human kindness that, like a perennial spring from the gnarled roots of some majestic tree, flowed thence. He would smooth over a rough place in his official intercourse with a funny story fitting the case in point, and they called him a trifler. He would round off a logical argument with a familiar example, hitting the nail squarely on the head and driving it home, and they



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called him a buffoon. Big wigs and little wigs were agreed that he lowered the dignity of debate; as if debates were intended to mystify, and not to clarify truth. Yet he went on and on, and never backward, until his time was come, when his genius, fully ripened, rose to emergencies. Where did he get his style? Ask Shakespeare and Burns where they got their style. Where did he get his grasp upon affairs and his knowledge of men? Ask the Lord God who created miracles in Luther and Bonaparte!

Here, under date of November 21, 1864, amid the excitement attendant upon his re-election to the Presidency, Mr. Lincoln found time to write the following letter to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston, a poor widow who had lost five sons killed in battle.

My Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
A. LINCOLN.



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Contrast this exquisite prose-poem with the answer he made to General Grant, when Grant asked him whether he should make an effort to capture Jefferson Davis. "I told Grant," said Lincoln, relating the incident, "the story of an Irishman who had taken Father Mathew's pledge. Soon thereafter, becoming very thirsty, he slipped into a saloon and asked for a lemonade, and while it was being mixed he leaned over and whispered to the bartender: 'Av ye could drap a bit o' brandy in it, all unbeknown to myself, I'd make no fuss about it.' My notion was that if Grant could let Jeff Davis escape all unbeknown to himself, he was to let him go. I didn't want him."

When we recall all that did happen when Jefferson Davis was captured, and what a white elephant he became in the hands of the Government, it will be seen that there was sagacity as well as humor in Lincoln's illustration.

I have said that Abraham Lincoln was an old-line Whig of the school of Henry Clay, with strong free-soil opinions, but never an extremist or an abolitionist. He was what they used to call in those old days "a Conscience Whig." He stood in actual awe of the Constitution and his oath of office. Hating slavery, he recognized its constitutional existence and rights. He wanted gradually to extinguish it, not to despoil those who held it as a property interest. He was so faithful to these principles that he approached emancipation,



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not only with great deliberation, but with many misgivings. He issued his final proclamation as a military necessity; as a war measure; and even then, so just was his nature that he was, as I have shown, meditating some kind of restitution.

I gather that he was not a civil service reformer of the school of Grover Cleveland, because I find among his papers a short, peremptory note to Stanton, in which he says: "I personally wish Jacob Freese, of New Jersey, appointed colonel of a colored regiment, and this regardless of whether he can tell the exact color of Julius Cæsar's hair."

His unconventionalism was equalled only by his humanity. No custodian of absolute power ever exercised it so benignly. His interposition in behalf of men sentenced to death by courts-martial became so demoralizing that his generals in the field united in a round-robin protest. Both Grant and Sherman cut the wires between army headquarters and the White House, to escape his interference with the iron rule of military discipline.

A characteristic story is told by John B. Ally, of Boston, who, going to the White House three days in succession, found each day in one of the outer halls a gray-haired old man, silently weeping. The third day, touched by this not uncommon spectacle, he went up to the old man and ascertained that he had a son under sentence of death, and was trying to reach the President.



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"Come along," said Ally, "I'll take you to the President."

Mr. Lincoln listened to the old man's pitiful story, and then sadly replied that he had just received a telegram from the general commanding imploring him not to interfere. The old man cast one last heart-broken look at the President, and started shuffling toward the door. Before he reached it Mr. Lincoln called him back. "Come back, old man," he said, "come back! The generals may telegraph and telegraph, but I am going to pardon that young man."

Thereupon he sent a despatch directing sentence to be suspended until execution should be ordered by himself. Then the old man burst out crying again. "Mr. President," said he, "that is not a pardon, you only hold up the sentence of my boy until you can order him to be shot!"

Lincoln turned quickly and, half smiles, half tears, replied: "Go along, old man, go along in peace; if your son lives until I order him to be shot, he'll grow to be as old as Methuselah!"

I could keep you here all night relating such incidents. They were common occurrences at the White House. There was not a day of Lincoln's life that he was not doing some act of charity; not like a sentimentalist, overcome by cheap emotion, but like a brave, sensible man, who knew where to draw the line and who made few, if any, mistakes.



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I find no better examples of the peculiar cast of his mind than are interspersed throughout the record of his intercourse with his own relatives. His domestic correspondence is full of canny wisdom and unconscious humor. In particular, he had a ne'er-do-well step-brother, by the name of Johnston, a son of his father's second wife, of whom he was very fond. There are many letters to this Johnston. One of these I am going to read you, because it will require neither apology nor explanation. It is illustrative of both the canny wisdom and unconscious humor. Thus:

"SPRINGFIELD, January 2, 1851.

"Dear Brother: Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times I have helped you a little you have said: 'We can get along very well now,' but in a short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen through some defect in you. What that defect is I think I know. You are not lazy, and still you are an idler. I doubt whether since I saw you you have done a good, whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you you get enough for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty. It is vastly important to you, and still more to your children, that you break the habit. . . .

"You are now in need of some money, and what I propose is that you shall go to work, 'tooth and nail,' for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys take charge of your things at home, prepare for a crop and make the crop, and you



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go to work for the best money wages you can get, or in discharge of any debt you owe, and, to secure you a fair reward for your labor, I promise you that for every dollar you will get for your labor between this and the 1st of May, either in money, or in your indebtedness, I will then give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself for ten dollars a month, from me you will get ten dollars more, making twenty dollars. . . .

"In this I do not mean that you shall go off to St. Louis or the lead mines in Missouri, or the gold mines in California, but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close to home in Coles County. If you will do this you will soon be out of debt, and, what is better, you will have acquired a habit which will keep you from getting in debt again. But if I should now clear you out of debt, next year you would be just as deep in debt as ever.

"You say you would almost give your place in Heaven for seventy or eighty dollars? Then you value your place in Heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make, get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work.

"You say if I will lend you the money, you will deed me the land, and, if you don't pay the money back, you will deliver possession. Nonsense! If you cannot now live with the land, how will you then live without it?

"You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth eighty times eighty dollars to you.

"Affectionately your brother,
"A. LINCOLN."

Could anything be wiser, sweeter, or delivered in



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terms more specific yet more fraternal? And that was Abraham Lincoln from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet.

I am going to spare you and myself, and the dear ones of his own blood who are here to-night, the repetition of the story of the awful tragedy that ended the life of this great man, this good man, this typical American.

Besides that tragedy, most other tragedies, epic and real, become insignificant. "Within the narrow compass of that stage-box that night were five human beings; the most illustrious of modern heroes, crowned with the most stupendous victory of modern times; his beloved wife, proud and happy; two betrothed lovers with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position, and wealth could give them; and a young actor, handsome as Endymion upon Latmus, the idol of his little world. The glitter of fame, happiness, and ease was upon the entire group, but in an instant everything was to be changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come on the central figure of that company. . . . Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly; fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in their infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curses of a world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's



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death in a burning barn. The stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of those two young lovers, one was to slay the other, and then end his life a raving maniac!"* No book of tragedy contains a single chapter quite so dark as that.

And what was the mysterious power of this mysterious man, and whence?

His was the genius of common-sense; of common-sense in action; of common-sense in thought; of common-sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear. "He was a common man," says his friend, Joshua Speed, "expanded into giant proportions; well acquainted with the people, he placed his hand on the beating pulse of the nation, judged of its disease, and was ready with a remedy." Inspired he was truly, as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; as Burns was inspired; each, like him, sprung directly from the people.

I look into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, tells the story of his life, and I see a little heart-broken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial. I see this motherless lad growing to manhood amid scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teachers; no books; no chart, except his own untutored mind; no compass, except his own undisciplined will; no light, save light from

* Hay and Nicolay's Life.



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Heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always toward the destined land. I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions; of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown at length as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of the imagination and give itself wholly to the work-a-day uses of the world; the rearing of children; the earning of bread; the multiplied duties of life. I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was not his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fellows with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided. I see him, the preferred among his fellows, ascend the eminence reserved for him, and him alone of all the statesmen of the time, amid the derision of opponents and the distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved, because thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency. The same being, from first to last; the poor child weeping over a dead mother; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war; flinching never from duty, nor changing his life-long ways of dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurried him onward. And, last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, I see him lying dead there



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in the capitol of the nation, to which he had rendered "the last, full measure of his devotion," the flag of his country around him, the world in mourning, and, asking myself how could any man have hated that man, I ask you, how can any man refuse his homage to his memory? Surely, he was one of God's own; not in any sense a creature of circumstance, or accident. Recurring to the doctrine of inspiration, I say, again and again, he was inspired of God, and I cannot see how anyone who believes in that doctrine can believe him as anything else.

From Cæsar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its statesmen and its soldiers—men who rose from obscurity to eminence and power step by step, through a series of geometric progression as it were, each advancement following in regular order one after the other, the whole obedient to well-established and well-understood laws of cause and effect. They were not what we call "men of destiny." They were "men of the time." They were men whose careers had a beginning, a middle, and an end, rounding off lives with histories, full it may be of interesting and exciting event, but comprehensive and comprehensible; simple, clear, complete.

The inspired ones are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, by what rule they lived, moved, and had their being, we know not. There is no explication to their lives. They rose



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from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They came, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle about them; and they vanished, God's holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were the creations of some special Providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, the flesh and the devil, until their work was done, then passing from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it.

Tried by this standard, where shall we find an example so impressive as Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times?

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surrounding; without graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside; were sent to the rear, while this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we



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were for him, or against him; wholly immaterial. That, during four years, carrying with them such a weight of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the virtue.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish ploughman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells the story of his life and death.



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## JOHN PAUL JONES *

I am to tell you a true story, as thrilling and as romantic as any one of the fictions of Walter Scott, as cut-and-thrust as any one of the melodramas of Alexander Dumas. I am to present you a hero equally valorous with Quentin Durward, equally picturesque with Athos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan. We shall set out upon our adventures from a little fishing hamlet on the north shore of the Firth of Solway in Scotland; shall sail thence to the Capes of the Chesapeake by way of Jamaica and St. Kitts and the Caribbean Sea; and, before we have come to a certain mooring, we shall get a glimpse of the Guinea coast and the slave trade. We shall quit the hazards of the deep for a season to set up for a country gentleman upon an estate we have inherited just outside old Williamsburgh in Virginia; to crack a bottle of Madeira, it may be, with Colonel George Washington, and to tread a measure in the giddy mazes of the dance to the twang of Mr. Thomas Jefferson's fiddle. Here the war tocsin, echoing from Lexington and Bunker Hill, shall find us and shall stir us to action again; and, summoned by the Marine

* United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, March 7, 1902.



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Congress, we shall go to Philadelphia to tell the Continental Congress how to set about the making of a navy. The resolution of Congress ordaining the ensign of the Republic shall proclaim our commission as Post Captain. We shall loosen the first American flag from its pennant. And then, in our smart blue frock, with its brass buttons and buff facings, having given proof of capacity and mettle in home waters, we shall cross the ocean once more—this time in command of a frigate—and shall carry despatches from the Rebel Government in America to Dr. Franklin in Paris, announcing the surrender of Burgoyne to Gates at Saratoga. We are but just turned thirty, mark you; as handsome as the traditional prince in the fairy tale; a trifle under height, but strongly knit and stalwart, with olive complexion and gray, eagle eyes, and masses of tumbling black hair. We have learned to speak French with just enough accent to give piquancy to a sweet Scotch barytone, modulated by long usage in tropic and semi-tropic climes. The good old Doctor takes us to his arms—love—lasting, fatherly love—at sight. Nay, there is a great Duchesse; a great, royal Duchesse; who does yet more than this; for, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and romantic even beyond the dreams of the French women of her time, she opens her heart and purse, and gives us countenance and money, and with her own fair hand intrusts us with the jewelled chronometer of her royal grandsire, the



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most famous of the historic Admirals of France. But, let us not anticipate too much; let us begin at the beginning; for it is to John Paul Jones, the father and founder of the American navy, that I refer, and of whom I am about to speak.

For more than a hundred years no name in history has been subjected to a misimpression at once so gross and so general as that of this world-renowned hero. In the mind's eye of the casual reader he was a wondrous sea-fighter indeed, but a sea-fighter of questionable credentials. Even friendly historians speak of him as "the daring corsair," unfriendly historians as "a freebooter," outright. "Half pirate, half patriot" is the grudging epigram allowed him by neutral pens, having no motive for malevolence or misrepresentation. In a word, it is told that he was the merest adventurer, who played a brilliant but unimportant part in the drama of the American Revolution, who lived the life of a rover and died neglected in a foreign land. What wonder that the novel-writers and the play-makers—upon such jaundiced historic warrant—have wrought havoc with his fame, have done his very glory to death, in their absurd romances and empty theatricals.

Yet was the career of this Bayard of the Ocean, this Wizard of the Briny Deep, as open as an open book. He was the trusted friend of Washington and Franklin and Jefferson. His genius blew the breath of life



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into the sea-dreams of the young Republic, his words and deeds inspiration to the dawning sea-power of the New World. Although by grace of his own Government, for a little while a Russian Admiral and by that of the French King a Chevalier of France, he held but one commission, that of the United States of America; and when he died, the ranking officer of the American navy, in the splendor of a ripening manhood, far and away the most famous sea-captain of the age—rich as riches went those days in this world's goods—the French Legislative Assembly, then in session, stood while the resolution to attend his funeral was passed. Gouverneur Morris, the American Minister, who had witnessed his will but a few hours before his death, was so overcome by the tidings that he took to his bed. Three weeks later there came to his address, in Paris, direct from the hand of Washington, orders to take charge of our complicated interests in European waters—particularly with respect to the Barbary pirates—and had he lived a week longer he would have been made Admiral of France, with authority completely to overhaul and reorganize the French navy. There was what would even now be called a considerable bank account to his credit, for this canny Scotch laddie had been equally thrifty and daring, and left a goodly property to the two sisters who survived him. Seven or eight years after his death it is related that Napoleon, stung by the phenomenal



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exploits of Nelson, exclaimed: "Berthier, how old was Paul Jones when he died?" Berthier answered: "I think he was about forty-five, sire." "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Corsican; "if Paul Jones were alive now France would have an Admiral!"

John Paul was the son of a poor Scotch gardener. He was born in the village of Arbigland and parish of Kirkbean, July 6, 1747. He died at Paris, July 18, 1792. During the forty-five intervening years he made his mark upon two hemispheres.

Solway Firth was his cradle, and before he had entered his teens he was a sailor. "That's my boy, John," said old John Paul, the gardener, his father, to Mr. Younger, the ship-owner of Whitehaven, as a small fishing-yawl beat up against an ugly squall in the offing, "never fear! He'll fetch her in. This isn't much of a blow for him." The lad was only twelve years old; but the ship-owner was so impressed that then and there he took him off as an apprentice; put him aboard one of his trading vessels bound for the Chesapeake, and started him on that career of exploit and achievement which ended only with his life. An elder brother, William Paul, had preceded him to Virginia. This William Paul, adopted by a kinsman of the name of Jones, had taken the name of Jones; in course of time it was agreed that, if William Paul Jones died intestate, little John Paul should succeed to the inheritance; and this actually coming to pass ex-



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plains how John Paul became John Paul Jones. During John Paul's life—and even after his death—some very ridiculous and wholly unfounded stories—more or less to his discredit—were told to account for a transaction as commonplace as the transfer of property. Involved in a contemplated duel with Arthur Lee, which was happily averted, Lee exclaimed to a conference of mutual friends against Jones's origin and change of name as denying him the recognition of an equal under the code of honor, when General Wayne —the famous Mad Anthony—hotly replied: "Sir, no one in this country can earn credit for himself by trying to bar Paul Jones from the rights of a gentleman. It makes no difference who his parents may have been or how many times he may have changed his name, the American people will never sustain a man in the pretence of barring from a gentleman's privileges the conqueror of the Drake and the Serapis!" As a matter of fact, he never changed his name at all, merely adding Jones to John Paul, and he was but twenty-seven years of age when, succeeding to the Virginia estate, this happened. Immediately thereafter, getting together some cash of his own out of his seafaring enterprises, and being tired of the merchant service—perhaps disgusted by the slave trade, of which he had a not unprofitable glimpse—having made a voyage or two to Africa and back to the region about Pimlico Sound —he resolved to give up roaming and to settle down



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to the life of a country gentleman and landed proprietor in what was then a seeming paradise and the fountain-head of the Colonial aristocracy founded by Sir Walter Raleigh and Captain John Smith.

There is abundant proof that he was cordially received and stood with the best while he pursued the sylvan idyl he had planned for himself. A handsome young fellow, fresh from a life of adventure, with land and slaves and money, is not held at arm's length by a provincial society, however exclusive. Paul Jones became something more than a local favorite—a social lion—and soon found occasion to signalize himself.

Already the times were out of joint. The storm of revolution and war was about to break. Being at a ball in Norfolk, which was attended by some sprigs of His Majesty's navy belonging to a sloop then riding at anchor in Hampton Roads, an event occurred which greatly endeared Paul Jones at least to the ladies thereabout. I shall relate this in the words of the young fire-eater himself. In a letter to his friend, Joseph Hewes, later on Chairman of the Marine Committee and signer of the Declaration of Independence, written the day after the event, he says:

"The insolence of these young officers, particularly when they had gotten somewhat in their cups, was intolerable, and there could be no doubt that they represented the feeling of the service generally. As you may hear imperfect versions of an affair brought on



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by the insolence of one of them, I will take the liberty of relating it: In the course of a debate, somewhat heated, concerning the state of affairs, a lieutenant of the sloop-of-war, Parker by name, declared that in case of a revolt, or insurrection, it would be easily suppressed if the courage of the Colonial men was on a par with the virtue of the Colonial women.

"I at once knocked Mr. Parker down, whereupon his companions seized him and all hurried from the scene. . . . Expecting naturally that the affair would receive further attention, I requested Mr. Granville Hurst, whom you know, to act for me; suggesting only that a demand for satisfaction should be favorably considered, and that he should propose pistols at ten paces; place of meeting, Craney Island; time at the convenience of the other side.

"To my infinite surprise, no demand came; but this morning on the ebb tide the sloop-of-war got under way and sailed, it is said, for Charleston."

This Joseph Hewes, Jones's closest friend, was subsequently, as I have said, one of the North Carolina signers of the Declaration of Independence, an eminent and patriotic citizen, who, as a member of the Marine Committee, became virtually the first Secretary of the American navy. To the hour of his death, in 1779, there was maintained between him and the young sailor-planter a constant, confidential correspondence, which clearly reveals the character of his protégé, showing him to have been nothing of the swashbuckler, or self-seeking soldier of fortune, but a sensitive, high-minded man, full of original ideas and noble aspirations.



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From his boyhood Paul Jones had been a student and the keeper of good company. On one occasion he had the misfortune to be obliged to strike down a mutinous sailor, who, transferred to another ship, subsequently died. The youthful captain, brought to trial, was acquitted. In answer to the question, "Are you satisfied in your conscience that you used no more force than was necessary to preserve discipline in your ship?" Jones replied: "Sir, I would say that it became necessary to strike the mutinous sailor. Whenever it becomes necessary for a commanding officer to strike a seaman, it is also necessary to strike with a weapon. The necessity to strike carried with it the necessity to kill or to completely disable the mutineer. I had two brace of loaded pistols in my belt and could easily have shot him. I struck with a belaying-pin, in preference, because I hoped I might subdue him without killing him. But the result proved otherwise. I trust that the Court will take due account of the fact that, though provided with pistols, carrying ounce balls, necessarily fatal weapons, I used a belaying-pin, which, though a dangerous, is not necessarily a fatal weapon."

Paul Jones reached Philadelphia at the bidding of the Marine Committee of Congress July 18, 1775. He was at once taken into confidential relations, placed upon a committee of experienced persons to consider naval ways and means, and promised a commission as soon as there was official authorization.



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There followed many vexatious delays and some disappointments. Even thus early sectional jealousies began to show themselves, and since Washington, a Virginian, had been named General-in-Chief of the army, John Adams, the foremost representative of New England, claimed the lion's share of the navy captains and got it. He seems to have been particularly hostile to Jones. And hereby hangs a tale. The handsome Scot became quite a beau in the society of the Quaker City, and of this society the gayest centre was the mansion of the Carrolls, of Carrollton, where Jones was a constant and favored guest. At an evening party, which included both the future President and the embryo Admiral, Mr. Adams, who was nothing if not pedantic, undertook to recite in French to a company of young ladies thoroughly versed in that language a fable of Fontinelle. It may be assumed that neither his accent nor his version was strictly Parisian; and, after he had gone, the young ladies turned to Mr. Jones and asked what he thought of Mr. Adams's French, when Jones, with something of the superciliousness of the coxcomb, along with the audacity of youth, exclaimed: "It is fortunate that Mr. Adams's politics is not as English as his French, because, if it was, he would be a Tory!" The epigram cost him dear. An Adams is never to be trifled with. The bon-mot in due season reached the ears of the sturdy old patriot, and when the list of the new navy appointments appeared the name of John



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Paul Jones, who had reason to expect nothing less than a Captaincy, led only the First Lieutenants!

War equally upon sea and land is a great leveller. Mr. Adams had his way. But, of the "political skippers," as his nominees came to be called, but one, Nicholas Biddle, made his mark; all too soon gloriously passing from the scene; while of the rest, the ranking officer was dismissed from the service after his first cruise, and the others fell into innocuous desuetude, surviving the war, leaving Jones alone to give the world assurance that we were possessed of a navy. It is a suggestive coincidence that Jones was first to receive his commission, that it was he who hoist the first flag of the Continental Congress, and that, later on, the resolution of Congress defining the Stars and Stripes as the ensign of the Republic named him to command the crack frigate of the time. This was enough. It squared the account. Jones accepted it as more than compensation—as an augury of the future. "The flag and I are twins," said he; "born the same hour from the same womb of destiny. We cannot be parted in life or in death. So long as we can float we shall float together. If we must sink, we shall go down as one."

October 17, 1777, is a red-letter day in American annals. On that day the best accredited, the haughtiest, and most self-confident of British commanders yielded his army and his sword to the Amer-



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icans. Outgeneralled by Schuyler all the way from Fort Edward to Ticonderoga, flayed alive by Stark at Bennington, harassed from Bemis Heights by Morgan, and finally in the open at Freeman's farm and at Stillwater, beaten and dismayed by the intrepidity and the dash of Arnold, John Burgoyne surrendered to Horatio Gates at Saratoga Springs. It was the turning-point in the War of the Revolution. It snatched the cause of the Colonials from the jaws of despair. It secured us the alliance with France. That John Paul Jones was the naval captain chosen to carry the news to Europe in the first Yankee frigate that ever crossed the ocean seems a kind of disposition of Providence: for no other man could have done what he did with the succeeding opportunity; and yet there were both method and foresight in the circumstance. Jones gave good reason why an armed cruiser should be sent abroad. He gave good reason why he himself should command her. In the end, he more than justified his promises. But of that later on. In the stanch frigate Ranger he sailed from Portsmouth, N. H., and cleared the Isles of Shoals at daylight the morning of November 1, 1777, having received the evening before sealed despatches from Congress to its foreign representatives, and returning by the courier that brought them the assurance, "I will spread this news through France in thirty days." He did actually cast anchor in the Loire just below Nantes, December 2d, follow-



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ing, in thirty-two days' time, an unexampled passage, and, posting direct to Paris, placed his priceless message with its accompanying documents in the hands of Dr. Franklin early the morning of the 5th. And here begins in reality the career of this truly wonderful man.

He was now just passed thirty years of age. He was among living seamen unsurpassed in varied, all-around experience. His soul was permeated by the spirit of the Revolution. Above all, he was a man of genius, of God-given genius; shaped and pointed by the cool intrepidity of a level head and the noble promptings of an heroic heart. By a flash of prescience the great old doctor recognized in the handsome young sailor the born leader of men. He was hardly less a captivator of women. Miss Edes-Herbert speaks of him as "exquisitely handsome," and of his features as "delicate almost to the point of effeminacy." But let me read you a more elaborate and precise description. I quote from contemporary French authority:

"A man of about thirty-eight years; five feet seven inches tall; slender in build; of admirably symmetrical form, with noticeably perfect development of limbs. His features are delicately moulded, of classical cast, clear-cut, and, when animated, mobile and expressive in the last degree, but, when in repose, sedate almost to melancholy. His hair and eyebrows are black, and his eyes are large, brilliant, piercing, and of a peculiar dark gray tint that at once changes to lustrous black



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when he becomes earnest or animated. His complexion is swarthy, almost like that of a Moor.

"He is master of the arts of dress and personal adornment, and it is a common remark that, notwithstanding the comparative frugality of his means, he never fails to be the best-dressed man at any dinner or fête he may honor by attending. His manners are in comport with his make-up. His bearing is that of complete ease, perfect aplomb, and also martial to the highest degree; but he has a supple grace of motion and an agile facility of gait and gesture that relieve his presence of all suspicion of affectation or stiffness.

"To all these charms of person and graces of manner he adds the power of conversation, a store of rare and original anecdotes, and an apparently inexhaustible fund of ready, pointed wit, always apropos and always pleasing, except on the infrequent occasions when he chooses to turn it to the uses of sarcasm and satire. Next to the magic of his eyes is the charm of his voice, which no one can ever forget, man or woman, who has heard it. It is surely the most musical and perfectly modulated voice ever heard, and it is equally resistless in each of the three languages he speaks—English, French, and Spanish.

"It is difficult, when one sees the Chevalier Paul Jones in the affairs of society or hears his discourse at dinner-table or in salon, to believe that this is one and the same person as the ruthless sea-fighter; hero of the most desperate battles ever fought on the ocean, and, for the first time in history, the conqueror of those who had conquered the sea!

"In all his personal habits he is moderate, not given to excesses of any kind, either of food or of drink, but always temperate and under the most perfect self-command."



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Such was the man who had come to France to bring tidings of the first great American victory on land, and to launch in European waters a series of exploits unexampled on the sea; to carry the Colonial rebellion home to the very doors of Britain; to give the world assurance that the shadowy figures seen but dimly across the Atlantic Ocean were real men, and not mere martial figures of speech and myths of political fancy; to confirm the French alliance which his arrival foreshadowed and hastened, and, dazzling the sensibilities of contemporary mankind, to send a name down the ages to keep company with the names of Rodney and Drake and Nelson.

Jones encountered the impediments and delays incident to the peculiar situation to which he had at once to address himself. While he went to Paris, and later on made an official though clandestine visit to Amsterdam to inspect a cruiser under contract and construction there, he had left the Ranger in the dock-yard at Brest. When he returned he found that his second in command, Simpson, had stirred up some dissatisfaction among the crew. Indeed, he learned that Simpson had been assuming some wholly superfluous airs of authority. He lost no time in calling Simpson down. "Mr. Simpson," said he, "I command this ship. I command this ship by virtue of my senior rank, by virtue of the resolution of Congress dated June 14th last, and by virtue of the order of the Commissioners dated Jan-



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uary 16th last. But I waive these considerations. As far as you are concerned, I will say only that I command this ship by virtue of the fact that I am personally the best man aboard, a fact which I shall cheerfully demonstrate to you at your pleasure."

Simpson was a brave man. But he desired no further proof or parley. There was in consequence no demonstration, and all was made ready to sail April 10th, it being now the latter part of March, 1778.

The day before this important event the Duchesse de Chartres gave a luncheon to Captain Jones at her villa just outside of Brest, where her husband, the Duke, was in naval authority. This Duke, afterward the famous Philippe Egalité, had met Jones three years before off Hampton Roads, and a liking had sprung up between them. The Duchesse, introduced to the young Colonial by her husband himself, took a fancy to him; a very serious and lasting fancy, as it proved; a fancy that meant patronage and standing at Court, and money; for this royal personage—royal by nature as well as by birth—this Adelaide de Bourbon, great-granddaughter of the Grand Monarch, and mother of the yet-to-be citizen king—was the richest princess in Europe. At the luncheon which she gave to Jones were the chief officers of the French fleet riding at anchor in the harbor, among them, of course, the ranking Admiral, Count D'Orvilliers. Naturally the company talked "shop" at table, and the famous



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battle off Malaga, in which the Duchesse's grandfather, the Count de Toulouse, had commanded the French, coming up for review, Jones showed such surprising knowledge of every detail, and defended so skilfully the tactics of his hostess's progenitor, that, in a burst of enthusiasm and gratitude, she caused to be brought from her jewel-case a Louis Quinze watch of rare design and great value, which her grandfather had worn, and presented this to Jones. Though taken aback, the embryo hero had wit and presence of mind enough to say: "May it please your royal highness, if fortune favor me, I shall one day lay an English frigate at your feet." How faithfully he kept the promise we shall presently see.

Thus it was that Captain John Paul Jones put to sea in the Yankee frigate Ranger, the Stars and Stripes flying from her mast-head, saluted by the guns of D'Orvilliers as he passed the French fleet—the first salute from foreign guns that flag ever received—and thus he began the career of havoc and glory which made his name a terror to English hearts from the Isles of Scilly to the Hebrides, from the Texel to the Bay of Biscay, a terror that deepened into hate, redolent of falsehood and defamation, and, with narrow-minded and ignorant people, surviving even to this present day.

This initial cruise in foreign waters lasted from April 10th to May 8th, and extended from Brest



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Roadstead through St. George's Channel northwardly and out around Land's End and back by the West Irish coast, embracing a descent upon St. Mary's Isle, the seat of Castle Selkirk, and upon the port of Whitehaven, the first to carry off the Earl of Selkirk a prisoner of war, the second to destroy shipping assembled in Whitehaven harbor. The Earl of Selkirk was not at home, and adverse winds limited the contemplated destruction to a single ship. But Jones was more fortunate in the open sea, where late in the afternoon of April 24th he encountered and captured His Majesty's sloop-of-war, the Drake, twenty guns and one hundred and fifty-seven officers and men, "after a hard-fought battle," as he describes it, "of one hour and four minutes pure and simple broadsiding at close range." Jones had one hundred and twenty-six, all hands at quarters, and eighteen guns. The Drake's battery embraced sixteen nine-pounders and four four-pounders; Jones's guns were only fourteen nine-pounders and four sixes. The like had never been known before. When Jones brought his prize back to Brest the Frenchmen could hardly believe the evidence of their own senses. That an English man-of-war could be made to surrender to an inferior enemy seemed inconceivable. But there was the proof before their eyes, and from that moment Jones was immortal. Splendid were the fêtes in his honor. He had swept the English coast; he had made two



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forays on English soil; he had taken six prizes, saving three of them; and, strangest of all, he had forced an armed English cruiser of superior metal to strike her colors, had taken her bodily and alive, and had lived to fetch her into a French port.

I shall not dwell upon the many things that followed. With all his honors thick upon him he was not, as the old saying hath it, yet out of the woods. He had much to encounter; vexatious delays inevitable to French red-tapism; numerous obstructions, the offspring of official bungling on the part of the American representatives; another serious bout with poor Simpson, a not ill-intentioned nor an uncourageous simpleton; some serious financial difficulties promoted by wrangling among the commissioners and the fiscal authorities, and finally relieved only by the belated sale of his captures and the realization of prize-money he counted on and had a right to, long before he got it; the ultimate loss of the Ranger, which was ordered home, and a great deal of wearisome journeying between Brest and Paris. Jones carried himself, all the circumstances considered, with forbearance and fortitude. Franklin backed him from first to last, even John Adams concurring; but he had to wait a long time—more than half a year—for the clouds of uncertainty, of suspense bordering at times on despair, to roll by. His appeals to the King of France, to the Ministers and the Court, albeit supported by the in-



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dorsement of the American Commissioners and the yet more potent influence of the Duchesse de Chartres, seemed for months to fall upon deaf ears. Indeed, it was at last through the direct agency of this noble lady that Jones obtained audience of the King. It came about in the afternoon of December 17, 1778, and lasted for more than an hour. Louis was impressed, as all were impressed who came in contact with this fascinating man-at-arms. As a consequence the royal command was issued directing the Minister of Marine what to do; and, by the middle of February, Jones was superintending the reconstruction of an old East Indiaman, Le Duras, which had been assigned him, with permission to levy upon the French for what recruits he required, and at the same time by an order upon the Treasury for the necessary funds to complete her armament.

Despair was now succeeded by elation. The Duchesse de Chartres, not satisfied with what she had done, sent for our hero and presented him a purse containing nearly fifty thousand dollars for his personal expenses; a sum equal in purchasing power to a hundred or even a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in our day. Five or six years later, when Jones was flush of money, he proposed the repayment of this sum. The Duke de Chartres, now the Duke of Orléans, whom he approached on the subject, said: "If you mention it to her she will dismiss you from her presence



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and banish you from her esteem forever. She did not lend the money to you, she gave it to the cause." Noble, hapless lady! She deserved far better of fate than she received!

In honor of his friend, Dr. Franklin, Jones changed the name of his ship from Le Duras to the Bonhomme Richard; and thus the name of "poor Richard," the peaceful philosopher of pre-Revolutionary fame, became intertwined forever with the greatest single feat of arms on land, or sea, of which the annals of battle give us any account; fit associates indeed, since, next to Washington, Franklin will survive in history as the father of Colonial independence and the progenitor of the American Republic. When Jones finally set sail it was a little squadron he was supposed to command; for three other vessels sailed with him, the Alliance, the Pallas, and the Vengeance. But, as it fell out, Jones had no real power; was so circumscribed as to be really master only of his own ship; and, as the sequel proved, he was very nearly destroyed by the Alliance, a fine new Yankee-built frigate, commanded by a certain Pierre Landais, a half-crazy adventurer and disgraced naval officer, who, while commanding a merchant vessel in American waters, had picked up a Continental commission by chance and fraud, and who very nearly ruined the expedition. It seems a miracle that he did not; for, beginning by fouling the Richard the first day out, he ended by twice pouring into her square



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broadsides at critical moments during her combat with the Serapis.

"At daybreak, August 14th," says Jones in his report to Dr. Franklin, "the little squadron under my orders sailed from the Road of Groix." The cruise lasted fifty days. It embraced a circuit of the British Islands from west to east, and sailing north about, ended in the Texel October 3, 1779. Never before, or since, was there such a cruise, either as to obstacles to be met and overcome, or as to dazzling and romantic achievement. It was sufficiently audacious in its conception. But in execution it was sublime, for what stretch of fancy could prefigure the possibility of a commander losing his own ship, yet coming off from the bloodiest of duels victorious and in possession of the ship of his superior adversary?

This duel between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis was fought the evening of Thursday, September 23, 1779, between the hours of 7.15 and 11.30 o'clock, off Flamboro Head, a promontory which juts out from the English coast into the North Sea very nearly opposite the Texel, an island port of the Netherlands. The Serapis was the finest of English frigates, and but newly off the stocks. The Richard was an old East India tub, done over. The Serapis carried guns that threw three hundred and fifteen pounds of metal to the broadside. The Richard's guns would not throw more than two hun-



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dred and fifty-eight. The Serapis was manned by three hundred and seventeen of the best men in the British naval service, commanded by one of the bravest and most skilful English naval officers, Captain, afterward Sir Richard Pearson. The Richard was manned by a mixed crew of Frenchmen, Americans, and other foreigners picked up at random, embracing, all told, three hundred and ten fighting men. In the midst of the action Jones had to displace his master gunner on account of incapacity, if not of insubordination. Twice during the action the Richard was raked by her consort, the Alliance, commanded by the traitor Landais, and was otherwise so riddled as to become nearly unmanageable. After all was over she sank to the bottom of the sea. At no time was she a match for the Serapis. The crucial point was that Jones succeeded in locking his wretched hulk with the English frigate hard and fast, and of keeping her so, and then, reducing the battle to a man-to-man affair, of ending with the complete ascendancy of his motley tatterdemalions, inspired by his dauntless spirit and deployed by his incomparable skill.

At 10 o'clock, after nearly three hours of fighting, Jones's gun-room battery exploded. His ship disabled and afire, his flag almost shot from its ensign gaff and trailing in the water astern, amid a momentary lull in the action the American was hailed by the Englishman and asked if he had struck his



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colors. "No!" cried Jones, "I have only just begun to fight."

The one objective point with Jones was to keep the two ships locked together until he was ready to board the Serapis and carry all by storm. The one hope of the Englishman was to cut loose, when his superior guns would sink the Richard in five minutes. Seeing the French commandant of marines quit his post upon the quarter of the Richard's deck, which covered the point of the English deck, where the chains of the two vessels were fouled, Jones leaped among the panic-stricken marines like a tiger among calves. Thenceforward he commanded this exposed position himself. There he stood, alternately laughing and swearing, laughing in English and swearing in French, as the exigency seemed to require; with his own hands firing musket after musket as they were loaded and passed to him by the men at his side, until, having lost fifteen shot down by his deadly aim, the English ceased to make any effort to cut loose. Jones's cocked hat blew overboard. A midshipman brought him another. "Never mind the hat, my boy," cried Jones, "put it back in the cabin. I'll fight this out in my scalp," cool as if on dress parade, with death and destruction all about him. Then there came another peril. The master-at-arms, John Burbank, believing that the Richard was sinking, opened the orlop-hatch and released two hundred English prisoners confined below. Jones,



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enraged, struck the dastard down. Fortunately, not exceeding fifty of the liberated prisoners reached the upper deck. The rest were held in check, and finally subdued and made to work at the pumps; for the ship was in reality sinking. Meanwhile, however, the fire from the Richard's tops did not slacken, and was most effective. The English crew had been steadily driven to cover by this fire. Pearson's lower guns, although they continued to rake the Richard, were useless, because they had done all the damage they could, and swept but an empty and abandoned shell. It was the sure fastening that kept the Richard afloat. Finally, between 10 and 11 o'clock, the decisive moment arrived. This was the order of Jones to make an effort to drop from the main yard-arm of the Richard some hand-grenades through the hatch and into the lower tier of the Serapis. Let Henry Gardner, master gunner in room of Arthur Randall, wounded and removed, tell the story:

"In obedience to this I had a couple of buckets of grenades whipt up into the top, and with Midshipman Fanning and two seamen lay out on the yard-arm with a slow-match.

"The hatch was not entirely open, the cover only having been slewed round, probably by one of our shot earlier in the action, leaving a triangular opening about two feet at the widest part. As the ships were rocking slightly in the swell, it took a pretty good aim to throw a grenade through so small an opening.



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Still, Fanning did it at the third trial, when a terrible explosion occurred in the enemy's lower tier, by which the whole of the hatch was blown open, and so much noise, flame, and smoke made that we at first thought it was the magazine.

"We soon afterward learned that the explosion was caused by the powder-monkeys of the enemy bringing up cartridges faster than they could be used, and leaving them strung along the deck in the wake of the guns, some of the cartridges being broken open and loose powder falling out of them. Nathaniel Fanning's hand-grenade had exploded in the midst of these cartridges, firing the whole train. Not less than fifty of the enemy's crew were killed or crippled by the explosion.

"After the battle the prisoners said, without exception, that they had no more stomach for fighting after the explosion, and were induced to return to their guns and resume firing only by their strict discipline and the example of their first lieutenant, who told them that if they would hold out a few minutes longer the Richard would surely sink."

The rest is soon told. In the beginning, Gardner relates, Jones had some trouble getting the Frenchmen to stand to their guns. By this time he had them nearly crazy with excitement. He was scarcely able to restrain them until he was ready to board. At length the signal was given. "Now is your time, John!" cried Jones to John Mayrant, "go in!" and over the rail they went, Mayrant, though already twice severely wounded, leading the way. The onset was terrific. They swarmed, like so many devils, driving the Eng-



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lish before them, while from the Richard's tops the murderous fire continued. Pearson was a brave man. He was an able commander. But he saw the futility of further resistance, and, with his own hands seizing the ensign halyards of the Serapis, he struck his flag himself. Catching a glimpse of Dale, through the smoke, on the Richard's quarter-deck, Mayrant cried, "He has struck; stop the firing. Come on board, Dick, and take possession." Then followed the strangest scene in naval history. Dale swung himself upon the main deck of the Serapis, where the brave, but beaten, Pearson stood awaiting him. "Sir," said Dale, "I have the honor to be the first lieutenant of the ship alongside, which is the American Continental ship, the Bonhomme Richard, under command of Commodore Paul Jones. What ship is this?"

"His Britannic Majesty's late battle-ship Serapis," sadly replied Pearson, "and I am Captain Richard Pearson."

"Pardon me, Captain," said Dale. "In the hurry of the moment I forgot to state that I am Richard Dale, and I must request you to pass to the ship alongside."

At this moment the first lieutenant of the Serapis came up, and, observing Dale's uniform, asked Captain Pearson if the enemy had struck. "No, sir," said Pearson, "I have struck."

"Then," said the English lieutenant, "I will go below and order the men to cease firing."



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"Pardon me, sir," said Dale, "I will attend to that; you will yourself please accompany Captain Pearson to the ship alongside."

They did so, finding Jones ready to receive them with his gracious and beautiful courtesy. The scene is thus described by Jones himself:

"Captain Pearson now confronted me, the image of chagrin and despair. He offered me his sword with a slight bow, but was silent. His first lieutenant followed suit. I was sorry for both of them, for they had fought their ship better and braver than any English ship was ever fought before, and this fortune of war came hard to them. I wanted to speak, but they were so sad and dignified in their silence I hardly knew what to say. Finally I mustered courage, and said, as I took the swords and handed them to Midshipman Potter at my elbow: 'Captain Pearson, you have fought heroically. You have worn this sword to your credit and to the honor of your service. I hope your sovereign will suitably reward you.' He bowed again, but made no reply; whereupon I requested him and his lieutenant to accompany Mr. Potter to my cabin."

The battle was over, the victory won. There was nothing now to do but look to the wounded, to bury the dead and to steer for port. Although it was past midnight the moon in a cloudless sky made it light as day. The Richard was cut away from her fouling chains, the sea being in a dead calm, and she drifted off a helpless wreck, seven feet of water in her hold, many shot-holes below the water-line, her guns disabled, upon



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her decks only a mass of dead and débris. Flames increased the horror of the scene. Out of all that crew but one hundred able-bodied men remained to care for the survivors, to hold the prisoners and to manage the captive ship. Let Jones relate the last scene of all that ended the brief but glorious career of the Bonhomme Richard. I quote from his diary:

"No one was now left aboard the Richard but our dead. To them I gave the good old ship for their coffin, and in her they found a sublime sepulchre. She rolled heavily in the long swell, . . . settled slowly by the head and sank peacefully in about forty fathoms. The ensign gaff, shot away in the action, had been fished out of the water and put in its place, and our torn and tattered flag was left flying when we abandoned her. As she plunged down by the head at the last her taffrail rose momentarily in the air; so the very last vestige mortal eyes ever saw of the Bonhomme Richard was the defiant waving of her unconquered and unstricken flag as she went down. And, as I had given them the good old ship for their sepulchre, I now bequeathed to my immortal dead the flag they had so desperately defended for their winding-sheet!"

It is so easy to deal in superlatives. But who ever heard of the like? One-third less the calibre of his adversary, with fewer men as to numbers, and they picked up at random, an old hulk against a new frigate, what can account for it? The gallant Captain Pearson, of the Serapis, was asked this question on the court-martial



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that followed the disaster. As a tribute to the American navy, I must read you his answer. It will be remembered that, as the action began, Captain Pearson said to his next in command, "This must be Paul Jones, and we are going to have trouble." On his court-martial, Captain Pearson being asked, "Has it been your experience that French seamen display so much stubbornness and courage?" replied:

"No, sir. But to be perfectly clear in this case, I must inform the Court that long before the close of the action it became apparent that the American ship was dominated by a commanding will of the most unalterable resolution, and there could be no doubt that the intention of her commander was, if he could not conquer, to sink alongside. And this desperate resolve of the American captain was fully shared and fiercely seconded by every one of his ship's company without respect to nationality. And, if the Court may be pleased to entertain an expression of opinion, I will venture to say that if French seamen can ever be induced by their own officers to fight in their own ships as Captain Jones induced them to fight in his American ship, the future burdens of His Majesty's navy will be heavier than they have heretofore been."

Was ever such a tribute paid by one brave man to another?

Thus ended the greatest sea-fight of ancient or modern times. To Europe, to the world, it was a revelation. Jones took his prize into the Texel. He had a long, wearisome time of it thereafter in his diplomatic



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and fiscal relations; but of his name and fame and standing as a naval commander there could not be and there was not the least equivocation. The King of France made him a Chevalier and presented him a sword. Paris went wild. The doors of the Palais Royal, where reigned the Duchesse de Chartres, soon to be the Duchesse d'Orléans, flew open wide.

Defying convention, the Duchesse assigned a suite of apartments to her hero and entertained him as though he, too, had been born to the purple. She gave a great banquet in his honor. It was at this banquet that Jones fulfilled the promise he had made when, carrying the chronometer of the old Count de Toulouse for a timepiece he had first sailed in the Ranger. Choosing an opportune moment he asked the Duchesse if she remembered that, when two years before she had so honored him, he had said that if fortune favored him he would lay an English frigate at her feet. She remembered it well. Jones had the sword of Pearson near at hand. Releasing this from its leathern casement and placing it before her, he said:

"May it please your royal highness, it would be inconvenient, if not embarrassing, to undertake the literal fulfilment of my promise. The 'English frigate,' however, rides in the harbor of l'Orient with French colors flying from her mast-head. The best that I can do to keep my word is to lay at your feet the sword of the noble officer who commanded that



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English frigate. I have the honor to surrender to the loveliest of women the sword surrendered to me by the bravest of men—the sword of Captain the Honorable Richard Pearson, of His Britannic Majesty's late battle-ship the Serapis."

To this day, among the treasured heirlooms of the house of Bourbon-Orléans, this trophy is held not only as priceless, but as most impressive and unique.

Jones was now the lion of the time, envied and sometimes feared of men, adored of women. Did he fall in love? Had he already fallen in love? Was there a place in this fierce bosom for the tender passion? If we take the word of the play-makers and the novel-writers, he must have had half a hundred ladyloves, for each of them—and there are quite half a hundred of them!—saddles him at least with one; a true sailor, having a sweetheart in every port. But history has somehow failed to verify the conceits of romance. The story that he could have had any amorous connection with Catherine of Russia is preposterous, though there is some reason to suspect that the puissant and unscrupulous Empress had designs not wholly official when she induced him to lend her his genius and his sword, and made him admiral. The one woman with whom his name is linked, and linked forever—who, from the hour she met him just after the famous sea-fight to the hour of his death, fourteen years afterward, stood nearest him, and, figuratively speaking, never



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quitted his side—for whose sweet sake he seemed to live, and, lest there be some scandal, for whose future he provided before he went hence—was Adèle Aimée de Thelison.

She was a natural daughter of Louis XV. by Madame de Bonneval, one of the many mistresses of that shameless monarch. She grew up in the court circles, a foster-child of the old Marchioness de Marsan, and a protégée of the Duchesse de Chartres. Jones may have met her before his cruise in the Richard. It does not appear, however, that any intimacy sprang up between them until he returned from that cruise. Thenceforward she is his *bonne camarade* when in Paris; his constant, confidential correspondent when away from Paris. He was thirty-two, she twenty-one —relative ages which do not allow us to assume a state only of a platonic friendship. Yet in the many letters that survive, not an incriminating word. During the fourteen years of their relationship, not a breath of scandal. Evil to them that evil think. This chevalier, without fear and without reproach, stood between the very wind and the royal waif the wind had blown him. Almost in her arms he died; and, he being gone, she disappears amid the mists that envelop the reign of blood and terror as though she had never existed. Beautiful spirit! sprung from a line of kings, though it may be from a line of courtesans, to irradiate for a while the life of a hero, then to fade away like an ex-



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halation of the evening into the night of oblivion, leaving not a shade behind!

Would that history could say of Horatio Nelson what this chapter says of John Paul Jones!

I shall not speak of the Russian episode except as an episode, for it was nothing more. The War of the Revolution was ended. Jones had closed his accounts with the Marine Committee. We had no battle-ships, nor need of them, and, though he was now technically our ranking naval officer, there being no employment for him, he was free to accept service of Catherine; it was urged upon him, indeed, by Jefferson; though, as Franklin said it must be, it was a great mistake. "No man," exclaimed the doughty old doctor, "who had learned his lessons of battle, as Jones had, in the school of liberty, could ever serve acceptably in the cause or promote the aims of despotism."

This proved to be as wise as it was far-seeing. Jones's genius gained the admiration of the great Suwarrow, with whom he acted conjointly against the Turks, but that admiration cost him nearly two years of humiliation and disappointment, and sowed the seeds of the disorder that hastened his death.

He entered the Russian service as rear-admiral in the early spring of 1788, and on a two-years' leave of absence quitted it in the late autumn of 1789. En route to St. Petersburg he had been commissioned America's plenipotentiary to Denmark. Returning by way of



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Vienna, he was the object of continuous distinction, finally reaching Paris, which, more than any other place, had been his home, the last of May, 1790.

He took up his abode in a little house, having a garden, in the Rue de Tournon, which he had purchased, and here, with a few brief intervals of absence, he lived until the dread messenger—not dreaded by him—came to find him, his boots on, ready to meet man's final foe-man half way, and, as it were, cap-à-pie. When Madame Arbergne, his housekeeper, entered his apartment, about 9 o'clock the evening of July 18, 1792, Jones lay face downward across the middle of his couch, his arms outstretched, one hand clutching the counterpane, the other yet holding in its grasp the watch which Adelaide of Orléans had given him, her portrait upon the dial, by which he had always timed himself in battle. Fit finale for such a valiant!

But let us retrace our steps a few weeks. Jones on his return from Russia had found France in convulsions. His friend, the King, was a captive in his own palace. His other friends, Lafayette and Mirabeau, were vainly attempting to stem the tide of revolution. Events swept onward with resistless velocity and force. Monarchy was gone. The convention was the state. Although Jones stood aloof, divided between his love of freedom and his loyalty to the royal master who had so honored him, a man of such resplendent genius and renown could not remain obscure. It was purposed to



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reorganize the French navy from its foundation, and he had been selected for the task. Had he lived a week longer he would have been commissioned Admiral of France.

Just one week before the end a supper was given in his honor by the leaders of the revolution at the Café Timon. Jones, though obviously a sick man, appeared to be mending and, alive with intellectual fire, was never more gracious and charming. Cambon was there, and Carnot, Barère, and Philippe Egalité, his old friend the Duke of Orléans. Lovingly, royally they fêted and feasted him. At last, in response to the toast, "The Coming Admiral of France," Jones rose upon his feet and spoke to them. As an illustration of character this speech is notable; as his last public utterance it deserves to be remembered and preserved. Allow me to read it to you. After a few prefatory observations, he said:

"You all know my sentiments. I do not approve, I cannot in conscience approve, all that you have done, are doing, and, alas, intend yet to do. But I feel that I ought to take advantage of this—perhaps my last—opportunity to define clearly my attitude.

"Whatever you do now, France does. If you kill my good friend the King, France kills him; because, as things are now ordered, the group of which a great majority is present here is France. Louis XIV. once said: 'I am the State.' You can say that you are the State with more truth.

"My relations with the people across the Channel



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are known to all. Their enemies must be my friends everywhere; those whom they hate, I must love. As all here know, as all France knows, the progress of the French people toward liberty, and the promise that progress gives of new might to the French nation, fill the rulers of England with alarm and resentment. The day when this alarm will turn to hostility and this resentment be expressed by blows is not far off.

"When that day comes, if I am able to stand a deck, I shall make no point of rank. I shall raise no question of political opinion. I shall only ask France to tell me how I can best serve her cause.

"You have brought back to my ears the sound of many voices giving forth the lusty cheers of brave men in battle. Some of the faces of those men were of the American mould; but more were the faces of Frenchmen. Some of those voices sounded in my native tongue, but more in the language of France. The Richard's crew was, as you know, considerably more than half Frenchmen. I cannot be immodest enough to say that I found it easy to teach them the art of conquering Englishmen. But I trust you will not think me vainglorious if I say that, in that combat, I at least did what, unfortunately, some French officers have not of late years done—I simply let my Frenchmen fight their battle out. Now, I promise you that, if I live, in whatsoever station France may call me to lead her sons, I shall always, as I have done, when meeting the English or any other foe, let my Frenchmen fight their battle out.

"Citizens, we have to-day heard from the lips of the President of your Assembly the solemn warning, 'Our country is in danger!' That admonition has come none too soon. Already the hosts of oppression are gathering upon your frontier. It is not the wish of those who wear the crowns of Europe that France



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shall be free. Not long ago another country was in danger. Its people wished to be free, and though it was a land far across the sea, the hosts of despotism found it out and descended upon it. They were the hosts of a king, and some of them he hired like working oxen from other kings.

"The struggle was long. For almost eight years the sound of cannon, the glare of the torch, and the wailing of widows and orphans filled that land. Truly it was in danger. But all that is past now—and why? Because France, brave, chivalric France, alone of all nations in the world, interposed her mighty arm to help the weak, and stay from its smiting the hand of the oppressor.

"I have no title to speak for that country. But I can speak for one citizen of it. Count me with you. Enroll me in those hosts of deliverance upon whom the Assembly to-day called to rise *en masse* in defence of their lives, their liberties, and those whom they love. I am, as you see, in feeble health. Would that I were strong as when I long ago brought to France the news of Liberty's first great victory in the New World!

"But ill as I am, there is yet something left of the man—not the Admiral, not the Chevalier—but the plain, simple man whom it delights me to hear you call 'Paul Jones,' without any rank but that of fellowship, and without any title but that of comrade. So now I say to you that whatever is left of that man, be it never so faint or feeble, will be laid, if necessary, upon the altar of French Liberty, as cheerfully as a child lies down to pleasant dreams!"

These are noble sentiments. They are expressed with a freedom and lucidity which recall the manner and method of Abraham Lincoln. Indeed, Jones, who



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had learned to speak and to write as Lincoln had learned, slowly, surely, and by his own unaided efforts, much resembled Lincoln in the simple force, the directness, and clearness of his style.

It was not to be. His course was run. The afternoon of July 18th he passed in the garden of his little house in the Rue de Tournon surrounded by his friends. They could not disguise from themselves the ominous truth; but he was cheerful even to gayety. About 5 o'clock Gouverneur Morris witnessed his will. Somewhat fatigued he retired to his apartment. Three hours later they found him dead.

When notice of his death reached the National Assembly all proceedings stopped; standing, and in silence, the vote was passed to attend his funeral; and, except for the chaos that followed, his mortal remains, instead of being lodged in the foreign burying-ground temporarily, as was supposed, would have been committed to the Pantheon. More than fifty thousand dollars—a great sum in those days—lay to his credit in bank. Even the King during his illness had found time out of his own sorrows to send him messages of cheer.

Gouverneur Morris, at once advised that the great admiral had passed away, was so overcome that he was struck down with nervous prostration. A few weeks after a package arrived from America. It contained his commission, signed by Washington, to be chief of the movement to extirpate the Barbary pirates, along



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with a letter of effusion and eulogy from Jefferson, who, anticipating this present exigency, two years before had thus written "the President" (that is Washington) "directs me to say that it does not seem necessary to indicate the identity of that naval commander, to whom all eyes would be turned should the United States be able to fit out a squadron of magnitude suitable to form a command for an officer of high rank and extraordinary distinction." Yet, in the face of all this, there are those who think he died a stranger in a strange land, obscure and poor.

It is good for us as Americans, and it is particularly good for us upon the threshold of the new century, which has opened its portals without disclosing its secrets to us, to turn back a century and to retrace the baby footsteps leading from the roof-tree that overhung Liberty Hall in days that tried men's souls to the Arch of Triumph which spans the Campus Martius of the Great Republic in days which shall equally try their wisdom and their self-control. It is good to remember what we were in considering what we are and what we shall be. We are not likely to forget Washington, and the statesmen and warriors who surrounded him; nor Franklin, nor Jefferson, nor Hamilton. But who shall tell us of Paul Jones, and the heroes who served with him, and the progeny that succeeded him? Who shall remind us of Dale and Mayrant, and Henry Gardner and the little French-



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man, Girard, and of Decatur, and Barney, and Bainbridge? The Stocktons and the Perrys came down into our own time, as did Morris and Stuart, and their fame has—may I call it so?—a modern "tag" attached to it. The "landlubbers," being at home, were able to take care of their posthumous interests. Not so the simple sailor folk; and I go back to the twilight time of Paul Jones, and Nick Biddle and Preble and old Isaac Hull and the rest, with a feeling that I am in some sort their attorney before the court of last resort. The mists of the oceans envelop them. The moonbeams and the stars shine for them by night. But the light of the sun in the meridian of his glory has failed somehow to blaze down upon the page that bears their names and deeds. I would recall them to you. At this moment, when we are passing—nay, when we have already passed—from the humiliating position of a huddle of provincial sovereignities into the wide open sea, freighted by the movements of mankind—a World Power—and the greatest of World Powers—let us not forget the homespun sources of our being, nor the men who laid the sure foundations on which we stand.

It was the navy in the War of 1812 that secured us a footing in the court of arms. It was the navy in the sectional war, through its blockade of the Southern ports, that made the Confederacy impossible. What shall I say that has not been said of Dewey and Manila? And of Santiago, the finishing stroke? The



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lads we send out from Annapolis do their work far away from their base. They have the opportunity to make few friends, and no partisans on shore. But, in proportion as they are removed from the direct vision of their own countrymen, they are brought under the direct vision of the world at large. They are not vedettes; because they are not under orders to run away at the first fire. They are not pickets; because they must sustain the brunt of the attack, and sometimes all the attack, without support. They cannot get away. Except as the winds and the waves direct, they must stand and fight. Paul Jones began it. Dewey and Sampson and Schley and Evans ended it; and there are "others," as the saying hath it, not forgetting Hobson and Victor Blue. Forgive me! I did not mean to be personal. I mean merely that the navy of the United States has not had just quite its "even" with the army; that it has a right to it; and that in the coming years, when what our great Mahan calls "sea power" has come to be understood, it will get it; and, when it gets it, though Decatur, the Perrys, and Farragut will stand high, and Porter will stand high, and Dewey will stand high, the name of John Paul Jones, even like that of Abou Ben Adhem, "will lead all the rest."



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# III

# ADDRESSES



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## THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER *

It will not be considered irrelevant, I trust, if, standing in the presence of an association of editors, I proclaim a long-cherished and well-defined belief in societies which build themselves upon the noble principle of mutual admiration; nor will you charge me with an excess of loyalty if I add that, while respecting them the more the larger and the stronger they become, I am by no means indifferent to their advantages where they are not so imposing and numerous, but happen to be reduced within the compass of quadrilateral lines. Because, my friends, all considerable eminence springs in a measure out of that which is called in common life the co-operative system. We are living in an epoch not of miracles but of mechanics; of multitudinous social, scientific, and professional complexities; and instead of its being true that a man of parts gets on faster and fares better without assistance and encouragement, the reverse is true. One mind aids another; one hand holds up another; one heart cheers another; and, as a man is really an able man, the greater need and use he has for his supports,

* Indiana Press Association, Indianapolis, May 1, 1873.



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for that reserved force, without which battles could never be won, nor great edifices constructed, nor political organisms set in motion, nor newspapers made up and issued. Neither is this indispensable help purely muscular and artificial; it is often spiritualistic and intellectual, illustrating the homely saying that "two heads are better than one, though one is a sheep's head."

Men of genius have in all times sought association and moved in clusters. There was the Shakespearean cluster; there was the cluster which collected itself about the figure of old Sam Johnson; and there is in our day and country a notable cluster circling around Agassiz and giving to Boston the title of the Modern Athens; a mutual admiration society which Holmes has boldly avowed and defended, but which wants for no defence, being a most natural and reasonable brotherhood of poets, savants, and men of affairs. This society has been represented in courts, in senates, and in cabinets, and its members, scarcely more by the special gifts of each than by the honest help and appreciation of all, are known throughout the world.

You will recall that the lion in the fable, who was shown a picture representing one of his race lying prostrate beneath the foot of a triumphant human animal, observed, in his facetious, leonine way, that the situation would be reversed if a lion, instead of a mortal, had been the artist. Now it is given the journalist to



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be at once the lion and the artist, a creator and a critic; to depict his own profession; to extol and magnify it; to write it up, as the saying goes; and, despite some occasional delinquencies and disfigurements in his method, he has used this advantage so industriously and at times so skilfully that journalism has come to be what it was not when he first gave out the conceit—"a veritable Fourth Estate." The freedom of the press, obtained at length even more securely by the victories it is achieving over dependence and subsidy than by the liberality of the laws which guarantee it, is a sort of popular religion; and so truly is our journalism realizing the pretty commonplaces with which it once, in the days of its bondage and gloom, consoled itself, so thoroughly is it coming to reflect the thoughts, the customs, and the manners of the age, and to be actually and not figuratively

—"a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns,"

that thoughtful people, paraphrasing the race-course epigram of Randolph of Roanoke, are beginning to ask, if the press controls the country who is to control the press? It is this suggestive inquiry, considered both as a matter of professional ethics and a question of popular interest—considered with reference to the strength and weakness of American journalism, its power and its shortcoming, what it is and what it is



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like to be—to which I shall ask your attention and beg your indulgence; for, potential as the press undoubtedly is, and immensely elevated in its conditions and perspectives, I suppose none of us will pretend that it is not the subject of many drawbacks and abuses.

I am fully persuaded that, take it for all and all, the journalism of America is the very best in the world. It is a complete answer to the ancient sneer of the cockneys touching our books, for, in truth, it is beginning largely to constitute our literature. I do not mean to disparage Longfellow and Whittier and Lowell, Motley and Bancroft; and I hope I shall not be suspected of seeking to steal a titular distinction for our craft at the expense of our greatest humorist, if I declare that the morning paper is the only autocrat of the breakfast-table. When I consider the labor and the learning that are devoted to books which will be fortunate if they get eight or ten thousand readers, and observe the increasing audiences which are gathering about the bulletin-boards, I mourn in silence, but in sorrow, at the sight of such young men as Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller and Mark Twain throwing themselves away, and I rejoice and am exceeding glad in the salvation to journalism and the world of a soul so precious as that of John Hay. Badinage aside, my serious meaning is that every age has its interpreter; there was the age of the drama; there was the age of the pamphlet; there was the age of the novel. This is the age of the



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newspaper. The journalist is to-day what but a little while ago the novelist was; what a little while before that the dramatist was, the observed of all observers, for he is an exceptional creature, a new creation, a man, indeed, like his fellow-men, but possessed with strange, invisible powers, which affect men's lives, fortunes, and characters; not merely an abstract and brief chronicle of the time, as the player used to be said to be; something other than a myth or an almanac. There will never again be a Dickens or a Dumas. The romance of yesterday, with its moving incidents and real figures, will engage the interest of vigorous writers as they engage that of the public, and, as fictitious situations and conditions are nearly, if not quite, exhausted, actual situations and conditions, brilliantly written out for the daily newspaper, will take the place of imaginary scenes and passions. I am myself, at this moment, diligently seeking for a young Thackeray to sketch society; for a young Cooper, to go upon the frontier and "do" the Modocs; for a young "Boz," to take the place of a very inadequate police reporter; and for a young Bulwer to do duty as a general utility man. I make no doubt of finding what I want; and the likelihood is that, when found, they will issue from strange places, just as there is the certainty that they will enter upon a broad, new field with boundless opportunities. What a "hit" George Alfred Townsend made; then Don Piatt; and along with them McCullagh. Did Thackeray ever do



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wittier work than Don Piatt? Did ever Dickens write more graphically than George Alfred? Was not McCullagh more quoted, did he not exercise a greater influence on his country by his letters, than any writer of his time? Yet they are but crude examples; they worked in the dark; they worked much against themselves, like the old poets, like Marlowe, Decker, and Otway, who were half ashamed of their calling, and held in disrepute by those who were not fit to tie their shoe-strings. I name them to illustrate what may be done by men of genius, who have not a financial stake in the press, and do not own and manage newspapers, getting their fame and their fortune off the brains of obscure, ill-paid subordinates. As Congreve and Sheridan were, as Dickens and Thackeray were, the journalist may be, and partly is, already; a man in whom a public interest, great or less, according to his genius, is taken; a man who, loving his fellow-men, has it in his power to help them and to be loved by them.

The process is very simple. To be kindly, honest, fearless, capable, that is all; and I name kindliness first, because if a newspaper would be popular it must, like an individual, carry a pleasant aspect; it must be amiable and unpretentious; speaking the language and wearing the habiliments of the people; bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, a sincere as well as an effective deliverer of their thoughts, wishes, and fancies. If Shakespeare lived in our time, conceiving him to have



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been a robust, blithe, and hearty person; conceiving him to have been what we understand by an able person and an able-bodied, and, withal, a most representative, gay, and festive person, I take leave to doubt whether he would find the drama the best vehicle for his overflowing wisdom, his exuberant wit, humor, and fancy, his amazing activity; and I wonder that a man of such varied and large resources, of such vigorous, current, and racy faculties as Dion Boucicault should be comparatively a poor man, wandering about the world and writing plays, when he might be, had he bent himself that way, the editor of the London *Times*.

I do not name the London *Times* as a first-rate example of a first-class newspaper. There is no journal of the first class in London. I am not able to say what the *Times* may have been in the days of Mr. Kinglake's somewhat apocryphal, shrewd, idle clergyman, who made it his business to loiter about places of common resort and find out what people thought upon the principal topics of the time. The press of London is, and has been, since I became acquainted with it, a pretentious jumble of incompletions; very polished and very dull; reminding one of those elaborate dramatic compositions which are said to be written for the closet. I doubt whether it is not at its best, and wholly discredit the story of the parson, or at least the parson's knack of catching the popular thought by lounging about the clubs and then of com-



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municating it to a stilted person, seated on a tripod, to be thence distilled into England's next day's cup of coffee. You might as well put an ear-trumpet to a rose and expect to draw its essence as hope to gather the public sense in that way—

> "To catch a dragon in a cherry net,
> To trip a tigress with a gossamer,
> Were wisdom to it."

That which makes the journalist strong is that which makes the poet inspired, the inner light, the intuitive faculty to interpret, which cannot be had of books or be got from loafers, no matter how observant and astute they be; it is a faculty which can indeed be cultivated; but it is, in its origin, a mirrory, mercurial essence, the vivider as it is the purer, reflecting without consciousness and almost without effort, and accurately reflecting, the average mood and tense, themselves dependent on average commonplaces of interest and affection—of the men and women in whose midst the journalist lives, moves, and has his being. Defoe, Steele, and Addison were journalists in this sense; Swift and Cobbett were partly so; and, in our time, differing chiefly in their outward signs and tokens, in their visible manifestations and eccentricities, Greeley, Bennett, and Raymond were eminently so.

In the hands of these the press of New York sped beyond the press of London, which lacks special vigor



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and inspiration, is edited by cultivated subalterns at second-hand, and, for all its rotundity and pretended composure, is in a perpetual strain after heavy, beef-eating effects, deficient at once in naturalness and humor. As Fox said of Thurlow, one feels disposed to say of the London press, it is not in nature to be as wise as it looks to be; albeit, if we are to have vacuity and pretence, it is well to have it well-clad and well-bred, which elements of respectability form half the prestige and all the attraction of this able, dreary, and portentous element in journalism.

It can be said of the American press, on the other hand, just as Thackeray and Taine have said of the writings of Henry Fielding, that the cloth is none of the cleanest, and that the dishes might be better chosen; indeed, that the company makes but a small show of courtliness and is often vulgar and ill-mannered; but, on the whole, that it has a jovial, happy faculty of standing by the weak and resisting the strong, of satirizing the wicked, exposing the base, detecting the false, and cheering the unfortunate, which could only come to a press whose roots are nourished by a free soil, and whose great boughs, spreading out wider and thicker, shelter a free people.

We have heard a deal of late years about personal and impersonal journalism. In the press of America, we must needs have an abundance of personal journalism; it is an appendage to our condition as well as an



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offspring of our character. During our civil war, it was remarked by foreign officers of experience who had come here to observe the progress of military events that individual valor not merely counts for more with us than with European armies, but is required by our soldiery, who keep a close watch on their leaders. This is a Republican habit, and, as far as editors are concerned, it is rendered the more scrutinizing and inevitable by the comparative smallness of our towns, which are not large enough to afford concealment to an individual occupying an important local place. Those who read a newspaper are pretty sure to find out who it is that edits it; there is no possible escape; the man's simple comings in and goings out will discover him; and just as he happens to be a person of exceptional character or characteristics is he likely to be marked and talked of, until, being presently very well known, and having himself charged with all the virtues and all the offences of his journal, he is, involuntarily, a personal journalist.

If you will but consider it for a moment, you will agree with me that James Gordon Bennett was as personal in his journalism, throwing as many of his peculiarities into it, as Horace Greeley; they differed in kind and in degree; but both after their fashion were known, personally known, and neither could nor desired to hide himself.

Even Mr. Greeley's successor, though scarcely warm



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in his seat and an exceptionally young and retiring man, is familiarly known by name and countenance to the great body of American readers; and I confess that, considering the case from this standpoint, I am unable to see how men like Marble, Dana, Bowles, White, and Halstead, filling the places they do, could, no matter how ardently they might wish it, envelop themselves in the mystery which surrounds the work-a-day drudge who forges thunder-bolts for the London *Times*. Nor does this seem to me a thing to be desired either by the journalist or by his readers. Becoming modesty and self-denial, joined to absolute disinterestedness in the public service, are all that should be sought; because the very nature of the journalist's vocation obliges him to be a man of action, to be in the midst of affairs if not a part of them, to be ready, resolute, and personally informed—qualities not to be found in the recluse or the dummy.

When I say that the journalist must be a man of action, I do not mean that he should seek office.

The functions of the politician and the journalist are totally different. There is a yet stronger reason why the success of the journalist in politics must and will always be abridged; the journalist who is conscientious and independent cannot be a strict partisan, cannot establish a definite partisan claim by undoubting party work, and is sure to raise up against himself many bitter enemies, who are powerless to injure him



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in his walk in life, but who are able to thwart him when he quits his intrenchments and gives them a chance on their own ground.

There is impersonal journalism in England, because the English press is conducted by scholarly dummies, who, dwelling in London, to which the press is mainly confined, are able to live reclusive lives, and who, being for the most part the employees of men who publish newspapers as they would traffic in bread-stuffs, are not paid enough or permitted to display a costly and offensive individuality. In America the power of the press is not consolidated in a single great city. All the larger towns have their journals and their journalists; some of them of the richest and most notable. In this way journalism with us, as in France, though for an opposite reason, opens a road to wealth and fame which is closed to the journalist of England, who, from necessity and not from choice, we may be sure, leads an obscure life and goes to his grave "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

Men of vigorous parts and sound understandings do not willingly part with their identity. That is a portion of the heritage which God has given to mankind, our finer part, for it causes us to strive, to labor, to aspire, to keep ourselves honorable and clean, to seek the good-will and good-report of our fellow-men. Personalism is only objectionable when it becomes blatant or degenerates into vanity. It is considered, and



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it *is* a most ennobling and admirable quality, when it causes Morton and Schurz to detach themselves from the rest in order that they may tell millions of their countrymen what *they* think on this question and on that. The journalist does not, in his most personal moments, display himself half so much as these, and, while he is to be warned against using his great vehicle to the mere tickling of his own conceit, he is surely not to be blamed for going in at the front door, instead of creeping round by way of the back alley, nor stigmatized for holding his head up in the face of all the world, non sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo.

This principle, fairly construed and carried out, underlies another, and the most important of the unseen forces in journalism—the sense of responsibility. The business of conducting newspapers is only just beginning to be recognized as a profession, like law, engineering, or physic; but it is yet a common, unfenced by established rules and marked by none of those precedents which make its fellow-toilers so venerable and so revered. It is at once without a jurisprudence and a history.

I have been reading Mr. Hudson's recent book with interest and attention, and nothing that it contains has struck me with greater force than the general suggestion which it conveys of what it does not contain; some theory of journalistic practice. That must in-



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deed be a barren field of speculation which furnishes so few abstract ideas to a man of such large experience as the biographer of the American press. I take it for granted that there must have been weighty reasons which restrained a life-long journalist, who was the executive officer during twenty momentous years of the most famous and widely circulated American newspaper, from tossing his younger followers a hint or two concerning the system whose loose, disjointed story he undertook to tell us. I know of one repressing influence—it can hardly be called a reason—which seals the lips of many a practical journalist with respect to his craft and his work: a worldly minded, perhaps a prudent, well-bred disinclination to sermonize, and a wholesome fear of ridicule. He is sufficiently oracular when it comes to matters about which he cannot be so well advised as about his own calling; he will construe the law; he will decide a case in railway economy; he will be by turns a statesman, a soldier, and a diplomatist; he will organize a party and furnish it a platform of everlasting and infallible principles; he will command an army and insure it victories in advance; he will enter unfamiliar courts and throw down the glove to kings and ministers. But when it comes to guessing at the truths and falsehoods of his daily life, to honestly investigating the mystery of a penful of ink, and measuring the length, breadth, and thickness of a bit of lead-pencil, to defining the tactics



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of a paragraph, and settling the strategy of a leading article, to carefully, diplomatically weighing the niceties and balancing the subtleties of news, and casting up some general, philosophical result, he sheers off and begins to play what wicked and adventurous people call "a close game"—that is to say, he presses the cards to his bosom and is mute.

I suppose all of you know the editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial,* and that most of you know the editor of the Chicago *Tribune;* you will agree with me that an essay on journalism from either would be valuable, because each has illustrated the profession of journalism by distinguished successes. But, do you not see that the very quality which has made them what they are shuts them up like oysters? Schurz calls this "indifferentialism." I explain it in this way, that, when they came to the front, frivolous garrulity and mawkish gush were in the ascendant; they fought against pruriency in themselves as well as in their order, overcoming it, at least, in themselves. With a robustuous, self-taught spirit, which was keen and detective, flashing upon a sham and lighting up a cheat with a peculiar species of new-fashioned, mirthful sincerity, truth-seeking and truth-telling, they resolved to maintain in their public intercourse the simple, colloquial tone which is common to private expressions of opinion; and, by practising this self-repression, they, very naturally, went to the extreme of it. They erred



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merely in degree, and in the right direction; but while it may be said of them that

"E'en their frailties lean to virtue's side,"

I wish they could be induced to speak out as Medill spoke out in this very place a year or two since, and as Reid spoke out in New York not so long ago, and as I am trying very inadequately to speak out on this occasion, toward the establishment of some general, if not some special, conception of a system by which we not merely get our daily bread, but which I am sure the greater number of us are interested in advancing, in purifying, in elevating among the professions and in the esteem of men.

With this in mind, I speak of the responsibility which presses upon every newspaper conductor; and I shall speak confidently and earnestly, because, having some taste for investigating the causes of things, and having had considerable apprenticeship to the experimental part of our vocation, I am satisfied that in journalism, as in every conceivable sphere of life, the foundation of success is Credit. What is it that makes you trust your money in a bank? Confidence in its management. What is it that makes you rally around a favorite party leader? Confidence that he knows more of the science of government than you do; that he is a better representative of your peculiar notions than you are yourself; and that he is to be relied on



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with greater assurance than his competitor. You do not wish your banker and your politician to exchange their places. The banker might get on but poorly in public life, and the politician would, in all likelihood, scarcely get on at all as a practical financier. Apply this rule of fitness to the press. What is it that the people want of a newspaper? Not so much the science of banking and government as the raw material, the facts, out of which they may construct a rude, popular science, which the scientists themselves must consult. They want to feel, first of all, that it is reliable; that it is uncontrolled by sordid interests, and unseduced by passion and prejudice, which the unexcited heart of our better nature secretly tells us are unjust.

I do not say that racy, reckless writing, be it never so wrongful, is unattractive. It certainly pleases our worse side; it flatters a combativism more or less common to all men. But it cannot hold its own, and never has held its own, when brought face to face with upright, painstaking, sensible, and informed writing, supported by those ordinary mechanical appliances which are indispensable to the commercial success of newspapers.

Of course, the axiom of newspaper success is *news*. The newspaper of to-day is the history of yesterday. As action is said to be to oratory, so is currency to journalism. But what sort of news, what sort of currency? I answer, trustworthy information, of some



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use, interest, and import, recent enough to be given to the public for the first time; and, if commented upon, to be fairly commented upon. I do not believe it to be the mission of journalism to fish in the sewers for scandal and to loiter up and down the world in quest of the forbidden. There are many things not fit to be told that may amuse or disgust the public. There are many other things the telling of which might bring a rogue to his deserts. In cases of this sort what are we to do?

Let us take an example. One of my reporters comes in late at night and says, breathlessly, that a prominent banker has absconded with half a million of dollars and the wife of a fashionable up-town clergyman. I am overjoyed, of course—I mean professionally overjoyed—for though this same banker is my neighbor, and lives in a much grander house than mine, though he refused but yesterday to allow me to overcheck my deposit, I entertain no grudge against him. I am simply rejoiced that to-morrow's issue of the *Courier-Journal* is to go out with a first-class sensation. It comes out accordingly with the startling disclosure that Mr. So-and-so has disappeared; that he was last seen at the depot in Jeffersonville, with Mrs. So-and-so; that there has been a good deal of scandal in religious, aristocratic, and banking circles for some time about Mr. So-and-so's business habits and his unfortunate intimacy with Mrs. So-and-so; that persons best ac-



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quainted with him have never doubted him to be at heart a villain; and, finally, that "at the late hour at which we write," his family, being prudently sent away, in order to facilitate his diabolical purpose, and his cashier not being within reach of our reporters, we must defer the full particulars of this horrible and lamentable affair until "our next issue." Well, next day comes, and what does *it* disclose? It discloses, in the first place, that our reporter has picked up one of those rumors which now and then take complete, though happily only brief, possession of the streets. He knew that his chief had no love for Mr. So-and-so, and he colored and substantiated his story; let us say he believed it. The facts are simply that Mr. So-and-so has gone to Cincinnati with Mrs. So-and-so, who is his sister; and all the rest is false.

There is a fight or a libel suit.

You will say at once that this is an extreme case; unlikely to occur where ordinary prudence was employed; impossible to occur in a well-regulated, discreetly handled newspaper office. I admit it; but why? Because of the prominence and influence of the parties supposed to be involved. But it is not at all improbable, nay, it is common, where they are less conspicuous, where they happen to be poor, obscure workpeople charged with crime, and having scanty means of righting themselves. The law presumes a man to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty. The press,



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not merely usurping the functions of the law in arraigning a man whom the constable has no warrant to arrest, goes still further and assumes him, prima facie, to be guilty. After many weeks, if the case of the accused comes to trial, he is acquitted; the law makes him an honest man; but there is the newspaper which has condemned him, and cannot, with a dozen retractions, erase the impression left and the damage done by a single paragraph.

This tendency to arraign, to accuse, arising out of the critical nature of the work set before the journalist, might be given a better and happier direction if it were confined to the laws of evidence and usage which prevail in our old, established courts; if it based itself on investigation; if it pursued its mission through the sunshine and not through the shades of night. Nay, it would be a most pleasing, popular element if it should be wittily instead of savagely severe.

One may be shrewd and sound in his judgments and still be charitable. Did ever you know a good and valuable man who wore an habitual frown and spoke constant ill of the world and his fellow-men? Such a man may perhaps be honest, but he will not be a benefactor or a leader of his kind. It is never necessary to be brutal in order to be vigorous; to pule in order to be humane. That is the best courage which does not fly into a passion. There is, lurking down in the heart of the fiercest partisan, a social yearning, which



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begets the selfish, manly instinct of fair-play. There is in every man's nature a natural love of cheerfulness and serenity. Observe how humor drove the old, highfalutin novel into retirement and made those writers of fiction, from Sterne to Dickens, from Goldsmith to Bret Harte, most popular who best illustrated it. Observe how humor on the stage, personified by Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Sothern, has paled the ineffectual fires of tragedy. What is it but our God-given better nature, chastened and educated by our God-sent modern culture, and the spirit of a beautiful and gracious Christianity, which commands and inspires artist work of every sort, be it the work of the actor, the painter, the musician, the statesman, the jurist, the litterateur, or the editor?

Five and thirty years ago these ideas would probably have been stoutly denied by the most celebrated of our journalists, and were certainly contradicted by the editorial practice of the period. Curious and comical period! when Richard Smith wore unbecoming roundabouts and William Hyde instituted the black art of selling newspapers on the banks of the Ohio; when Walter Haldeman kept books for George D. Prentice; when Joseph Medill pulled a press at Cleveland; when M. D. Potter wheelbarrowed the forms of his paper through the streets of Cincinnati; when Greeley, Raymond, and Bennett were obscure, and the press glorified itself in the persons of half a hundred for-



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gotten worthies, who wrote fierce nonsense, and fought duels, and hickuped Fourth of July orations every day of the year in exceeding bad grammar. Journalism in those days was a sort of inebrious knight-errantry; a big joke, considerably drunken and blood-stained. Now and then I turn back to it and contemplate it, and whenever I do so I begin to choke up between a laugh and a cry; it was so funny, it was so tragic!

In the old time the journalist was a mere player, strutting and fretting his hour upon the stage, acting a part by command of his liege lord, the party leader. He was about as much in earnest in his rôle of "organist" as Mr. Booth is in his rôle of Richelieu or Hamlet; that is, it suited him, and he adapted himself to it. He was the politician's squire and the party's hack—neglected or rewarded according to the caprice of his master. That, in spite of his genius and his personality, his independence of spirit and undoubted courage, was Prentice. With all his gifts—his wit, sagacity, and courage—Prentice lived the life of a slave. Realizing the fact always, he only realized the cause toward the end.

I do not say that Horace White may not be a better-trained journalist to-day than Joseph Medill, who trained himself from the ground floor and fought upward against odds and time. I am sure that Murat Halstead is an abler editor than his predecessor, who was a hero and a man of parts. What I do say, and



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mean to impress upon you, is that when Potter and Medill began to evolve the mystery of modern journalism out of their inner consciousness, the problem was more blank and the future less assured than the problem and the future are to you in the work of emancipating the press—the country press—from its present thraldom; for I should waste the time we spend in coming here, and should poorly acquit myself of the privilege of speaking out in meeting which you have kindly allowed me, if I should let the occasion pass with a few glittering generalities touching journalism at large, and a pretty phrase or two about our greater journalists. The purpose of my coming relates wholly to that weekly, provincial, to that county journalism, which is so largely, so respectably, and so intelligently represented here. The greater journals take care of themselves. The greater journalists, whether they be good or wise, creditable or unworthy, are able to make a figure in the world. In any event, they are few in number. If journalism ever is reformed—if it ever realize the ideal I have been sketching in outline—its reformation must embrace the country press and enter into the homespun no less than the imported fabric of the profession.

I have thrown out, generally, the principles of conduct and the arts of enterprise which have given birth to the Independent Press, that is, to the self-sustaining, non-partisan press—to that press which is sought



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to be run in the public interest, which affects not to be purchased or intimidated, which pretends to be controlled by its legitimate owners and not by a clique or ring of politicians, which looks for its support exclusively to the people, which relies solely on public opinion for its good-will just as it relies on events, and its representative character as a popular interpreter and mouth-piece, for its vindication. If you will consider these arts and these principles carefully, if you will separate them minutely from their abstract setting and apply them to the every-day conditions that surround your life and labor, you will find them not merely adaptable, but comprehensive and infallible.

There are in this State of Indiana, living in villages, and passing comparatively obscure lives, professional men of real eminence and learning—lawyers and doctors who, transplanted to a larger field, would make a figure in the world. Twelve or fourteen years ago there was a young student at Terre Haute, unhonored and unknown, who rose to national distinction, still keeping his beautiful but out-of-the-way dwelling-place. Occupying no great official place, he signalized his genius as a pleader and politician all over the country; and now, though defeated and gone into retirement, he is perhaps stronger than ever he was, with a better future. Five and twenty years ago, at South Bend, another equally obscure young man began a career which was peculiarly distinguished and



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brilliant, carrying him from the office of a county newspaper into the National Congress, to the head of this, and finally up to the second place within the gift of the American people. Voorhees and Colfax were both village men; their lot was cast in an interior State; yet each of them carved out of fortune a place for himself. Both became national influences. Turn away to New England: take note of the trim little city of Springfield, in Massachusetts—merely a large village. You will find there a newspaper more praised, abused, and quoted than any other newspaper in America. Sam Bowles has simply done, in his way, what Dan Voorhees and Schuyler Colfax did in their way—that is, being a man of genius, as they are, he adapted himself to his situation in life. He made the best of himself by doing faithful, conscientious work in the sphere wherein his lot was cast. The same is open to every man; only the county journalist has a better, because an almost untilled, field for the planting and reaping of a plentiful harvest.

My friends, you are, I take it, intelligent, candid men, and you will not think the less of me if, standing before you as your guest and feeling myself honored by your notice, I speak plainly of some matters about which we are not all agreed. You will admit in your personal intercourse a hundred errors and abuses of your system, and then, without making an effort at emancipation, go off and submit to them. I



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propose to enumerate some of these, for I have not the time, nor have you, or any audience, the patience to go through the long, black-letter list of dead-head nuisances which keep the county press in a state of contempt and bondage.

First of all comes, of course, the dead-head system, which is the parent of the dead-beat system; free passes, free tickets, and free postage. You will all applaud the sentiment that it is best to pay as we go, and there is not one of you but believes in the man who asks favors of nobody; who is the slave of nobody; who minds his own business, relies on himself, and lives as such a man is like to live, an upright, industrious, and decent life. How can a man realize this character who submits to the tacit corruption and quasi indignity of a free ride over a railroad, which gives it in order that it may be able to command his silence or his support; or a free admission into a theatre, which is meant to secure an unfaithful, complimentary notice of the performance next morning; or free transit through the mails, which is obtained by a collusion with local politicians and court-house rings, which are too often interested in newspaper publications? You will say, in answer to this, "it is very well to talk so; you can afford to pay your way as you go; your paper will be only too glad to suspend the free list, because it is prosperous and rich, and to establish postal prepayment, because it will break down



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the country press and open the way for the extension of your weekly edition." I believe nothing of the kind; if I did I should not venture upon a distasteful topic on an occasion like this. I stand for the honor of my cloth; and be this cut in a village or measured out over a great metropolis, it is still my cloth, and I am equally zealous in its service.

The dead-head system, the dead-beat system, licensed and encouraged by the system of subsidies and favors allowed the press and tolerated by journalists, keeps the local newspaper in a hopeless, poverty-stricken way, where the independent system, relying for its success upon the same general law of public needs—of supply and demand—which regulates other commodities, would place it at least upon a level with the successful cultivation of other reputable, neighborly pursuits. A man goes into a certain line of business. Why? Because he likes it and thinks he is suited to it. He wants to control his own business, and be master of himself, of course. If he has been correct in his preference, and is capable and industrious, he gets on. This rule of life does not vary its terms in journalism. What is the secret of capacity in journalism outside of that intuitive mystery of interpretation which passes for genius? It is the same old-fashioned, well-known secret which the world has been studying, and which philosophers and economists have been blabbing, and which successful men



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have been quietly practising, since the beginning of time —fair-dealing and open-sailing; self-reliance; cheerfulness, common-sense, and candor, the foundation-stones of diplomacy, of finance, of science, of commerce, of all useful arts and strategy. Wherever these elements have been thrown into journalism they have produced the same familiar effects, great or small, as the case might be, but absolutely specific and sure. There is not a man here to-day, who is fit for an editor, who would not be a better editor, a stronger and more prosperous editor, if he should say to himself: I will, whatever comes of it, be a perfectly independent and impartial editor; I will let the politicians mind their business, and I will mind my business; I will tell the truth as I am able to conceive it, setting down naught in malice; I will put the best work that is in me on my paper; I will collect the news industriously; I will express my opinions fearlessly but responsibly; I will accept no indulgences not given my neighbors; I will not be slapped on the back, nor be sneered at as a sort of Cheap John, a public pensioner, who lives partly by his wits, partly by the offal thrown out by the yard-dogs who congregate about the court-house, and partly by the insolent benefices of railroads and the absurd cajolery of side-shows, which could not merely be kept in a state of perpetual obeisance and respect, but could be turned into a source of legitimate revenue by the application of a strict commercial foot-



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rule. Every man wants to be independent. Every man wants to be respected. The road to independence and dignity for the journalist is plain and open; it is, in the first place, suitability and capacity; in the next place, disinterestedness and courage without obstinacy or vainglorious self-assertion. Finally, say nothing about a man in print you would not say to him face to face.

The exchange system, with the free list, ought to be abolished. It is at once unequal and irregular as well as expensive; simply a costly luxury. The paper that cannot live except on favor and charity ought to die. There ought to be one fixed, undeviating scale of advertising prices, inexorable to the advertising agent and the home advertiser; reasonable on its face and not to be altered. Every practical newspaper man knows what wretched abuses exist in our entire advertising system; how we allow ourselves to be imposed on by our fancied necessities, and how, in turn, we impose upon others. Mr. A. T. Stewart once told me that his success in the dry-goods line consisted in selling the best quality of goods at a specified price, relying solely on the public interest to find out the positive value of the goods and not trying to deceive it, knowing very well, as he added, that it is shrewd, selfish, and sordid, not to be deceived in the long run, and sure to find out that which is cheapest and best. It is simply the rule of that positive philosophy, which assures us that we are known better than we know



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ourselves; that facts, not fictions, rule; that it is well to make a clean breast of it in all our public dealings, producing such wares as we have and looking to the public to take them only as they are sound, useful, and wanted. People do not advertise with us because they love us. They insert an advertisement in a newspaper as they hang a sign in a street, to be seen, and just as they seek a thoroughfare for this sign, so they seek the largest number of readers for their advertisement. It is purely a matter of interest, and, except as a matter of interest, is not to be relied on. There should be some fixed rule in every business. In the advertising business there is none. There is indeed a scale of prices, which, outside of the larger cities, is rarely adhered to; and, as advertisers feel that they hold the whip, they do not fail to use it.

I might go on endlessly with the many incidents which belong to this matter of newspaper independence and are inevitably suggested by it. You will not charge me with presumption, I hope, because I have sketched the character of a journalism which I do not pretend to realize in my own practices, earnestly as I am wedded to the theories in which it is constructed, and thoroughly as I believe it to be the journalism of the future. I have had some opportunities to test the efficacy and value of many of the hints which I have been throwing out here, in time of peace and in time of war, and it is my unqualified opinion that, wielded



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with prudence, justice, and truthfulness, having the right on its side, and being handled with ordinary composure and skill, the press is, as the old saying puts it, "mightier than the sword." But to be mighty it must be free, and to be free it must be self-sustaining and self-respecting.

There is a great fight before us for liberty; a fight as old as the hills. The fight of the poor against the rich; the fight of the weak against the strong; the fight of the people against the corporations. The corporations just now hold the vantage ground. They began by corrupting the newspapers; and they have gone so fast and so far that they are able at last to buy up Legislatures, to command the services of capable and astute politicians, and even to shape the course of parties. The people are becoming aroused, and, being aroused, they look around them for weapons of defence. Thus seeking the means of war, they have taken hold of the press as the most warlike enginery within their reach, and, if it be true that the press controls the country, it is because the people, controlling the press, engage it in their interest, supporting it with the reserve power of public opinion. The silly old notion of "writing down to the people" is exploded. The effort now is to write and act up to the people; for the people, in the aggregate, are wiser and purer than any one man, even though that one man should be the editor of a newspaper.



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# The Compromises of Life

To-morrow morning the people of Indiana, issuing out of a half-million of farm-houses and cottages, moving about mill-wheels and ploughshares, bustling in shops, and bathing themselves healthfully in the benign May air that, pouring its fragrant flood down from the lakes and over the prairies, bids a good-day and God-speed alike to the grain in the earth and the men and women and the flowers above it—to-morrow morning the people of Indiana, who make their bread by the sweat of their brow, and who get their schooling the same way, rising out of toil-worn but comfortable beds, at once sound-minded and whole-hearted, wanting to do the right thing in the right manner, and perfectly unexcited—will have, if they are to have their own way, just as little chaff, gush, and gammon in their favorite newspaper as possible. To be sure, if they can get nothing better, they will take this, provided it happens to agree with certain sentimental conceits, which go by the name of "principles," and which mean the latest party platform, always more or less rickety and changeable. But they prefer that which, being founded in genuine conviction, is not bound to any particular circle of individuals, enjoying office or the hope of office and calling itself a party; they prefer that which is to be relied on absolutely as original truth.

I make no plea for that sort of independent journalism which represents the caprices of a single editor and



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piques itself on its immunity from obligations of every sort. I know very well that parties are essential to republics, and that organization is essential to parties. I am myself a fairly good party man, but I am not so good a party man as to accept the theory that politics is war; that a partisan line, like the military line of battle, should divide me from my neighbors who differ from me in points of fact or in the construction which we mutually place upon civil questions, and which requires me to tell lies, bear malice, and be guilty of all uncharitableness in order that one set of gentlemen shall hold office and another set be kept out of office.

I say, and in using the first person singular I mean to be understood as speaking for every editor who is satisfied with his calling, that I want no office; that I have a better office already than I can hope to get if I do my duty; and that, therefore, fairly representing the ideas which group themselves from natural causes about a certain point in our political field of action, I stand for them in their truths and not in their falsehoods; I stand for them as they are just, and not as they are merely selfish, strategic, or extreme, running into bombast, and too often seeking to conceal and justify their errors by increased wantonness and wrong. I believe I stand where the people, who give me all I have and who make me all I am, would have me stand, as a journalist, for, in the long run, the people are pretty sure to find out whether a newspaper is whimsical and eccentric, simply



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pretentious and individualized, or whether, guided by modesty and inspired by sincerity, it is a mouth-piece of that yearning for public honesty, good-nature, and fair-play, which are characteristic of our laughter-loving, brave-hearted Americanism.

Pray do not think I am striking too high. These are but simple and easy lessons in human nature, the source and resource, the buttress, and the bell-tower of journalism and a free press. They are attainable by the smallest journalist of the smallest village, and not until they are learned, and well learned, by the lesser journalists of the country, can we hope for that journalism which, ideal now, is destined to win the fight of the people against the great aggregation of capital; to substitute a national and popular spirit against mere demagogism and party spirit; and, if such be God's providence, to establish that universal republic which, based on diffused intelligence, is to bring us peace on earth and good-will among men. Emancipate the press from its thraldom to mammon by making it self-sustaining! Bind it with hooks of steel to the service of the people! Acknowledge no master except that of which you yourselves are component parts—a board of which you are members—a cabinet of which you are ministers—the mastership of public opinion. It is the only service that gives plenty of pay and honest pay; it is the only service of which a man may be proud and in which he may feel happy. Throw off the old execrable badge, faded and



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tattered and worm-eaten by its dishonoring memories and inscriptions, for that other badge, that insignia of rank and power, which says: "I am no man's slave. I am a man among men. The roof above me is my own. This threshold is mine; and, holding no commission but that which, sent from Heaven, makes me a spokesman for my fellow-men, and having no weapons except a handful of types, I am able to defy the world that proposes, unbidden, to cross it, because I am supported by an invincible army, ready to rally at a moment's notice for the defence of itself, which is my defence." I believe in that sort of journalism, and I believe that that sort of journalism will come to be believed in by every man who edits and reads a newspaper.



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## A PLEA FOR PROVINCIALISM *

The present year marks the hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Kentucky. In the spring of 1774 the town of Harrodsburg, which is conceded the birthright honor of seniority over its neighbors, was laid out by a company of pioneers from Virginia. A year later grain was growing among the cane-brakes.

There used to be a tradition that, at least five years before the arrival of the Harrods and the McAfees, a person by the name of Boone, from the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, made his way to the spot where we are now assembled; whereat, in times gone by, the good people hereabout took a certain pride and credit to themselves as possessors of the soil from which the patriarchal ladder of promise and hope, ascending to Heaven in the hunter's dream, had proved to be a real passway for the manifold blessings and mercies showered upon them by the God of their fathers. Certain it is that Boone did make two separate incursions prior to the establishment of a fixed colony. "It was on May 1, 1769," he tells us, "that I resigned my domestic happiness and left my family and peaceful habitation on the

* Georgetown College, Kentucky, 1874.



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Yadkin River, in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America in quest of the country of Kentucke." He came afoot, and was followed by a little troop of heroes and poets like himself.

I say heroes and poets, for they were stirred by the fine frenzy of true poetry and the adventurous daring of true heroism set upon an enterprise which brought forth an epic. Nature herself seemed conscious of the coming of an important embassy, and put on her richest apparel to receive it. The pomp of all the heraldries in the world could not have furnished out a splendider fête than that which waited these humble ministers and envoys in buckskin. It was when the June skies were softest and the June fruition was at its full; when the elm and the maple vied with one another which should show itself the more hospitable and magnificent; when the welcoming bluebird call was clearest and sweetest, that the mysterious pathway through the forest which had opened day after day, not like the fabled avenue in the enchanted garden, but like the track pointed out to Christian by divine inspiration, brought the little band to an elevation from which its members beheld, for the first time, the land they had come so far to see. Moses, stretching his weary eyes from Pisgah into Canaan, was not gladdened and refreshed by a lovelier prospect. It was, Boone declares in his autobiography, "a second paradise." A new world dawned upon him, a world in which nature revealed herself in perpetual surprises, a



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world throughout whose dells, meadows, and streams, disturbed only by the bear, the panther, and the wolf, giving a weird, habitable grandeur to the solitudes congenial to the heroic spirit, he might vindicate the poet's lines, actually finding—

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

It is apart from the purpose of the answer I have to make to the invitation with which you have honored me to pursue the story of the adventures that ensued, though they rival the deeds of Perseus and are not surpassed in legendary glory by the achievements of the mythical knights who followed the fortunes of Arthur and the Table Round. Nor shall I attempt to sketch, however briefly, the career of the commonwealth which thence sprang into existence, producing a succession of famous statesmen and soldiers, and, during three-quarters of a century, holding a place alongside of Virginia and Massachusetts in the household circle of States. I wish to speak to you, the youthful descendants of this most illustrious line, of the present rather than of the past. I ask you to look about you, to note the reduced rank into which Kentucky has fallen, to compare her in all aspects with other of the great and growing States of the country, and, if you reach the conclusion that there has been a decline from the old high point occupied by the State, to inquire the cause, and, having divined it,



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to consider the important question how you shall regain possession of the mantles of your forefathers, fit them to the times in which you live, and wear them, as they wore them, proudly among your fellow-men.

There are periods especially favorable to self-inspection. This, the centenary of the laying of the corner-stones at Harrodsburg, is one of them, and it is the more in season since it comes to us when the whole world is full of movement. Ancient things are vanishing away. The fabric of the past is everywhere undergoing repairs. We must e'en move with the rest. But, in putting our house in order, I would not have you believe it necessary to disturb its foundations, to alter its architectural design, or even to change its furniture. You may, indeed, find it well to remove a deal of rubbish which has somehow accumulated; but it was not put there, nor intended to be there at the first. The original plan does not leave us so much as a gable to remodel. The gimcrackery of modern invention has produced nothing half so worthy of preservation and respect as the old-fashioned solidarities of government, morals, and manners bequeathed us by the gentlemen of the backwoods, who wore with equal manliness and grace the knee-breeches of civilization and the hunting-shirt of the frontier. It is by restoring the spirit of those days, and adapting its high purposes and simple methods to contemporaneous uses, that we shall rise above the wretched dead-level which seems to content us.



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# The Compromises of Life

There are those who, puffed up by their own conceit, never weary of descanting upon the progress of enlightenment. In truth, if material development is to be regarded as the sole test of civilization, one cannot deny that the railroad has an advantage over the mail-coach and that the telegraph is a somewhat swifter agent of communication than the pony-post. Splendid cities have risen out of the wilderness. Great public institutions have come into being—here serving the calls of philanthropy and there answering the convenience of trade. Art galleries and museums, hotels and sleeping-cars, theatres and club-houses, books, newspapers, and periodicals contribute to our edification and comfort. Assuredly it would be affectation in any man to quarrel with novelties like these. But it is neither ungrateful nor irrelevant to contrast the material well-being which they denote with the moral, intellectual, and physical conditions of the age, and to inquire whether they have not been reached after some abatement of the standards applied by a more exacting, but at the same time a more God-fearing, man-loving epoch. Have we not purchased a diffusion of intelligence at the cost of thorough and special culture, and are we not warned by the history of the world that, unless the moral stature of a people advance with the acquisition of wealth, and what is called polite refinement, a descent in real manhood will be experienced, and that in spite of all the arts of all the masters?



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# A Plea for Provincialism

I am certainly not going to make an argument against pictures, against books, against railroads, telegraphs, street-cars, sleeping-coaches, hotels, newspapers, and places of elegant amusement. Plausible as such an argument might be made and enriched by multiplied illustrations, it would still fall flat before the material interests of the time, and the prejudices founded on those material interests. Futile the abstraction that does not propose to compass some prevailing, substantial, or fancied need! Nor do I believe in the doctrine of renunciation in any worldly sense. It is by no means essential to good morals, to good opinions, to good manners, that we discard the pleasures and advantages secured for us by the toil of our forefathers and enter upon a self-chastising course of sackcloth and ashes in order to revive a lively sense of their virtues. They cut their way through primeval forests. Without the aid of steam or electricity, they overcame all obstacles, creating an empire unsurpassed and erecting upon it a system matchless in all its parts, adequate to every noble aspiration, a watchword for freemen everywhere and the glory of its authors forever. They committed this to us. What have we done with it? What are we doing with it?

It seems to me, my young friends, that we may be likened, not inaptly, to the children of a rich and noble sire, who, dying after a long and honorable career, has left each of us a fortune. The need to work, as he



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worked, is not pressed upon us. We have picked up a little flippancy, which he was too busy to acquire, and, thinking ourselves highly accomplished, we take our store out into the world to display it in our own conceit. We fancy it enough to label it "Kentucky." Pleased with ourselves and our label, we press forward, like Orlando in the romance, seeking pleasures and adventures. To be sure, contact with the world, travel and experience, suggest new ideas to us; but these new ideas are not always good and useful. We grow luxurious; we must dress better; we must move faster; we must be comfortable while we move; in short, we must, as the comic song puts it,

'Keep up with the times and the fash-i-on."

One need begets another, one taste creates another, until, lo, the giddy spendthrift at length appears as a cosmopolitan, with flashy devices for putting the metaphorical Mansard roof of the gay world upon every object, domestic and social, that meets his eye. He is ashamed of the simple old home ways. The hearty grace and natural ease of his father, who was a gentleman of the rough-and-ready school, are replaced by the exceeding short-horn polish imparted by the dancing-master and the tailor. His very talk is changed. Instead of the plain language taught him by his mother, racy of the soil, full of honest Saxon words, and homely sense and wit—the vestal fire of our English tongue—he is fond of



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foreign references and cadences; and when he wants to be particularly genteel he drawls and stammers like a cockney. As a matter of course, he parts his hair in the middle. Neither the clothes, the food, the drink, the recreations of his childhood content him. He is not warmed by the scenes nor inspired by the memories of the past. Even the achievements of his father, except as they contribute to his vanity, have ceased to interest him. He is proud only of his riches and acquirements; not the acquirements of the scholar and the hero, bringing honor to the State, but of the voluptuary, whose chief aim is to imitate the fribbles by whom he has been dazzled. He would, in a word, throw aside the robust commonplaces of his native land, healthful and simple, for the wearying follies of other lands—all the while consulting his selfish inclinations, and never once stopping to ask himself how his indolence is going to affect the label, the trade-mark on which he relies and which he neglects. The last thing that disturbs him is—Kentucky. It is become old-fogyish to talk about the commonwealth,

> "The old three-cornered hat,
> And the breeches and all that,
> Are so queer."

Do I draw upon my imagination for my example? Will any of you pretend to set up the Kentucky of today against the Kentucky of yesterday? Take up a list



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of the great Kentuckians who flourished together during fifty years; take down the volumes that record their lives; consider them, intellectually and physically. Where is your Clay, who, as his old friend, Aris Throckmorton, described him—whether before the American people, or the American Senate, or the courts of Europe—"was always captain"? the man whose frown could awe a party and whose smile could win an enemy; the untaught statesman, diplomatist, and orator, who could go out from "the country of Kentucke," and hold his own with Talleyrand and Metternich, the peer of Gallatin and Adams—where is your Clay? Where is your Crittenden, the Bayard among party leaders, who, during fifty years, made the name of Kentucky ring throughout the Union—where is your Crittenden? Where are your Rowans and your Trimbles at the bar; your Marshalls, your Hardins, and your Letchers on the stump; your Menifees and your Moreheads in Congress? Where are your Wickliffes and your Wards, the beau-ideal of the private gentleman, to say nothing of your warriors, from Dick Johnson and the Shelbys to Albert Sidney Johnston, all giants and heroes in the most literal sense—where are they? The line is almost measureless, bristling with such names, each a name of national significance, as James Guthrie and Linn Boyd and Archibald Dixon. Which of you will offer yourself against any one of them? I have seen, I have known many of them, and I say to you with entire



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seriousness that they did in reality, and not merely in the imagination of their day, justify the romantic estimation in which they were held. You may consider it somewhat beyond the limit set upon a discourse of this kind to speak of the living, but, in carrying out my contrast, I cannot deny myself two or three illustrative examples which sustain the charge that the present generation of Kentuckians is relapsing into a state of mediocre indifferentiality and a relaxation of that provincial pride which lay at the bottom of the supremacy once enjoyed by the commonwealth. There are four living Kentuckians who represent the old school, the soldierly and gentleman-like school I have been speaking of at its best, four living Kentuckians, who, no matter where you place them—in the Senate, at home, or in the courts of foreign lands—will rank high. I mean John C. Breckinridge, William Preston, Joseph R. Underwood, and William O. Butler. The two latter, though octogenarians, are magnificent examples of the glory of the past; the two former, though still in the prime of life, are unemployed in the public service. I shall make no comment upon the circumstance beyond this reflection —suppose Kentucky had that quartette in the field today? Cynical people will answer, "Well, suppose she had?" I tell you, however, we have nobody to match them, nobody in the splendid manhood by which each is signalized as by a patent of nobility, and by splendid abilities and culture which you cannot



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duplicate—seek as you will from one end of the State to the other.

I do not mean to discredit the pretensions of the ambitious young men of our own time; but I ask you to look at Kentucky abroad and find a native Kentuckian, unless it be the newly made Secretary of the Treasury, occupying national position and influence. The same decline is visible in Massachusetts and Virginia, Kentucky's sisters in the old race of hero-statesmen. The newer States have all the great guns now, realizing the scriptural adage that the last shall be first.

There is a reason for this, and I think I can put you on the trail of it. It is a result of a heaven-defying modern impiousness, which scorns the old, slow, and homely methods, in a vain and wicked effort to formularize society under certain universally recognized conventional limitations. It is the application to the social system of the centralization theory so dear to that class of political charlatans who would square the whole world by a specific foot-rule, heedless alike of characteristics and conditions.

The provincial spirit, which is dismissed from polite society in a half-sneering, half-condemnatory way, is really one of the forces in human achievement. As a man loses his provincialism he loses, in part, his originality, and, in this way, so much of his power as proceeds from his originality. The same may be said of nations. Cosmopolitanism in ideas, in dress, in manners, is merely



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an imitation of that which is not our own, and is usually obtained at the expense of that which is inherently picturesque and strong. It seems that there must be a focus to everything mechanical and natural; and, as the most artificial of contrivances is society, the gay French capital has come to be, by a sort of common consent, the social focus of the world. So Paris gives the fashion to many things besides dress. It is the seat of the most accepted cosmopolitanism. Excepting the achievements of its milliners and cooks, however, what glorious conceptions can we trace to Paris? As a theatre of action, it is certainly the arena of great exploits. But when we seek for the pure and noble things of earth, we do not go to Paris; we go to regions which have not been refined out of all naturalness and force. The truth is, the Parisian, for all his boasting, is not a cosmopolitan. Among men he is least adaptable. Remove him from his beloved boulevards, and he is lost. He begins to wither. He is but a provincial—his provincialism being of the feebler sort, exercising its originality on bonnets and patés. The English are the most provincial people in the world, and the most achieving; and their provincialism is of great profit to themselves, at once burly and offensive. The German, as he grows stronger, grows more provincial. There was a time when Massachusetts, Virginia, and Kentucky led all the States, each possessed of a provincialism peculiarly its own, full of quaint points and odd conceits, characteristic of ardor, self-esteem, and indi-



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vidual effort. This domestic spirit, this parent of the home-rule idea in government, when highly developed and well-taught, brings men out to their fullest, and is the spring not of national divisions but of national unity.

Take the example furnished by Virginia, where it was the source and resource of the popular thought and culture during more than a hundred years. There was never a community so permeated by national ideas. It was Virginia, more than all the other States combined, that brought round the ratification of the American Constitution. It was Virginia that furnished the ablest statesmen of the constitutional epoch. It was Virginia, among the States of the South, that clung most tenaciously to the Union. It was Virginia that, desolated by armies and tempted by necessity, never swerved a hair's line from the path of duty and honor she had marked out for herself, passing through the dreadful ordeal of war faithful and temperate and courageous to the last. It was Virginia that murmured least and suffered most; Virginia which, stripped and crippled as she is, stands to-day before the country a monument of all that is heroic in man. Our venerable mother! shall we not honor her and be proud of her? Yet but a province, with provincial peculiarities, why should she have so carried herself? I answer, because of the home spirit, the provincial spirit, communicated orally and by example from generation to generation.

The same spirit has done much for Kentucky, and I



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would keep it from dying out. I would cherish it. I would urge, indeed, that it be supported by the special culture belonging to the age in which we live; but never forgotten nor abandoned. Let each one of you improve himself as he may; let him study, travel, aspire; but, whatever he reads, wherever he goes, and however he is moved, let him feel to his uttermost "I am a provincial. What is life to me if I gain the whole world and lose my province. A fairer land there is not. A nobler race of men and women lives not. It is all in all to me, and to be a part of it, to reflect some credit on it, to transmit its features to my children, *that* is the object of my striving, and I know no higher ambition." If it be said to me that this sets but a barnyard horizon upon the young man's highway, I have to answer that it will stunt no man's growth. It is not necessary to go far to rise high. The man never did rise high who was not, from youth to age, warmed by the inspirations of his home, the soul-stirring memories of the roof-tree, and the fireside.

"Take the bright shell
From its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea;
So take the fond heart
From its home by the hearth,
It will sing of the loved ones
To the end of the earth."

Be sure of this, that great achievements spring from



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noble impulses, and that the soul of these has in all time, at the first and at the last, refreshed itself at the pure fountains by the side of which it caught its earliest glimpses of the beautiful and the great. The greatest hearts are ever the fondest and the simplest, and those who have striven humbly, working in a narrow circle, have usually produced the grandest results.

"We figure to ourselves
The thing we like, and then we build it up,
As chance will have it on the rock or sand,
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
And home-bound fancy runs her bark ashore."

I did not come here, my friends, to deliver what is called "an oration." I came to talk to you of Kentucky, as a Kentuckian; for, though I was not born within the geographic lines which embrace what old Daniel Boone called "the country of Kentucke," it is the land of my forefathers, as of yours, made sacred to my heart by more green mounds than I have living kindred. I look back over the hundred years closed in by this year, and, seeing in my mind's eye the figure of a certain Grandfather Whitehead, who, long after the allotted threescore and ten, could fetch down his squirrel with his rifle, I thrill anew with the story which he told me of the early settlers, and their progeny, who made the province glorious and great. I see the canebrake and the block-house. I hear the ring of the rifle and the axe. I smell the rose above the mould. Then,



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looking around about me, I see—pardon me if I say it—I see the people no longer proud within themselves—though vain of what they possess—nor eager to salute and rally to their representative men. I see a miserable cosmopolitan frivolity stealing over the strong, simple ruralism of the by-gone time. I see native worth ignored, and pretence set up everywhere—just as it is outside. I smell the mould above the rose. I go to sleep, and I dream of something else—I behold, in the gorgeous vision which comes to me in sleep, a Kentucky, realizing the ecstasy of Boone, "a second paradise"—a Kentucky populous and rich, but still Kentucky; the old spirit unabated, the old signals at the fore; a Kentucky as fruitful and peaceful and provincial as Warwickshire, which, though it has multiplied its inhabitants many times over since Shakespeare died, is to-day as rural, as picturesque, as antique, odd, and attractive as it was when he wandered along the banks of its Avon to see Queen Bess and take notes of court life amid the splendors of Kenilworth Castle; a Kentucky filled with genuine Kentucky stock, a stalwart and courteous manhood, a chaste and womanly womanhood, hospitable, sincere, and brave. I say I dream of this; but I should add that I am a believer in dreams.



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## THE NATION'S DEAD*

I should not have ventured to come here to-day—I should not trust myself to speak in this place—if I were conscious of any sectional or partisan feeling that may not do honor to a citizen of the United States. It would be an affectation in me if I should ignore the exceptional circumstance of my coming, or fail to be guided in the discharge of the duty you have assigned me by a recognition of that circumstance. Herein, it has seemed to me, lies all that is good or fit in the occasion which brings us together. "On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America"—I use the words of one of the most famous writers of England—"there hang two crossed swords which his relatives wore in the great war of independence; the one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the king, the other was the weapon of a brave and honored republican soldier." The opportunity has been given us to cross in the everlasting peace of death swords that were crossed in the death-struggle, proud of the undoubting spirit which carried

* National Cemetery, Nashville, Tenn., Decoration Day, 1877.



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them in life; proud of the fortitude and courage which sustained them to the end; proud still, though sorrowful, over the tragedy which caused them to flash the prowess of our era, our country, and our race throughout the world. The day will come when the picture of the soldier who wore the gray will hang side by side with that of the soldier who wore the blue, and be pointed to with undiscriminating elation by a common progeny. The day has already come when the animosities of war, growing less and less distinct as the years have passed, should disappear altogether from the hearts of brave men and good women. I can truly say that each soldier who laid down his life for his opinions was my comrade, no matter in which army he fought.

We are assembled, my countrymen, to commemorate the patriotism and valor of the brave men who died to save the Union. We stand upon consecrated ground. In the deep seclusion of this hallowed spot there is nothing to disturb the mind or inflame the heart. The season brings its tribute to the scene; pays its homage to the dead; inspires the living. There are images of tranquillity all about us: in the calm sunshine upon the ridges; in the tender shadows that creep along the streams; in the waving grass and grain that mark God's love and bounty; in the flowers that bloom over the many, many graves. There is peace everywhere in this land to-day.



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# The Compromises of Life

"Peace on the open seas,
In all our sheltered bays and ample streams,
Peace where'er our starry banner gleams,
And peace in every breeze."

The war is over. It is for us to bury its passions with its dead; to bury them beneath a monument raised by the American people to American manhood and the American system, in order that "the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

There is no one of us, wore he the one cloth or the other, come he from the granite hills of New England or the orange groves of the Sunny South, who has not an interest for himself and for his children in the preservation and perpetuation of Free America. It is a reciprocal, as well as a joint interest; and, relating to the greatest of human affairs, it ought to be not only a paramount, but a holy interest. The most obstinate of partisans, the most untravelled of provincials, cannot efface or obscure, still less dispute, the story of heroism in war, of moderation in peace, which, written in letters of vestal fire, will blaze forever upon our national tablets. The occasion which brings us here has this significance: it is illustrative; it tells us that we have come to understand that there could be no lasting peace, nor real republicanism, while any freeman's right was abridged, or any patriot's grave un-



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honored. The freedom of each and every State, of each and every citizen, is at length assured; and there remains no longer so much as a pretext why the glory of the past, marked by the graves of all who fell in the battle, should not become the property of the whole people. The old feudal ideas of treason do not belong to our institutions or our epoch. Their influence in public affairs, as far as they have influenced public affairs, has been hostile to the national unity and peace. Our future is to be secured by generous concessions, for ours was a war of mistakes, not of disgraces.

There was an organic question left fatally open by the authors of our Constitution. There was a property interest madly entangled with the moral nature of the time. There was no tribunal having power to determine the issue. It is, perhaps, little to say that, had the people foreseen all the consequences, they would not have resorted to arms; on the contrary, recent experience shows us that they would have made supreme sacrifices for the sake of peace. All history relates that wars are more or less the subjects of misconception and mischance. It is rare, indeed, if ever, when all the right lies on the one side and all the wrong on the other. In our case, and I take leave to speak for both sides, we have much to deplore, nothing to make us ashamed. Assuredly, the world has never seen terms so liberal extended to soldiers beaten in civil broil; or known such abstinence from sanguinary revenges during the



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progress of the strife. It is necessary to remind no one of the conduct of Grant and Sherman in the moment of their triumph. The conflicts of this present hour cannot shut out from the hearts of grateful men the spectacle of that dismal day, when, rising above the passions of victory and the ruins of conquest, the chiefs of the armies of the North remembered not merely that they were soldiers and men of honor, but that they were Americans. It was our Lee who paid the honors of war to your Kearny. When the body of Morgan was borne to its last resting-place, soldiers of the Union, assembled by chance on the public square in Nashville, stood, soldier-like, uncovered as their fallen adversary passed. When McPherson fell a thrill of sorrow went along the whole Confederate line. I believe, to-day, that the assassination of Abraham Lincoln is lamented in the South hardly less than in the North.

I know, my friends, that narrow-minded and embittered partisans will say there is nothing in all this. I know that theorists will declare that great results are not reached through the affections. I am ready to admit the caprice as well as the insubstantiality which belong to influences of the sentimental sort. But every line of understanding must have some bond of feeling; and I maintain that those touches of manhood, of nature, of sorrow, of pride, of generosity and pity, which make the whole world kin, tell us specifi-



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cally and with emphasis that we are of one family, and should be of one household forever. It is not a matter of faith and hope, but of experience and observation, with me, proclaimed on all occasions these dozen years and more, that the people of the North and South are one people, thoroughly homogeneous, differing only in those externals which, the universe over, distinguish several communities. That which is wanting in us is less of self-conceit and more of love for our country; a deeper, sincerer devotion to the principles of civil liberty which are bound up in the system under which we live; a self-sacrificing spirit where the honor of the nation is at stake. To sectionalism and partyism we owe our undoing. We shall owe our restoration to nationalism, and to nationalism alone. The man who was a Confederate, and is a nationalist, must feel when treading the floor of Faneuil Hall that he is at home. In every part of the South the starry ensign of the Republic must be not only a symbol of protection, but the source and resource of popular enthusiasm. Above all, the cabin of the poor man, whatever his color, race, or opinions, must be a freeman's castle. In the North, constitutional traditions must revive; in the South, the old inspirations of the Union.

I declare here to-day that the South, more especially the young manhood of the South, yearns for national fellowship. It stretches out its arms to the national government beseechingly; it entreats the North not to



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build up a national spirit which shall in a word or thought proscribe it, or those who are to come after it. The present generation of Southern men is in no wise responsible for the acts of the last. It has no antecedents except those which illustrated its sincerity and its valor on the battle-field; its fidelity to its beliefs; its fidelity to its leaders; its fidelity to itself. These are but so many hostages to the nation at large. Instead of stigmatizing it, the victor in the fight should throw over the South the flag of the Republic; should place in front of it the emblematic eagles of the State; should fold it round from the dark and the light with the instinct of maternity, tenderest to its crippled offspring. To the young men of the South the country must look for the resurrection of the South. They should carry no dead weights either in their hearts or on their backs. The work of physical liberation, which is happily ended, is to be followed by a greater, a grander work—the work of moral emancipation. A sagacious statesmanship, even more than a generous magnanimity points to this as alike the hope of the white man and the black man; the real restoration of the Union; the true solution of the problems of life and labor raised up by the mighty vicissitudes of the last fifteen years.

It is not my purpose to speak of current political issues, except those which are always current, which are above all parties—our whole country, our whole



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people—the glory of the one, the integrity of the other. Those of us who stood in the front of the battle, who suffered and endured, settled the account between ourselves long ago. We may quarrel never so much, as honest men will and as honest men ought, about the things of to-day. That is republicanism which gives each man the right, as it imposes upon each the duty, to speak his mind out freely, to make his wants known—subject neither to bayonet nor ban—limited only by the injunctions set by God upon the sincerity, no less than the courage, of all men's conviction. In the party sense, we may quarrel to-day and fraternize to-morrow; what boots it? There is no one of us who does not know in the core of his heart that, as matters of fact and truth, such quarrels have no bottom to them. They make us angry, abusive, ungenerous. As a rule, the warmest and truest natures are, for the moment, most intolerant. The most charitable, the most magnanimous of men, believing themselves in the right, believing all who do not agree with them in the wrong, become unyielding, sometimes bitter. It is an attribute of simple earnestness. Those who possess it should prize it, and, after the event, weigh its conclusions with discrimination. Let a counter-interest come between, let a common grief, and lo! the mist rises. Those who worship the same God, who kneel at the same shrine, who breathe to Heaven the same prayers, who sing the same songs,



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in whose mouths the inspirations of holy writ and the precepts of Anglo-Saxon freedom are as familiar as household words, can afford no impassable gulfs, cannot seriously and permanently be estranged. The dead who lie here; the dead of all the battle-fields, the dead of the South and the North, comrades at last in the immortality of the soul, can leave us, do leave us, this lesson only: That we are Americans; that we are republicans; that we are blessed in our condition; that we should cherish it and one another, for God's sake and for the honor of the flag! The poet put it inversely when he wrote:

"I think in the lives of most women and men
  There's a time when all might go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
  To come back and be forgiven."

Alas, it is the living who must go to the dead for instructions. The brave hearts that lie about us here have nothing to ask of us. They are everlasting, now. They know all. They are moved no longer by the fever, the worry and the fret, the error and the folly, the laughter and the tears of this poor world. They need seek the forgiveness of none of us. They earned their shining titles of the ever-living God on the field of battle. I would put upon their graves the inscription which marks the last resting-place of two brothers in Virginia, who fell on opposing sides, "Which was right? God knows." I care not to know. I do know



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that all of us thought we were right; and, feeling as I do, I would visit, and revisit, these burial-places, not to light the torches of hatred, but, by humiliation and prayer, to draw from those mystic forces of the invisible, which move us we know not how, some token, some inspiration, for the future.

I hope, my friends, that, though speaking in the general, and making no effort at display, I put the case with plainness. All of us here are neighbors. We know each other fairly well; we are moved by the every-day promptings of our lot; some good, some ill. We ought not to desire a ceremony like this to be imposing, or grand, or in any way ostentatious. He would be a poor maker of phrases who could not turn it to account. I come to you, come back to you, who went hence a boy, but who has preserved the instincts, with the traditions, of a youth which, as you will remember, cannot be brought to contradict what, in my mature manhood, I have tried to say. I hoped, when you called me, that I might contribute a little to the era of good-will, conceiving that its only value would be its sincerity; for I need but repeat myself—ever since you knew me—to do honor to the patriotism and valor of those who died to save the Union, gratitude and respect to those who have lived to save it. War or no war, we are all countrymen, fellow-citizens; and it is no empty sentiment or idle rhapsody which seeks to bring us nearer together. The



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day of the sectionalist is over. The day of the nationalist has come. It has come, and it will grow brighter and brighter, dotting the land, not with battle-fields, but with school-houses, in which our children, instructed better than ourselves, will learn to discern the shallow arts of the self-seeking demagogue, who would thrive by playing upon men's ignorance and passion. We have seen within the last few weeks how a little generosity in the fountains of our political existence has warmed the hearts of men and elevated the tone of public life. This tells us simply but truly that party lines are not, and ought not to be, lines of battle, separating men committed to deadly strife. It tells us that we, the people—acting as a nation—should be sufficiently independent, because sufficiently enlightened, to detect the true from the false in our leaders and in our system. There are few of us who do not know instinctively the truth. We are constantly deceiving ourselves, constantly and consciously allowing ourselves to be deceived, by sordid circumstance and special pleading. I shall not pretend that it is possible for us to escape this infirmity of human nature. That which I plead for, which I have pleaded for all my life, is that we shall be governed in our public intercourse by the same fair-minded and self-respecting principles of conduct which good men bring to their private intercourse.

Fellow-soldiers of the Union: I cannot close with-



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out thanking you for the opportunity your generosity has given me to speak in this place, and on my native soil, for your country and my country, for your flag and my flag. The Union is indeed restored, when the hands that pulled that flag down come willingly and lovingly to put it up again. I come with a full heart and a steady hand to salute the flag that floats above me—my flag and your flag—the flag of the Union—the flag of the free heart's hope and home—the star-spangled banner of our fathers—the flag that, uplifted triumphantly over a few brave men, has never been obscured, destined by the God of the universe to waft on its ample folds the eternal song of freedom to all mankind, emblem of the power on earth which is to exceed that on which it was said the sun never went down. I had it in my mind to say that it is for us, the living, to decide whether the hundreds of thousands who fell on both sides during the battle were blessed martyrs to an end, shaped by a wisdom greater than ours, or whether they died in vain. I shall not admit the thought. They did not die in vain. The power, the divine power, which made for us a garden of swords, sowing the land broadcast with sorrow, will reap thence for us, and for the ages, a nation truly divine; a nation of freedom and of freemen; where tolerance shall walk hand in hand with religion, while civilization points out to patriotism the many open highways to human right and glory.



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## THE NEW SOUTH *

I assure you that I consider this a very great occasion. I might call it an event in my life. It is true that my intercourse with banks and bankers has ever been of a pleasing and satisfactory character—and I hope equally so on both sides of the counter—but I never did expect to catch the whole banking system of the country "on the wing," as it were, and to get "the drop on it!" The temptation to proceed to business is almost irresistible, and, if my friend Haldeman, who has a turn for these things and is a magician in exchanges, renewals, and discounts, were only here, we might pool the billions which you represent, get up a corner on the national debt, and take out a post-obit on the public credit!

There is something exhilarating in the sense of rubbing against so much money, and, for the first time, I can realize the full meaning of the immortal Sellers when he said: "Millions of it! Millions of it! floating about in the air."

Being a provident person, and not without a certain prudent forecast, I have always been a friend to

* American Bankers' Association, Louisville, October 11, 1883.



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the banks. A man may quarrel with his wife; he may sometimes venture a suggestion to his mother-in-law; but he must love, honor, and obey his banker.

It was not, however, to hear of banks and bankers and banking that you did me the honor to call me before you. I am told that to-day you are considering that problem which has so disturbed the politicians—the South—and that you wish me to talk to you about the South. The South! The South! It is no problem at all. I thank God that at last we can say with truth, it is simply a geographic expression. The whole story of the South may be summed up in a sentence: She was rich, and she lost her riches; she was poor and in bondage; she was set free, and she had to go to work; she went to work, and she is richer than ever before. You see it was a ground-hog case. The soil was here. The climate was here; but along with them was a curse, the curse of slavery. God passed the rod across the land and smote the people. Then, in His goodness and mercy, He waved the wand of enchantment, and, lo, like a flower, His blessing burst forth! Indeed, may the South say, as in the experience of men it is rare for any to say with perfect sincerity:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

The South never knew what independence meant until she was taught by subjection to subdue herself. We lived from hand to mouth. We had our debts



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and our niggers. Under the old system we paid our debts and walloped our niggers. Under the new we pay our niggers and wallop our debts. We have no longer any slaves, but we have no longer any debts, and can exclaim, with the old darky at the camp-meeting, who, whenever he got happy, went about shouting: "Bless the Lord! I'm gittin' fatter an' fatter!"

The truth is that, behind the great ruffle the South wore to its shirt, there lay concealed a superb manhood. That this manhood was perverted, there is no doubt. That it wasted its energies upon trifles, is beyond dispute. That it took a pride in cultivating what it called "the vices of a gentleman," I am afraid must be admitted. But, at heart, it was sound; from that heart flowed honest Anglo-Saxon blood; and, when it had to lay aside its broadcloth and put on its jeans, it was equal to the emergency. And the women of the South took their place by the side of the men of the South, and, with spinning-wheel and ploughshare, together they made a stand against the wolf at the door. That was fifteen years ago, and to-day there is not a reward offered in a single Southern State for wolf-skins. The fact is, the very wolves have got ashamed of themselves and gone to work.

I beg you to believe that, in saying this, my purpose is neither to amuse nor to mislead you. Although my words may seem to carry with them an unbusiness-like levity, I assure you that my design is wholly busi-



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ness-like. You can see for yourselves here in Louisville what the South has done; what the South can do. If all this has been achieved without credit, and without your powerful aid—and I am now addressing myself to the North and East, which have feared to come South with their money—what might not be achieved if the vast aggregations of capital in the fiscal centres should add this land of wine, milk, and honey to their fields of investment and give us the same cheap rates which are enjoyed by nearer but not safer borrowers? The future of the South is not a whit less assured than the future of the West. Why should money, which is freely loaned to Iowa and Illinois, be refused to Alabama and Mississippi? I perfectly understand that business is business, and that capital is as unsectional as unsentimental. I am speaking from neither spirit. You have money to loan. We have a great country to develop.

We need the money. You can make a profit off the development. When I say that we need money, I do not mean the sort of money once demanded by an old Georgia farmer, who, in the early days, came up to Milledgeville to see General Robert Toombs, at the time a director of the State Bank. "Robert," says he, "the folks down our way air in need of more money." The profane Robert replied: "Well, how in the h— are they going to get it?" "Why," says the farmer, "can't you *stomp* it?" "Suppose we do *stomp*



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it, how are we going to redeem it?" "Exactly, Robert, exactly. That was just what I was coming to. You see, the folks down our way air agin redemption." We want good money, honest money, hard money, money that will redeem itself.

We have given hostages to fortune, and our works are before you. I know that capital is proverbially timid. But what are you afraid of? Is it our cotton that alarms you? or our corn? or our sugar? Perhaps it is our coal and iron. Without you, in truth, many of these products must make slow progress, while others will continue to lie hid in the bowels of the earth. With you the South will bloom as a garden and sparkle as a gold-mine; for, whether you tickle her fertile plains with a straw or apply a more violent titillation to her fat mountain-sides, she is ready to laugh a harvest of untold riches!

I am not a banker, and it would be a kind of effrontery in me to undertake to advise you in your own business. But there is a point which relates to the safe investment of money on which I can venture to express an opinion with some positivity. That is, the political stability, involving questions of law and order, in the South. My belief is that life and property are as secure in the South as they are in New England. I am certain that men are at least as safe in Kentucky and Tennessee as women seem to be in Connecticut. The truth is, the war is over and the country is whole again. The people,



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always homogeneous, have a common, national interest. For my own part, I have never believed in isothermal lines, air-lines, and water-lines separating distinct races. I no more believe that that river yonder, dividing Indiana and Kentucky, marks off two distinct species than I believe that the great Hudson, flowing through the State of New York, marks off distinct species. Such theories only live in the fancy of morbid minds. We are all one people. Commercially, financially, morally, we are one people. Divide as we will into parties, we are one people. It is this sense which gives a guarantee of peace and order at the South, and offers a sure and lasting escort to all the capital which may come to us for investment.



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## LET US HAVE PEACE *

I believe that, at this moment, the people of the United States are nearer together, in all that constitutes kindred feeling and common interest, than they have been at any time since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. If it were not so, I should hardly venture to come here and talk to you as I am going to talk to-night. As it is, surrounded though I be by Union soldiers, my bridges burned, and every avenue of escape cut off, I am not in the least disconcerted or appalled. On the contrary, I never felt safer or happier, or more at home. Indeed, I think that, supported by your presence and sustained by these commissary stores, I could stand a siege of several months and hold out against incredible odds. It is wonderful how circumstances alter cases: for it was not always so.

I am one of many witnesses who live to tell the story of a journey to the moon, and back! It may not be that I have any marvels of personal adventure or any prodigies of individual valor to relate; but I do not owe my survival to the precaution taken by a member of the Confederate battery, commanded by the brave Captain Howell, of Georgia. It was

* Annual Banquet, Society of the Army of the Tennessee, Chicago, October 9, 1891.



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the habit of this person to go to the rear whenever the battery got well under fire. At last Captain Howell called him up and admonished him that, if the breach of duty was repeated, he would shoot him down as he went, without a word. The reply came on the instant: "That's all right, Cap'n; that's all right; you can shoot me; but I'll be dadburned if I'm going to let them darn'd Yankees do it!" I at least gave you the opportunity to try, and I am much your debtor that, in my case, your marksmanship was so defective.

You have been told that the war is over. I think that I, myself, have heard that observation. I am glad of it. Roses smell sweeter than gunpowder; for everyday uses the carving-knife is preferable to the bayonet, or the sabre; and, in a contest for first choice between cannon-balls and wine-corks, I have a decided prejudice in favor of the latter!

The war is over, and it is well over. God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives. I am glad of that. I can conceive nothing worse for ourselves, nothing worse for our children, than what might have been if the war had ended otherwise, leaving two exhausted combatants to become the prey of foreign intervention and diplomacy, setting the clock of civilization back a century, and splitting the noblest of the continents into five or six weak and warring republics, like those of South America, to repeat in the New World the mistakes of the Old.



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# The Compromises of Life

The war is over, truly; and, let me repeat, it is well over. If anything were wanting to proclaim its termination from every house-top and door-post in the land, that little brush we had last spring with Signor Macroni furnished it. As to the touch of an electric bell, the whole people rallied to the brave words of the Secretary of State, and, for the moment, sections and parties sank out of sight and thought in one overmastering sentiment of racehood, manhood, and nationality.

I shall not stop to inquire whether the war made us better than we were. It certainly made us better acquainted, and, on the whole, it seems to me that we are none the worse for that better acquintance. The truth is, the trouble between us was never more than skin-deep; and the curious thing about it is that it was not our skin, anyhow! It was a black skin, not a white skin, that brought it about.

As I see it, our great sectional controversy was, from first to last, the gradual evolution of a people from darkness to light, with no charts or maps to guide them, and no experience to lead the way.

The framers of our Constitution found themselves unable to fix decisively and to define accurately the exact relation of the States to the Federal Government. On that point they left what may be described as an "open clause," and through that open clause, as through an open door, the grim spectre of disunion stalked. It was attended on one hand by African slavery: on the



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other hand by sectional jealousy, and, between these evil spirits, the household flower of peace was torn from its stem and tossed into the caldron of war.

In the beginning, all of us were guilty, and equally guilty, for African slavery. It was the good fortune of the North first to find out that slave labor was not profitable. So, very sensibly, it sold its slaves to the South, which, very disastrously, pursued the delusion. Time at last has done its perfect work: the South sees now, as the North saw before it, that the system of slavery, as it existed, was the clumsiest and costliest labor system on earth, and that when we took the field to fight for it we set out upon a fool's errand. Under slave labor the yield of cotton never reached five million bales. Under free labor it has never fallen below that figure, gradually ascending to six and seven, until, this year, it is about to reach nearly nine million bales.

This tells the whole story. I am not here to talk politics, of course. But I put it to you whether this is not a pretty good showing for free black labor, and whether, with such showing, the Southern whites can afford any other than just and kind treatment to the blacks, without whom, indeed, the South would be a brier-patch and half our national gold-income a gaping hole in the ground!

Gentlemen, I beg that you will not be apprehensive. I know full well that this is neither a time, nor place, for abstract economies; and I am not going to afflict you



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with a dissertation upon free trade or free silver. I came, primarily, to bow my head and to pay my measure of homage to the statue that was unveiled to-day. The career and the name which that statue commemorates belong to me no less than to you. When I followed him to the grave—proud to appear in the obsequies, though as the obscurest of those who bore an official part therein—I felt that I was helping to bury not only a great man, but a true friend. From that day to this the story of the life and death of General Grant has more and more impressed and touched me.

I never allowed myself to make his acquaintance until he had quitted the White House. The period of his political activity was full of uncouth and unsparing partisan contention. It was a kind of civil war. I had my duty to do, and I did not dare to trust myself to the subduing influence of what I was sure must follow friendly relations between such a man as he was and such a man as I knew myself to be. In this I was not mistaken, as the sequel proved. I met him for the first time beneath my own vine and fig-tree, and a happy series of accidents, thereafter, gave me the opportunity to meet him often and to know him well. He was the embodiment of simplicity, integrity, and courage; every inch a general, a soldier, and a man; but, in the circumstances of his last illness, a figure of heroic proportions for the contemplation of the ages. I recall nothing in history so sublime as the spectacle of that brave spirit,



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broken in fortune and in health, with the dread hand of the dark angel clutched about his throat, struggling with every breath to hold the clumsy, unfamiliar weapon with which he sought to wrest from the jaws of death something for the support of wife and children when he was gone! If he had done nothing else, that would have made his exit from the world an epic!

A little while after I came to my home from the last scene of all, I found that a woman's hand had collected the insignia I had worn in the magnificent, melancholy pageant—the orders assigning me to duty and the funeral scarfs and badges—and had grouped and framed them; unbidden, silently, tenderly; and when I reflected that the hands that did this were those of a loving Southern woman, whose father had fallen on the Confederate side in the battle, I said: "The war indeed is over; let us have peace!" Gentlemen; soldiers; comrades; the silken folds that twine about us here, for all their soft and careless grace, are yet as strong as hooks of steel! They hold together a united people and a great nation; for, realizing the truth at last—with no wounds to be healed and no stings of defeat to remember—the South says to the North, as simply and as truly as was said three thousand years ago in the far-away meadow upon the shores of the mystic sea: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."



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## OUR EXPANDING REPUBLIC*

Among the wonders of creative and constructive genius in course of preparation for this Festival of the Nations, whose formal and official inauguration has brought us together, will presently be witnessed upon the margin of the inter-ocean, which gives to this noble and beautiful city the character and rank of a maritime metropolis, a Spectatorium, wherein the Columbian epic will be told with realistic effects surpassing the most splendid and impressive achievements of the modern stage. No one, who has had the good fortune to see the models of this extraordinary work of art, can have failed to be moved by the union, which it embodies, of the antique in history and the modern in life and thought, as, beginning with the weird mendicant fainting upon the hill-side of Santa Rabida, it traces the strange adventures of the Genoese seer from the royal camp of Santa Fé to the sunny coasts of the Isles of Inde; through the weary watches of the endless night, whose sentinel stars seemed set to mock but not to guide; through the trackless and shoreless wastes of the mystic sea, spread day by day to bear

* Dedication of the World's Fair, Chicago, October 21, 1892.



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upon every rise and fall of its heaving bosom the death of fair, fond hopes, the birth of strange, fantastic fears; the peerless and thrilling revelation, and all that has followed to the very moment that beholds us here, citizens, freemen, equal shareholders in the miracle of American civilization and freedom. Is there one among us who does not thank his Maker that he has lived to join in this universal celebration, this jubilee of mankind?

I am appalled when I realize the meaning of the proclamation which has been delivered in our presence. The painter, employed by command of the self-styled Lord's anointed to render to the eye some particular exploit of the people or the king, knows precisely what he has to do; there is a limit set upon his purpose; his canvas is measured; his colors are blended, and, with the steady and sure hand of the master, he proceeds, touch upon touch, to body forth the forms of things known and visible. Who shall measure the canvas or blend the colors that are to bring to the mind's eye of the present the scenes of the past in American glory? Who shall attempt to summon the dead to life, and out of the tomb of the ages recall the tones of the martyrs and heroes whose voices, though silent forever, still speak to us in all that we are as a nation, in all that we do as men and women?

We look before and after, and we see through the



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half-drawn folds of Time, as through the solemn archways of some vast cathedral, the long procession pass, as silent and as real as a dream; the caravels, tossing upon Atlantic billows, have their sails refilled from the East and bear away to the West; the land is reached, and fulfilled is the vision whose actualities are to be gathered by other hands than his who planned the voyage and steered the bark of discovery; the long-sought, golden day has come to Spain at last, and Castilian conquests tread one upon another fast enough to pile up perpetual power and riches.

But even as simple justice was denied Columbus was lasting tenure denied the Spaniard.

We look again, and we see in the far Northeast the Old World struggle between the French and English transferred to the new, ending in the epic upon the heights above Quebec; we see the sturdy Puritans in bell-crowned hats and sable garments assail in unequal battle the savage and the elements, overcoming both, to rise against a mightier foe; we see the gay but dauntless Cavaliers, to the southward, join hands with the Roundheads in holy rebellion. And, lo! down from the green-walled hills of New England, out of the swamps of the Carolinas, come, faintly to the ear like far-away forest leaves stirred to music by autumn winds, the drum-taps of the Revolution; the tramp of the minute-men, Israel Putnam riding before; the hoof-beats of Sumter's horse galloping to the front;



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the thunder of Stark's guns in spirit-battle; the gleam of Marion's watch-fires in ghostly bivouac; and there, there in serried, saint-like ranks on fame's eternal camping-ground, stand—

> "The old Continentals,
> In their ragged regimentals,
> Yielding not,"

as, amid the singing of angels in Heaven, the scene is shut out from our mortal vision by proud and happy tears.

We see the rise of the young Republic; and the gentlemen in knee-breeches and powdered wigs who signed the Declaration, and again the gentlemen in knee-breeches and powdered wigs who framed the Constitution. We see the little nation menaced from without. We see the riflemen, in hunting-shirt and buckskin, swarm from the cabin in the wilderness to the rescue of country and home; and our hearts swell to a second and final decree of independence won by the prowess and valor of American arms upon the land and sea.

And then, and then—since there is no life of nations or of men without its shadow and its sorrow—there comes a day when the spirits of the fathers no longer walk upon the battlements of freedom; and all is dark; and all seems lost, save liberty and honor, and, praise God, our blessed Union. With these surviving, who shall marvel at what we see to-day; this land filled



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with the treasures of earth; this city, snatched from the ashes, to rise in splendor and renown, passing the mind to preconceive?

Truly, out of trial comes the strength of man, out of peril comes the glory of the state!

We are met this day to honor the memory of Christopher Columbus, to celebrate the four-hundredth annual return of the year of his transcendent achievement, and, with fitting rites, to dedicate to America and the universe a concrete exposition of the world's progress between 1492 and 1892. No twenty centuries can be compared with those four centuries, either in importance or in interest, as no previous ceremonial can be compared with this in its wide significance and reach; because, since the advent of the Son of God, no event has had so great an influence upon human affairs as the discovery of the Western hemisphere. Each of the centuries that have intervened marks many revolutions. The merest catalogue would crowd a thousand pages. The story of the least of the nations would fill a volume. In what I have to say upon this occasion, therefore, I shall confine myself to our own; and, in speaking of the United States of America, I propose rather to dwell upon our character as a people, and our reciprocal obligations and duties as an aggregation of communities, held together by a fixed constitution, and charged with the custody of a union upon whose preservation and perpetuation in its



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original spirit and purpose the future of free, popular government depends, than to enter into a dissertation upon abstract principles, or to undertake an historic essay. We are a plain, practical people. We are a race of inventors and workers, not of poets and artists. We have led the world's movement, rather than its belles lettres. Our deeds are to be found not upon frescoed walls, or in ample libraries, but in the machine-shop, where the spindles sing and the looms thunder; on the open plain, where the steam-plough, the reaper, and the mower contend with one another in friendly war against the obduracies of nature; in the magic of electricity as it penetrates the darkest caverns with its irresistible power and light. Let us consider ourselves and our conditions, as far as we are able, with a candor untinged by cynicism, and a confidence having no touch of condescension.

A better opportunity could not be desired for a study of our peculiarities than is furnished by the present moment.

We are in the midst of the quadrennial period established for the selection of a Chief Magistrate. Each citizen has his right of choice, each has his right to vote, and to have his vote freely cast and fairly counted. Wherever this right is assailed for any cause wrong is done and evil must follow, first to the whole country, which has an interest in all its parts, but most to the community immediately involved, which must



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actually drink of the cup that has contained the poison, and cannot escape its infection.

The abridgment of the right of suffrage, however, is very nearly proportioned to the ignorance or indifference of the parties concerned by it, and there is good reason to hope that, with the expanding intelligence of the masses and the growing enlightenment of the times, this particular form of corruption in elections will be reduced below the danger line.

To that end, as to all other good ends, the moderation of public sentiment must ever be our chief reliance; for, when men are forced by the general desire for truth, and the light which our modern vehicles of information throw upon truth, to discuss public questions for truth's sake; when it becomes the plain interest of public men, as it is their plain duty, to do this, and when, above all, friends and neighbors cease to love one another less because of individual differences of opinion about public affairs, the struggle for unfair advantage will be relegated to those who have either no character to lose, or none to seek.

It is admitted on all sides that the immediate Presidential campaign is freer from excitement and tumult than was ever known before, and it is argued from this circumstance that we are traversing the epoch of the commonplace. If this be so, thank God for it! We have had full enough of the dramatic and sensational, and need a season of mediocrity and repose. But may



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we not ascribe the rational way in which the people are going about their business to larger knowledge and riper experience, and a fairer spirit than have hitherto marked our party contentions?

Parties are as essential to free government as oxygen to the atmosphere, or sunshine to vegetation. And party spirit is inseparable from party organism. To the extent that it is tempered by good sense and good feeling, by love of country and integrity of purpose, it is a supreme virtue; and there should be no gag short of a decent regard for the sensibilities of others put upon its freedom of movement and plainness of utterance. Otherwise, the limpid pool of Democracy would stagnate, and we should have a republic only in name. But we should never cease to be admonished by the warning words of the Father of his Country against the excess of party spirit, reinforced as they are by the incidents of a century of party warfare; a warfare happily culminating in the complete triumph of American principles, but brought many times dangerously near the annihilation of all that was great and noble in the national life.

Sursum Corda. The young manhood of the country may take this lesson from those of us who lived through times that did, indeed, try men's souls—when, pressed down from day to day by awful responsibilities and suspense, each night brought a terror with every thought of the morrow, and, when, look where



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we would, there were light and hope nowhere—that God reigns and wills, and that this fair land is, and has always been, in His own keeping.

The curse of slavery is gone. It was a joint heritage of woe, to be wiped out and expiated in blood and flame. The mirage of the Confederacy has vanished. It was essentially bucolic, a vision of Arcadie, the dream of a most attractive economic fallacy. The Constitution is no longer a rope of sand. The exact relation of the States to the Federal Government, left open to double construction by the authors of our organic being, because they could not agree among themselves and union was the paramount object, has been clearly and definitely fixed by the three last amendments to the original chart, which constitute the real treaty of peace between the North and the South, and seal our bonds as a nation forever.

The Republic represents at last the letter and the spirit of the sublime Declaration. The fetters that bound Columbia to the earth are burst asunder. The rags that degraded her beauty are cast aside. Like the enchanted princess in the legend, clad in spotless raiment and wearing a crown of stars, she steps in the perfection of her maturity upon the scene of this, the latest and proudest of her triumphs to bid a welcome to the world!

Need I pursue the theme? This vast assemblage speaks with a resonance which words can never com-



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pass. It speaks from the fields that are blessed by the never-failing waters of the Kennebec, and from the farms that sprinkle the valley of the Connecticut with mimic principalities more potent and lasting than the real; it speaks in the whir of the mills of Pennsylvania and in the ring of the wood-cutter's axe from the forests of the Lake peninsulas; it speaks from the great plantations of the South and West, teeming with staples that insure us wealth and power and stability; yea, and from the mines and forests and quarries of Michigan and Wisconsin, of Alabama and Georgia, of Tennessee and Kentucky, far away to the regions of silver and gold, that have linked the Colorado and the Rio Grande in close embrace, and annihilated time and space between the Atlantic and the Pacific; it speaks in one word from the hearth-stone in Iowa and Illinois, from the roof-tree in Mississippi and Arkansas, from the hearts of seventy millions of fearless, free-born men and women, and that one word is "Union"!

There is no geography in American manhood. There are no sections to American fraternity. It needs but six weeks to change a Vermonter into a Texan, and there never has been a time when, upon the battle-field or the frontier, Puritan and Cavalier were not convertible terms, having in the beginning a common origin, and so diffused and diluted on American soil as no longer to possess a local habitation, or a nativity, except in the National unit.



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The men who planted the signals of American civilization upon that sacred Rock by Plymouth Bay were Englishmen, and so were the men who struck the coast a little lower down, cradling by Hampton Roads a race of heroes and statesmen, the mention of whose names brings a thrill to every heart. The South claims Lincoln, the immortal, for its own; the North has no right to reject Stonewall Jackson, the one typical Puritan soldier of the war, for its own! Nor will it! The time is coming, is almost here, when hanging above many a mantel-board in fair New England—glorifying many a cottage in the sunny South—shall be seen bound together, in everlasting love and honor, two cross-swords carried to battle respectively by the grandfather who wore the blue and the grandfather who wore the gray.

I cannot trust myself to proceed. We have come here not so much to recall by-gone sorrows and glories, as to bask in the sunshine of present prosperity and happiness, to interchange patriotic greetings and indulge good auguries, and, above all, to meet upon the threshold the stranger within our gate, not as a stranger, but as a guest and friend, for whom nothing that we have is too good.

From wheresoever he cometh we welcome him with all our hearts: the son of the Rhone and the Garonne, our godmother, France, to whom we owe so much, he shall be our Lafayette; the son of the Rhine and the



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Moselle, he shall be our Goethe and our Wagner; the son of the Campagna and the Vesuvian Bay, he shall be our Michael Angelo and our Garibaldi; the son of Arragon and the Indes, he shall be our Christopher Columbus, fitly honored at last throughout the world.

Our good cousin of England needs no words of special civility and courtesy from us. For John the latch-string is ever on the outer side; though, whether it be or not, we are sure that he will enter and make himself at home. A common language enables us to do full justice to one another, at the festive-board, or in the arena of debate; warning both of us in equal tones against further parley on the field of arms.

All nations and all creeds be welcome here: from the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, the Viennese woods and the Danubian hill-side; from Holland dike to Alpine crag; from Belgrade and Calcutta, and round to China seas and the busy marts of Japan, the isles of the Pacific and the far-away capes of Africa—Armenian, Christian, and Jew—the American, loving no country except his own, but loving all mankind as his brother, bids you enter and fear not; bids you partake with us of these fruits of four hundred years of civilization and development, and behold these trophies of one hundred years of enlightened self-government.

At this moment, in every part of the American Union, the children are taking up the wondrous tale



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of the discovery, and from Boston to Galveston, from the little log school-house in the wilderness to the towering academy in the city and the town, may be witnessed the unprecedented spectacle of a powerful nation captured by an army of Liliputians, of embryo warriors and workers, statesmen and mothers, of toppling boys and girls, and tiny elves scarce big enough to lisp the numbers of the national anthem; scarce strong enough to lift the miniature flags that make of arid street and autumn wood an emblematic garden, to gladden the sight and to glorify the red, white, and blue. See

"Our young barbarians at play,"

for better than these we have nothing to exhibit. They, indeed, are our crown jewels: the truest, though the inevitable, offspring of our civilization and development; the representatives of a manhood vitalized and invigorated by toil and care, of a womanhood elevated and inspired by liberty and education. God bless the children and their mothers! God bless our country's flag! And God be with us now and ever—God in the roof-tree's shade and God on the highway, God in the winds and waves, and God in all our hearts!



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## A WELCOME TO THE GRAND ARMY*

That promissory note, drawn by me upon the city of Louisville, and discounted by you in the city of Pittsburg a year ago—it has matured—and I am come to pay it! You, who were so prompt and so generous about it, will not be displeased to learn that it puts us to no inconvenience to pay it. On the contrary, it having been one of those obligations on which the interest compounding day by day was designed to eat up the principal, its discharge leaves us poor only in the regret that we may not repeat the transaction every twelve months, and convert this central point of the universe into a permanent encampment for the Grand Army of the Republic.

Except that historic distinctions have long been obliterated here, it might be mentioned that I appear before you as the representative alike of those who wore the blue and of those who wore the gray in that great sectional combat, which, whatever else it did or did not, left no shadow upon American soldiership, no stain upon American manhood. But, in Kentucky, the war ended thirty years ago. Familiar intercommunication between those who fought in it upon opposing sides;

* Grand Army Encampment, Louisville, 1895.



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marriage and giving in marriage; the rearing of a common progeny; the ministrations of private friendship; the all-subduing influence of home and church and school, of wife and child, have culminated in such a closely knit web of interests and affections that none of us care to disentangle the threads that compose it, and few of us could do so if we would.

Here, at least, the lesson has been taught and learned that

> "You cannot chain the eagle,
> And you dare not harm the dove;
> But every gate
> Hate bars to hate
> Will open wide to love!"

And the flag! God bless the flag! As the heart of McCallum More warmed to the tartan, do all hearts warm to the flag! Have you upon your round of sight-seeing missed it hereabout? Does it make itself on any hand conspicuous by its absence? Can you doubt the loyal sincerity of those who from house-top and roof-tree have thrown it to the breeze? Let some sacrilegious hand be raised to haul it down and see! No, no, comrades; the people *en masse* do not deal in subterfuges; they do not stoop to conquer; they may be wrong; they may be perverse; but they never dissemble. These are honest flags, with honest hearts behind them. They are the symbols of a nationality as precious to us as to you. They fly at last as Webster would have



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had them fly, bearing no such mottoes as "What is all this worth?" or "Liberty first and union afterward," but blazing in letters of living light upon their ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, those words dear to every American heart, "Union and liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

And why not? What is left for you and me to cavil about, far less to fight about? When Hamilton and Madison agreed in supporting a Constitution wholly acceptable to neither of them, they compromised some differences and they left some other differences open to double construction; and, among these latter, was the exact relation of the States to the General Government. The institution of African slavery, with its irreconcilable conditions, got between the North and the South, and——. But I am not here to recite the history of the United States. You know what happened as well as I do, and we all know that there does not remain a shred of those old issues to divide us. There is not a Southern man to-day who would recall slavery if he could. There is not a Southern man to-day who would lightly brook the effort of a State to withdraw from the Union. Slavery is gone. Secession is dead. The Union, with its system of Statehood still intact, survives; and with it a power and glory among men passing the dreams of the fathers of the Republic. You and I may fold our arms and go to sleep, leaving to younger men to hold and defend a property tenfold



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greater than that received by us, its ownership unclouded and its title-deeds recorded in Heaven!

It is, therefore, with a kind of exultation that I fling open the gates of this gateway to the South! I bid you welcome in the name of the people whose voice is the voice of God. You came, and we resisted you; you come, and we greet you; for times change and men change with them. You will find here scarcely a sign of the battle; not a reminiscence of its passions. Grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front, and whichever way you turn on either side, deepening as you advance—across the Chaplin Hills, where Jackson fell, to Stone's River, where Rosy fought—and on to Chattanooga and Chickamauga and over Missionary Ridge, and down by Resaca and Kenesaw, and Allatoon, where Corse "held the fort," as a second time you march to the sea—pausing awhile about Atlanta to look with wonder on a scene risen as by the hand of enchantment—thence returning by way of Franklin and Nashville—you shall encounter, as you pass those mouldering heaps, which remind you of your valor and travail, only the magnanimous spirit of dead heroes, with Grant and Sherman, and Thomas and McPherson and Logan looking down from the happy stars as if repeating the words of the Master—"Charity for all—malice toward none."

We, too, have our graves; we, too, had our heroes! All, all are comrades now upon the other side, where you and I must shortly join them; blessed, thrice blessed



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# A Welcome to the Grand Army

we who have lived to see fulfilled the Psalmist's prophecy of peace:

"Peace in the quiet dales,
Made rankly fertile by the blood of men;
Peace in the woodland and the lonely glen,
Peace in the peopled vales.

"Peace in the crowded town;
Peace in a thousand fields of waving grain;
Peace in the highway and the flow'ry lane,
Peace o'er the wind-swept down.

"Peace on the whirring marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
Peace, God of peace, peace, peace in all our homes,
And all our hearts!"



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## THE PURITAN AND THE CAVALIER *

Eight years ago, to-night, there stood where I am standing now a young Georgian, who, not without reason, recognized the "significance" of his presence here—"the first Southerner to speak at this board"—a circumstance, let me add, not very creditable to any of us—and who, in words whose eloquence I cannot hope to recall, appealed from the New South to New England for a united country.

He was my disciple, my protégé, my friend. He came to me from the Southern schools, where he had perused the arts of oratory and letters, to get a few lessons in journalism, as he said; needing so few, indeed, that, but a little later, I sent him to one of the foremost journalists of this foremost city, bearing a letter of introduction, which described him as "the greatest boy ever born in Dixie, or anywhere else."

He is gone now. But, short as his life was, its Heaven-born mission was fulfilled; the dream of its childhood was realized; for he had been appointed by

* A response to the toast "The Puritan and the Cavalier," at the dinner of the New England Society Delmonico's, New York City, Saturday evening, December 22, 1897.



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God to carry a message of peace on earth, good-will to men, and, this done, he vanished from the sight of mortal eyes, even as the dove from the ark.

I mean to take up the word where Grady left it off; but I shall continue the sentence with a somewhat larger confidence, and, perhaps, with a somewhat fuller meaning; because, notwithstanding the Puritan trappings, traditions, and associations which surround me—visible illustrations of the self-denying fortitude of the Puritan character and the sombre simplicity of the Puritan taste and habit—I never felt less out of place in all my life.

To tell you the truth, I am afraid that I have gained access here on false pretences; for I am no Cavalier at all; just plain Scotch-Irish; one of those Scotch-Irish Southerners who ate no fire in the green leaf and has eaten no dirt in the brown, and who, accepting, for the moment, the terms Puritan and Cavalier in the sense an effete sectionalism once sought to ascribe to them—descriptive labels at once classifying and separating North and South—verbal redoubts along that mythical line called Mason and Dixon, over which there were supposed by the extremists of other days to be no bridges—I am much disposed to say, "A plague o' both your houses!"

Each was good enough and bad enough, in its way, while they lasted; each in its turn filled the English-speaking world with mourning; and each, if either could



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have resisted the infection of the soil and climate they found here, would be to-day striving at the sword's point to square life by the iron-rule of theocracy, or to round it by the dizzy whirl of a petticoat! It is very pretty to read about the May-pole in Virginia, and very edifying and inspiring to celebrate the deeds of the Pilgrim fathers. But there is not Cavalier blood enough left in the Old Dominion to produce a single crop of first families, while, out in Nebraska and Iowa, they claim that they have so stripped New England of her Puritan stock as to spare her hardly enough for seed. This I do know, from personal experience, that it is impossible for the stranger-guest, sitting beneath a bower of roses in the Palmetto Club at Charleston, or by a mimic log-heap in the Algonquin Club at Boston, to tell the assembled company apart, particularly after ten o'clock in the evening! Why, in that great, final struggle between the Puritans and the Cavaliers—which we still hear sometimes casually mentioned—although it ended nearly thirty years ago—there had been such a mixing up of Puritan babies and Cavalier babies during the two or three generations preceding it—that the surviving grandmothers of the combatants could not, except for their uniforms, have picked out their own on any field of battle!

Turning to the Encyclopædia of American Biography, I find that Webster had all the vices that are supposed to have signalized the Cavalier, and Calhoun



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all the virtues that are claimed for the Puritan. During twenty years three statesmen of Puritan origin were the chosen party leaders of Cavalier Mississippi: Robert J. Walker, born and reared in Pennsylvania; John A. Quitman, born and reared in New York, and Sargent S. Prentiss, born and reared in the good old State of Maine. That sturdy Puritan, John Slidell, never saw Louisiana until he was old enough to vote and to fight; native here—an alumnus of Columbia College—but sprung from New England ancestors. Albert Sidney Johnston, the most resplendent of modern Cavaliers—from trig to toe a type of the species—the very rose and expectancy of the young Confederacy—did not have a drop of Southern blood in his veins; Yankee on both sides of the house, though born in Kentucky a little while after his father and mother arrived there from Connecticut. The ambassador who serves our Government near the French Republic was a gallant Confederate soldier and is a representative Southern statesman; but he owns the estate in Massachusetts where his father was born, and where his father's fathers lived through many generations.

And the Cavaliers, who missed their stirrups, somehow, and got into Yankee saddles? The woods were full of them. If Custer was not a Cavalier, Rupert was a Puritan. And Sherwood and Wadsworth and Kearny, and McPherson, and their dashing companions and followers! The one typical Puritan soldier of the



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war—mark you!—was a Southern, and not a Northern, soldier: Stonewall Jackson, of the Virginia line. And, if we should care to pursue the subject further back, what about Ethan Allen and John Stark and Mad Anthony Wayne, Cavaliers each and every one! Indeed, from Israel Putnam to Buffalo Bill, it seems to me the Puritans have had much the best of it in turning out Cavaliers. So the least said about the Puritan and the Cavalier—except as blessed memories or horrid examples—the better for historic accuracy.

If you wish to get at the bottom facts, I don't mind telling you—in confidence—that it was we Scotch-Irish who vanquished both of you—some of us in peace—others of us in war—supplying the missing link of adaptability—the needed ingredient of common-sense—the conservative principle of creed and action, to which this generation of Americans owes its intellectual and moral emancipation from frivolity and pharisaism—its rescue from the Scarlet Woman and the mailed hand—and its crystallization into a national character and polity, ruling by force of brains and not by force of arms.

Gentlemen—Sir—I, too, have been to Boston. Strange as the admission may seem, it is true; and I live to tell the tale. I have been to Boston; and, when I declare that I have found there many things that suggested the Cavalier and did not suggest the Puritan, I shall not say I was sorry. But, among other things,



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I found there a civilization perfect in its union of the art of living with the grace of life; an Americanism ideal in its simple strength. Grady told us, and told us truly, of that typical American, who, in Dr. Talmage's mind's eye, was coming, but who, in Abraham Lincoln's actuality, had already come. In some recent studies into the career of that great man, I have encountered many startling confirmations of this judgment; and from that rugged trunk, drawing its sustenance from gnarled roots, interlocked with Cavalier sprays and Puritan branches deep beneath the soil, shall spring, is springing, a shapely tree—symmetric in all its parts—under whose sheltering boughs this nation shall have the new birth of freedom Lincoln promised it, and mankind the refuge which was sought by the forefathers when they fled from oppression. Thank God, the axe, the gibbet, and the stake have had their day. They have gone, let us hope, to keep company with the lost arts. It has been demonstrated that great wrongs may be redressed and great reforms be achieved without the shedding of one drop of human blood; that vengeance does not purify, but brutalizes; and that tolerance, which in private transactions is reckoned a virtue, becomes in public affairs a dogma of the most far-seeing statesmanship. Else how could this noble city have been redeemed from bondage? It was held like a castle of the Middle Ages by robber barons. Yet have the mounds and dikes of corruption been carried—from



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buttress to bell-tower the walls of crime have fallen—without a shot out of a gun, and still no fires of Smithfield to light the pathway of the victor, no bloody assizes to vindicate the justice of the cause; nor need of any.

So I appeal from the men in silken hose who danced to music made by slaves—and called it freedom—from the men in bell-crowned hats, who led Hester Prynne to her shame—and called it religion—to that Americanism which reaches forth its arms to smite wrong with reason and truth, secure in the power of both. I appeal from the patriarchs of New England to the poets of New England; from Endicott to Lowell; from Winthrop to Longfellow; from Norton to Holmes; and I appeal in the name and by the rights of that common citizenship—of that common origin—back both of the Puritan and the Cavalier—to which all of us owe our being. Let the dead past, consecrated by the blood of its martyrs, not by its savage hatreds—darkened alike by kingcraft and priestcraft—let the dead past bury its dead. Let the present and the future ring with the song of the singers. Blessed be the lessons they teach the laws they make. Blessed be the eye to see, the light to reveal. Blessed be tolerance, sitting ever on the right hand of God to guide the way with loving word, as blessed be all that brings us nearer the goal of true religion, true Republicanism, and true patriotism, distrust of watchwords and labels, shams and heroes, belief



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in our country and ourselves. It was not Cotton Mather, but John Greenleaf Whittier, who cried:

"Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,
Forgive the blindness that denies.

"Cast down our idols—overturn
Our bloody altars—make us see
Thyself in Thy humanity!"



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## THE REUNITED SECTIONS *

If the illustrious soldier, whose memory we celebrate, were with us here to-night, his heart would glow with satisfied pride in the answer which time has made to his prayer for peace between the once warring sections of the Union, and in the spectacle which the present unfolds of a whole people rallying as a single man beneath the star-flowered flag of the Republic.

I cannot help thinking that, when the history of our generation comes finally to be made up, it will be related that two mistakes of the first order were perpetrated by the people of the United States the latter half of the nineteenth century. It was a mistake of the South, for any cause whatever, to precipitate a war of sections, and it was a mistake of the North, after the overthrow of the Confederacy, to undertake a reconstruction of the Union by force of arms. That the country has survived errors of such magnitude is proof of amazing vitality; of a vitality that draws its sustenance from the adaptability and the flexibility of free institutions and from a popular character equal to all emergencies, military and civic. Man proposes and

* A response to the toast "The Reunited Sections," Grant Birthday Banquet, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City, April 27, 1898.



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God disposes, and often we build wiser than we know. Perhaps the very mischances of these forty years of domestic controversy were needful to make us the nation we are to-day.

It was General Grant, himself, who issued the order finally withdrawing the troops from the Southern States; and, when we remember that it was none other than Grant who stood between the Confederate soldier and a surrender that might have been dishonoring to American manhood, the debt we owe our great captain becomes incalculable.

There is just now, I regret to observe, a disposition manifested in certain quarters to magnify the arts of peace and to belittle the arts of war. Most of us know something about both; and, while I do confess that even this frugal repast and these homely provisions—done in Grant's honor and in our edification—are preferable to a banquet of hard-tack by a blazing brush-heap upon a Georgia hill-side, I shall not be the man to say that any of us is the worse for knowing from personal experience the actual difference. I have respect for the principle of international adjustment through moral suasion and mutual concession. I have respect for the principle of approved capability and fitness in the matter of appointments to office. But when a gentleman in gold-rimmed specs and a swallow-tailed coat, standing with one foot on Arbitration and the other upon Civil Service Reform, solemnly



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assures me that he has discovered perfectibility in government, I take leave to have my doubts about it. I am grown so pessimistic, indeed, as to think that the one thing that we do not want, the one thing which would certainly disappoint us in case we got it, is the dreamer's idea of the ideal. Ideals, which exist for reformers, lovers, and poets, exist not for men and women. Those whose business it is to deal with life as it is, and who can afford to waste no time on self-deceptions, address themselves to the real, not to the ideal, and feel that they are fortunate if they come off with whole bones. The rich, red blood of nature, which makes men to act, and to act promptly, in times of danger, is good enough for me; and I know nothing in American history more exhilarating than the episode of old Peter Muhlenberg, flinging aside his surplice and appearing in a full Continental uniform, exclaiming: "There is a time for all things—a time to preach and a time to pray; but there is also a time to fight, and that time has come!"

If there was any doubt anywhere about the restoration of the Union, not merely in fact and in name, but in the spirit to which it owes its birth, the manifestations of the last few weeks cannot have failed to dissipate it. That Spanish gentleman who proposed to supplement the forces of his country in Cuba by inciting the South to another rebellion must surely have been the Knight of La Mancha come to life again, but quite



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as bereft of reason as he was in the days of Sancho Panza and the lady of Toboso; though, in truth, most of those supporting Spain in her ill-starred contention seem to be lineal descendants of the famous Don! Sir, the reunited sections of the Union stand a wall of iron between the Nation's honor and, if need be, all the world; stand a wall of fire between the stricken Cubans and any further hurt from Spain. We want no other warrant for our act of war than the cruel, the heartless story of the Spaniard in America. From the coming of Cortez and Pizarro to the going of Weyler—three centuries of brutality, irradiated only by the pirate's lust for plunder and the tiger's thirst for blood—each succeeding Captain-General has seemed to emulate Alva as a rival of Satan by seeking a second immortality of damnation. Before such an array, historical and contemporary, the true American neither consults his geography nor counts the cost. His pulse-beats are the same in Massachusetts and in Mississippi, and whether the band plays "Yankee Doodle" or "Dixie" is all one to him! Assuming that in ordinary times it takes but a few months and a change of raiment to convert a typical Vermonter into a typical Texan, it has taken but a few weeks to impress upon the reunited sections of the Union the truth that we are the most homogeneous people on the face of the globe; that such differences as exist among us are local and external, and not skin deep, and, along



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with this lesson, to reawaken in all hearts Decatur's ringing words:

"Our country—may she be ever in the right—but, right or wrong, our country!"



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## FRANCIS SCOTT KEY *

The Key Monument Association, to which is due the act of tardy justice whose completion we are here to celebrate, has reason to be proud of the success which has crowned its labor of love. Within something less than four years from the date of its organization, it has reared this beautiful and imposing memorial to the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Beneath it lie the mortal remains of Francis Scott Key, and of his wife, Mary Tayloe Key. Hitherto unmarked, except in the humblest way, their final resting-place on earth has been at last separated from among the surrounding multitude of less-distinguished graves, to be at once an altar and a shrine, known among men, wherever liberty makes her home, and consecrate to all hearts wherein the love of liberty dwells.

One cannot help thinking it something more than a coincidence that this monument is erected, and that these services are held, at a moment when not alone is

* Delivered at the dedication of the monument over the grave of the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," Frederick, Md., Tuesday, August 9, 1898.



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the country engaged in foreign war, but also at a moment when the words of Key's immortal anthem ring in the memory and start to the lips of all the people of all the States and sections of the Union. But a little while ago this seemed a thing impossible of realization during the life of the generation of men which is passing away. Years of embittered civil strife, with their wounds kept open by years of succeeding political controversy, were never before thus ended; nor did ever a people so promptly obey the laws alike of reason, race, and nature, from which, as from some magic fountain, the American Republic sprang.

Nothing in romance, or in poetry, surpasses the wondrous story of this Republic. Why Washington, the Virginia planter, and why Franklin, the Pennsylvania printer? Another might have been chosen to lead the Continental armies: a brilliant and distinguished soldier; but, as we now know, not only a corrupt adventurer, but a traitor, who preceded Arnold, and who, had he been commander of the forces at Valley Forge, would have betrayed his adopted country for the coronet which Washington despised. In many ways was Franklin an experiment, and, as his familiars might have thought, a dangerous experiment, to be appointed the representative of the colonies in London and in Paris, for, as they knew, and as we now know, he was a stalwart, self-indulgent man, apparently little given either to prudence or to courtliness. What was it that singled out



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these two men from all others and designated them to be the chiefs of the military and diplomatic establishments set up by the provincial gentlemen whose Declaration of Independence was not merely to establish a new nation but to create a new world? It was as clearly the inspiration of the Almighty as, a century later, was the faith of Lincoln in Grant, whom he had never seen and had reason to distrust. It was as clearly the inspiration of the Almighty as that, in every turn of fortune, God has stood by the Republic; not less in the strange vicissitudes of the Wars of the Revolution and of 1812, than in those of the war of sections; in the raising up of Paul Jones and Perry, of Preble and Hull, when, discouraged upon the land, the sea was to send God's people messages of victory, and in the striking down of Albert Sidney Johnston and Stonewall Jackson, when they were sweeping all before them. Inscrutable are the ways of Providence to man. Philosophers may argue as they will, and rationalism may draw its conclusions; but the mysterious power unexplained by either has, from the beginning of time, ruled the destinies of men.

Back of these forces of life and thought there is yet another force equally inspired of God and equally essential to the exaltation of man, a force without which the world does not move except downward, the force of the imagination which idealizes the deeds of men and translates their meaning into words. It may be concluded that Washington at Monmouth and Franklin at Ver-



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sailles were not thinking a great deal of what the world was like to say. But there are beings so constituted that they cannot act, they can only think, and these are the Homers who relate in heroic measure, the Shakespeares who sing in strains of heavenly music. Among the progeny of these was Francis Scott Key.

The son of a Revolutionary soldier, he was born August 9, 1780, not far away from the spot where we are now assembled, and died in Baltimore January 11, 1843. His life of nearly sixty-three years was an unbroken idyl of tranquil happiness; amid congenial scenes; among kindred people; blessed by wedded love and many children, and accompanied by the successful pursuit of the learned profession he had chosen for himself. Goldsmith's sketch of the village preacher may not be inaptly quoted to describe his unambitious and unobtrusive career:

"Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place."

Yet it was reserved for this constant and modest gentleman to leave behind him a priceless legacy to his countrymen and to identify his name for all time with his country's flag.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" owed very little to chance. It was the emanation of a patriotic fervor as sincere and natural as it was simple and noble. It



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sprang from one of those glorious inspirations which, coming to an author unbidden, seizes at once upon the hearts and minds of men. The occasion seemed to have been created for the very purpose. The man and the hour were met, and the song came; and truly was song never yet born amid such scenes. We explore the pages of folk-lore, we read the story of popular music, in vain, to find the like. Even the authorship of the English national anthem is in dispute. The "Marseillaise" did, indeed, owe its being to the passions of war, and burst forth in profuse strains of melody above the clang of arms; but it was attended by those theatrical accessories which preside over and minister to Latin emotion, and seem indispensable to its developments, and it is believed to have derived as much of its enthusiasm from the wine-cup as from the drum-beat. Key's song was the very child of battle. It was rocked by cannon in the cradle of the deep. Its swaddling clothes were the Stars and Stripes its birth proclaimed. Its coming was heralded by shot and shell, and, from its baptism of fire, a nation of freemen clasped it to its bosom. It was to be thenceforth and forever freedom's *Gloria in Excelsis.*

The circumstances which ushered it into the world, hardly less than the words of the poem, are full of patriotic exhilaration. It was during the darkest days of our second war of independence. An English army had invaded and occupied the seat of the National Gov-



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ernment and had burned the Capitol of the nation. An English squadron was in undisputed possession of the Chesapeake Bay. There being nothing of interest or value left within the vicinity of Washington to detain them, the British were massing their land and naval forces for other conquests, and, as their ships sailed down the Potomac, Dr. William Beanes, a prominent citizen of Maryland, who had been arrested at his home in Upper Marlboro, charged with some offence, real or fancied, was carried off a prisoner.

It was to secure the liberation of this gentleman, his neighbor and friend, that Francis Scott Key obtained leave of the President to go to the British Admiral under a flag of truce. He was conveyed by the cartel-boat used for the exchange of prisoners and accompanied by the flag officer of the Government. They proceeded down the bay from Baltimore and found the British fleet at the mouth of the Potomac.

Mr. Key was courteously received by Admiral Cochrane; but he was not encouraged as to the success of his mission until letters from the English officers wounded at Blandensburg and left in the care of the Americans were delivered to the friends on the fleet to whom they had been written. These bore such testimony to the kindness with which they had been treated that it was finally agreed that Dr. Beanes should be released; but, as an advance upon Baltimore was about to be made, it was required that the party of Americans should remain



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under guard on board their own vessel until these operations were concluded. Thus it was that, the night of September 14, 1814, Key witnessed the bombardment of Fort McHenry, which his song was to render illustrious.

He did not quit the deck the long night through. With his single companion, the flag officer, he watched every shell from the moment it was fired until it fell, "listening with breathless interest to hear if an explosion followed." While the cannonading continued they needed no further assurance that their countrymen had not capitulated. "But," I quote the words of Chief Justice Taney, repeating the account given him by Key immediately after, "it suddenly ceased some time before day; and, as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered, or the attack upon it had been abandoned. They paced the deck the residue of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day, and looking every few minutes at their watches to see how long they must wait for it; and, as soon as it dawned and before it was light enough to see objects at a distance, their glasses were turned to the fort, uncertain whether they should see there the Stars and Stripes or the flag of the enemy." Blessed vigil! that its prayers were not in vain; glorious vigil! that it gave us "The Star-Spangled Banner"!

During the night the conception of the poem began to



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form itself in Key's mind. With the early glow of the morning, when the long agony of suspense had been turned into the rapture of exultation, his feeling found expression in completed lines of verse, which he wrote upon the back of a letter he happened to have in his possession. He finished the piece on the boat that carried him ashore and wrote out a clear copy that same evening at his hotel in Baltimore. Next day he read this to his friend and kinsman, Judge Nicholson, who was so pleased with it that he carried it to the office of the Baltimore *American,* where it was put in type by a young apprentice, Samuel Sands by name, and thence issued as a broadside. Within an hour after it was circulating all over the city, hailed with delight by the excited people. Published in the succeeding issue of the *American,* and elsewhere reprinted, it went straight to the popular heart. It was quickly seized for musical adaptation. First sung in a tavern adjoining the Holliday Street Theatre in Baltimore, by Charles Durang, an actor, whose brother, Ferdinand Durang, had set it to an old air, its production on the stage of that theatre was the occasion of spontaneous and unbounded enthusiasm. Wherever it was heard its effect was electrical, and thenceforward it was universally accepted as the national anthem.

The poem tells its own story, and never a truer, for every word comes direct from a great heroic soul, powder-stained and dipped, as it were, in sacred blood.



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# Francis Scott Key

"O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!"

The two that walked the deck of the cartel-boat had waited long. They had counted the hours as they watched the course of the battle. But a deeper anxiety yet is to possess them. The firing has ceased. Ominous silence! While cannon roared they knew that the fort held out. While the sky was lit by messengers of death they could see the national colors flying above it.

—"the rockets' red glare and bombs bursting in air
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there."

But there comes an end at last to waiting and watching; and as the first rays of the sun shoot above the horizon and gild the eastern shore, behold the sight that gladdens their eyes as it—

—"catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream,"

for there, over the battlements of McHenry, the Stars and Stripes float defiant on the breeze, while all around evidences multiply that the attack has failed, that the Americans have successfully resisted it, and that the



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British are withdrawing their forces. For then, and for now, and for all time, come the words of the anthem—

"Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!"

for—

—"conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust';
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

The Star-Spangled Banner! Was ever flag so beautiful, did ever flag so fill the souls of men? The love of woman; the sense of duty; the thirst for glory; the heart-throbbing that impels the humblest American to stand by his colors fearless in the defence of his native soil and holding it sweet to die for it—the yearning which draws him to it when exiled from it—its free institutions and its blessed memories, all are embodied and symbolized by the broad stripes and bright stars of the nation's emblem, all live again in the lines and tones of Key's anthem. Two or three began the song, millions join the chorus. They are singing it in Porto Rican trenches and on the ramparts of Santiago, and its



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echoes, borne upon the wings of morning, come rolling back from far-away Manila; the soldier's message to the soldier; the hero's shibboleth in battle; the patriot's solace in death! Even to the lazy sons of peace who lag at home—the pleasure-seekers whose merry-making turns the night to day—those stirring strains come as a sudden trumpet-call, and, above the sounds of revelry, subjugate for the moment to a stronger power, rises wave upon wave of melodious resonance, the idler's aimless but heartfelt tribute to his country and his country's flag.

Since "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written nearly a century has come and gone. The drums and tramplings of more than half its years have passed over the grave of Francis Scott Key. Here at last he rests forever. Here at last his tomb is fitly made. When his eyes closed upon the scenes of this life their last gaze beheld the ensign of the Republic "full-high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted nor a single star obscured." If happily they were spared the spectacle of a severed Union, and "a land rent by civil feud and drenched in fraternal blood," it may be that somewhere beyond the stars his gentle spirit now looks down upon a nation awakened from its sleep of death and restored to its greater and its better self, and known and honored, as never before throughout the world. While Key lived there was but a single paramount issue, about



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which all other issues circled, the Constitution and the Union. The problems of the Constitution and the Union solved, the past secure, turn we to the future; no longer a huddle of petty sovereignties, held together by a rope of sand, no longer a body of mercenary shopkeepers worshipping rather the brand upon the dollar than the eagle on the shield; no longer a brood of provincial laggards, hanging with bated breath upon the movements of mankind, afraid to trust themselves away from home, or to put their principles to the test of progress and of arms; but a nation, and a leader of nations; a world-power which durst face imperialism upon its own ground with Republicanism, and with it dispute the future of civilization. It is the will of God; let not man gainsay. Let not man gainsay until the word of God has been carried to the furthermost ends of the earth; not until freedom is the heritage of all His creatures; not until the blessings which He has given us are shared by His people in all lands; not until Latin licentiousness fostered by modern wealth and culture and art, has been expiated by fire, and Latin corruption and cruelty have disappeared from the government of men; not until that sober-suited Anglo-Saxonism, which born at Runnymede, was to end neither at Yorktown nor at Appomattox, has made, at one and the same time, another map of Christendom and a new race of Christians and yeomen, equally soldiers of the sword and of the cross, even in Africa and in Asia, as we have made



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them here in America. Thus, and thus alone, and wherever the winds of Heaven blow, shall fly the spirit if not the actuality of the blessed symbol we have come here this day to glorify; ashamed of nothing that God has sent, ready for everything that God may send! It was not a singer of the fireside, but a hearthless wanderer, who put in all hearts the Anglo-Saxon's simple "Home, Sweet Home." It was a poet, not a warrior, who gave to our Union the Anglo-American's homage to his flag. Even as the Prince of Peace who came to bring eternal life was the Son of God, were these His ministering angels; and, as each of us, upon his knees, sends up a prayer to Heaven for "Home, Sweet Home," may he also murmur, and teach his children to lisp, the sublime refrain of Key's immortal anthem—

"And the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"



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## "GOD'S PROMISE REDEEMED"*

The duty which draws us together, and the day—although appointed by law—come to us laden by a deeper meaning than they have ever borne before; and the place which witnesses our coming invests the occasion with increased solemnity and significance. Within the precincts of this dread but beautiful city—consecrate in all our hearts and homes—for here lie our loved ones—two plots of ground, with but a hillock between, have been set aside to mark the resting-place of the dead of two armies that in life were called hostile, the Army of the Union, the Army of the Confederacy. We come to decorate the graves of those who died fighting for the Union. Presently others shall come to decorate the graves of those who died fighting for the Confederacy. Yet, if these flower-covered mounds could open and the brave men who inhabit them could rise, not as disembodied spirits, but in the sentient flesh and blood which they wore when they went hence, they would rejoice as we do that the hopes of both have been at last fulfilled, and that the Confederacy, swallowed up by the Union,

* Address delivered in the Union Division of Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville, Decoration Day, May 30, 1899.



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lives again in American manhood and brotherhood, such as were contemplated by the makers of the Republic.

To those of us who were the comrades and contemporaries of the dead that are buried here, who survived the ordeal of battle, and who live to bless the day, there is nothing either strange or unnatural in this, because we have seen it coming for a long time; we have seen it coming in the kinship of ties even as close as those of a common country; in the robust intercourse of the forum and the market-place; in the sacred interchanges of the domestic affections; but, above all, in the prattle of children who cannot distinguish between the grandfather who wore the blue and the grandfather who wore the gray.

It is required of no man—whichever flag he served under—that he make any renunciation shameful to himself, and therefore dishonoring to these grandchildren, and each may safely leave to history the casting of the balance between antagonistic schools of thought and opposing camps in action, where the essentials of fidelity and courage were so amply met. Nor is it the part of wisdom to regret a tale that is told. The issues that evoked the strife of sections are dead issues. The conflict, which was thought to be irreconcilable and was certainly inevitable, ended more than thirty years ago. It was fought to its bloody conclusion by fearless and honest men. To some the result was logical—to others it was disappointing—to all it was final. As no man



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disputes it, let no man deplore it. Let us the rather believe that it was needful to make us a nation. Let us rather look upon it as into a mirror, seeing not the desolation of the past, but the radiance of the future; and in the heroes of the New North and the New South who contested in generous rivalry up the fire-swept steep of El Caney, and side by side re-emblazoned the national character in the waters about Corregidor Island and under the walls of Cavite, let us behold hostages for the old North and the old South blent together in a Union that knows neither point of the compass and has flung its geography into the sea.

Great as were the issues we have put behind us forever, yet greater issues still rise dimly upon the view.

Who shall fathom them? Who shall forecast them? I seek not to lift the veil on what may lie beyond. It is enough for me to know that I have a country and that my country leads the world. I have lived to look upon its dismembered fragments whole again; to see it, like the fabled bird of wondrous plumage upon the Arabian desert, slowly shape itself above the flames and ashes of a conflagration that threatened to devour it; I have watched it gradually unfold its magnificent proportions through alternating tracks of light and shade; I have stood in awe-struck wonder and fear lest the glorious fabric should fade into darkness and prove but the insubstantial pageant of a vision; when, lo, out of the misty depths of the far-away Pacific came the booming



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of Dewey's guns, quickly followed by the answering voice of the guns of Sampson and Shafter and Schley, and I said: "It is not a dream. It is God's promise redeemed. With the night of sectional confusion that is gone, civil strife has passed from the scene, and, in the light of the perfect day that is come, the nation finds, as the first-fruit of its new birth of freedom, another birth of greatness and power and renown."

Fully realizing the responsibilities of this, and the duties that belong to it, I, for one, accept it, and all that it brings with it and implies, thankful that I, too, am an American. Wheresoever its star may lead, I shall follow; nothing loath, or doubting; though it guide the nation's footsteps to the furthermost ends of the earth. Believing that in the creation and the preservation of the American Union the hand of the Almighty has appeared from first to last; that His will begat it, and that His word has prevailed; that in the War of the Revolution and in the Civil War the incidents and accidents of battle left no doubt where Providence inclined; if the star that now shines over us, at once a signet of God's plan and purpose and a Heaven-sent courier of civilization and religion, shall fix itself above the steppes of Asia and the sands of Africa, it shall but confirm me in my faith that "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."



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## THE MAN IN GRAY *

There are two things which we alternate in stigmatizing and cultivating, which we habitually condemn in our speech and display in our actions. Briefly stated, they are sectionalism and partyism. Considering the rôles they have played in our affairs, they might be mistaken for attributes of the genius and policy of a free people occupying a territory of considerable extent. They cast their shadow over the American Revolution. They obstructed the making of the Constitution. They plunged the North and the South into a long and bloody war. Neither are they limited to the points of the compass, nor confined to political organism; for we feel the force of geographic lines in the subdivision of States and cities, and we encounter party spirit even in our churches and charities. They seem inherent to our nature, inseparable from our condition. Instead of seeking to uproot them, we should the rather strive to moderate their excess and to bring them within the bounds of reason; remembering that the bed-rock of

* A response to the toast "Our Coming Guest—the Man in Gray," annual banquet of the First Christian Church in Louisville, January 22, 1901.



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worldly wisdom lies at the bottom of the well of good-sense and good-feeling, whence the best men and women are supplied with passion-quenching draughts for the better conduct of life. Save for this, we should be little better than beasts of prey.

There was a time when the neighbor and friend who has just taken his seat, and who has spoken so eloquently of a flag which we both adore—there was a time when he looked askance upon a gray coat as I upon a blue one—and it may be that there are matters about which we agree no nearer now than we did then; but I can truly say to him, and to you, that there has never been a time, when, the combat ended, I could not take my brother by the hand; if wounded, to lift him to his feet; if victor—in case he held it out to me—still to take it, thankful for the grace that offered it.

I am asked to say something about "our coming guest—the man in gray." There is not so many of him now as there was; but, few or many, he shall find such welcome, when he gets here, as the waves found when navies were stranded. He is not as young as he was; and therefore we shall not wait for him to discover the latch-string that hangs outside the door, but shall set picket-lines of greeting and acclaim even from the redoubts of the Reservoir to the oven-pits of Fountain Ferry—so that none may escape—and, if need be, we may send forth reconnoitring parties to scour the woods and to bring him into camp.



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I stand here to-night, with a blue coat, as it were, upon my back, the Stars and Stripes in my hand, and in my heart the most abiding love of the Union and all that it embraces and implies, to vindicate the Confederacy; to maintain and defend the reason of its being; and to show that, under God and through it, the Republic has reached its full stature as a nation, and, along with it, its promised new birth of freedom.

I shall begin by saying that, with a gray coat actually upon my back, I did not believe either in the gospel of slavery or in the doctrine of secession. In common with hundreds of thousands of Southern men, I clung to the Union until the last hope of a peaceful solution of the issues in dispute was gone. The debate over, war at hand, I went with my own people, the people from whom I was sprung and with whom I had been reared, the people of Tennessee. Strong as had been the Union sentiment, sectional sentiment was stronger still. We did not stop to inquire whether, as to the political questions involved, we were either consistent or justified. I think, after nearly forty years of intervening reflection and observation, and some additional research, that, if we had wanted justification, we might have found it in a long line of what I now regard as a most plausible, if not a very attractive argument in favor of the right of a State to withdraw at its own will from the Union, beginning with Josiah Quincy, and his associates, in New England, and ending with Jefferson



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Davis, and his associates, in the Gulf States of the South. The framers of the Constitution found themselves unable clearly to determine this point. So they left it open. After fifty years of contention—complicated by the irrepressible question of slavery carried to the ultimate of the irreconcilable—the well-intentioned omission of the fathers to fix the exact relation of the States to the Federal Government precipitated the two sections of the Union into war; and out of this war—although we did not see it at the time—we emerged more homogeneous as a people and better equipped as a nation than we had ever been before.

We of the South at least builded wiser than we knew; and, if the nation's might and glory to-day be not in some sort a vindication of the Confederacy—without which they could hardly have come to their fruition—what shall we say about the providence of God? In truth, He doeth all things well. Two hundred and fifty years ago there arrived at the front of affairs in England one Cromwell. In the midst of monarchy he made a republic. It had no progenitor. It left no heirs-at-law. It was succeeded, as it had been preceded, by a line of monarchs. But from the commonwealth of Cromwell date the confirmation and the consolidation of the principles of liberty wrung by the barons from their unwilling King. From the commonwealth of Cromwell date the grandeur and the power of the English fabric, the enlightened and progressive conservatism



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of the English constitution, the sturdy independence of the English people. Why such cost of blood and treasure for an interval of freedom so equivocal and brief puzzled the wisest men; remained for ages a mystery; though it is plain enough now and was long ago conceded; so that at last—dire rebel though he was—the name of Cromwell, held in execration through two centuries, has a place in the history of the English-speaking race along with the names of William the Conqueror and Richard of the Lion Heart.

That which it took England two centuries to realize we in America have demonstrated within a single generation. When Worth Bagley gave up that fair young life for his country at Cardenas, and Hobson, taking death-orders from Sampson, plunged headlong into the mouth of hell at Santiago; when, peril waiting on every footstep, Victor Blue traversed the wilds of Puerto Rico, and Brumby, intrepid as his great commander, stood upon the bridge with Dewey at Manila, then and there God gave the world a reason why the South was not wholly blighted; pouring a flood of light upon the genius of Lee and Jackson, of Johnston and of Beauregard, and upon the courage and endurance of the men who followed them. I seek to penetrate no further.

To me, the politics of the Confederacy reads like a myth of the Middle Ages. Secession is gone. Slavery is gone. That which remains to us is the memory of



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its self-sacrificing heroism; its splendid valor; its glorious examples of the manhood and womanhood of our race; a heritage no less to the North than to the South; the common property of all the people of the American Union.

He will come, this man in gray, a little bent by years, it may be, but erect in the consciousness of his own integrity. He will come, on crutches it may be, but asking nothing except the recognition of the rectitude of his intentions and the disinterestedness of his service. The drum-beat to arms—the bugle-call to battle—are but echoes of a past that lies behind him; shared equally with him by those who fought against him; to live again in their children and their children's children forever united beneath the flag of their country. We have had the supreme felicity of entertaining here the Grand Army of the Republic. We shall not soon forget the outpouring of enthusiasm upon that memorable and joyous occasion. The coming of the man in gray will be no less memorable and no less joyous; for it will bring with it the same outpouring of popular and patriotic sentiment; the same profuse display of bunting, the bonny blue flag entwined in the folds of the red, white, and blue; the same delightful din of martial and national music, the strains of "Dixie" and "Marching Through Georgia," making counterpoints upon the pealing anthem of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and blazing in all hearts and over every threshold those



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stirring words dear equally to Southern and to Northern men:

"The Union of lakes, the Union of lands,
The Union of States none can sever;
The Union of hearts, the Union of hands,
And the flag of our Union forever!"

With those strains ringing in my ear, I am ready to go to my account. There was a time when I lay awake and paced the floor in a kind of anguish; when, amid sectional rancor and party rage, it seemed that judgment and patriotism had fled to brutish beasts and men had lost their reason; when personal liberty hung in the balance, and, amid the storm-clouds upon the Southern horizon there loomed another Poland, there lowered another Ireland, preparing to repeat upon the soil of the New World the mistakes of the old, and actually to rob us of the Heaven-sent institutes of freedom. The hand of the South was in the lion's mouth, and my one hope, my only politics, was to placate the lion. I have lived to see the lion lie down with the lamb, and I ask no more; I would go no further. Younger men may lose their sleep and pace the floor; for now, as ever, eternal vigilance is the price of good government; but me, I tweak no beak among them. Secure of the past, I have no fear of the future. We move upon the ascending, not the descending, scale of national development. The torch-bearer of religion, the sword-and-buckler of free-



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dom, we are the avatar of the civilization of the modern world; and we go to all lands, while the stars in their courses fight for us, and God upon His everlasting throne directs the battle and the march!



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## "HEROES IN HOMESPUN" *

Travelling from out the twilight of the past into the radiance of the present, and tracing as we go the history of the country along the glorious but rugged route of battle-fields by the glare of fagot-flame and rifle-flash, it seems ages since Tippecanoe; since Harrison and his hunting-shirts met and vanquished the hordes of the two Tecumsehs; yet are there men still living, and here to-day, who, if they were not contemporary with the event and its valiants, can distinctly recall the spirit of those times; the aspects, the very familiar features, of those valiants; the atmosphere, the form, and body of an epoch, when, from Faneuil Hall in Boston, from Raleigh Tavern in Virginia, to Fort Wayne and old Vincennes upon the confines of this borderland, the redskin and the redcoat alike stirred to its depths the heart of the young Republic.

There were giants in those days; and there was need that there should be. No vestibuled trains, nor palace coaches waited to fetch them hither; no noisy procession, with banners waving and brass bands playing, marched forth to honor their arrival. They jour-

* Address in commemoration of Harrison and his men, Tippecanoe battle-field, Sunday, June 15, 1902.



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neyed for the most part afoot. They picked their way through trackless canebrake and wooded waste, across swift-running, bridgeless streams, their flint-locks their commissariat. They had quitted what they regarded as the overcrowded centres of the populous East to seek the lonely but roomier wilds of the far West, keenly alive to the idea of bettering their condition, having a fine sense of pure air and arable land—it may be for town sites; but their hearts beat true to the principles of civil and religious liberty, and they brought with them two accoutrements of priceless value; the new-made Constitution of their country and the well-worn family Bible; for they were God-fearing, Christian soldiers; heroes in homespun as chivalric and undoubting as mailed Knights of the Cross; hating with holy hate the Indians and the British; revering the memory of the patriots and sages who had made the Declaration of Independence, warm with the blood of the Revolution, the echoes of Lexington and Bunker Hill, of King's Mountain and Yorktown still ringing in their ears.

I dare say their descendants are equally capable of sacrifices. But it is not of ourselves that we are here to speak. It is to commemorate the slain who lie here and hereabout; to keep their deeds and their worth for long aye green; to confess the debt we owe them; to garland their graves. If, in paying this homage from the living to the dead, we rekindle within us the spirit



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of the dead, we shall with each annual recurrence of the day the surer approve our coming and grow better as we come.

Our lot has been cast in easier times, has been laid on broader, larger lines. We live in an age of miracles. We gather the fruit of the tree which these, our forefathers, planted. From the ashes of their campfires rise the school-house and the court-house. The church marks the spot where the block-house stood. The war-whoop of the savage is succeeded by the neigh of the iron-horse, the gleam of the tomahawk by the flare of the electric lamp. Danger of the kind that was their daily, hourly companion is to us unknown. Privation such as they sustained assails not honest toil, however humble. Wealth and luxury wait attendant upon thrift and skill. Primogeniture no longer cheats merit of its due. Entail no longer usurps the present and puts its mortgage on the future. Opportunity and peace and order and law are the portion of the poorest. Struck by the wizard hand of Progress, the sleeping beauty, Solitude, has awakened a Metropolis; touched by the finger of modern invention, the prairie and the forest, as by enchantment, have revealed their secrets and poured their riches into the lap of labor. Upon the loose cobblestones of what was but a huddle of small provinces, each claiming for itself a squalid sovereignty and held together by a rope of sand, rises proudly, grandly, se-



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curely a Nation built upon the firm foundations of an indissoluble compact of States, cemented forever by the blood of a patriotic, brave, homogeneous people. The bucolic Republic of Washington and Franklin, the sylvan idyl of Jefferson—the Government which equally at home and abroad had from the first to fight for its existence—is a world power; and to the present generation of Americans these things have come without any effort of their own; as a rich inheritance, which for good, or for evil, they are but beginning to administer and enjoy. I pray them well to weigh its responsibilities; deeply to ponder the changes wrought by a century of acquisition and development; prayerfully to consider the exceptional conditions and the peculiar perils of the present as these distinguish the present from the past; bearing in mind the truth that now, as ever, eternal vigilance is the price, not alone of liberty, but of all the better ends of life.

Ours is a Government resting on public opinion. Each man is his own master. He can blame nobody but himself if he goes astray. Has not the telegraph annihilated time and space? Does not the daily newspaper bring him each day the completed history of yesterday? Is he not able to read, to mark, and inwardly to digest the signs of the times? With these helps, why should he not be able to reach intelligent and just conclusions?

It is largely, that all men do not think alike. The



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same fact will receive different interpretations from differing minds. There are conflicts of statement. Even the press is not infallible. We group ourselves in parties; and, as with our watches, each believes his own. Thus the ship of state is blown hither and yon by the trade-winds of public opinion. Yet, somehow, it has sailed triumphant; the struggle for freedom; the struggle for union; the foreign war; the domestic war; the disputed succession, these it has survived; until, at last, it has to face the most serious peril of all in that excess of grandeur and power which crowns a century of marvellous achievement.

We have become a nation of merchant princes. Money is so abundant that men are giving it away in sums of startling magnitude. It seems so easy to get that men are on system putting it in the way of a kind of redistribution back to the sources whence it originally came. Shall we see the day when it will no longer corrupt? If familiarity breeds contempt, we surely shall. The earth's surface appears to be but an incrustation over one vast mine of gold and silver and precious stones. Life is a lottery, with more prizes than blanks. But, in a land where there are no titles or patents of nobility, money is bound to serve as the standard of measurement; and, precisely as Constitutional Government, political and religious freedom, were uppermost in the minds and hearts of the pioneers who sleep here, is the acquisition of wealth up-



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permost in the minds and hearts of their sons and grandsons. In other words, as I have elsewhere put it, the idiosyncrasy of the nineteenth century was Liberty; the idiosyncrasy of the twentieth century is Markets. The problem before us, therefore, involves the adjustment of these two; the reconciliation of capital and labor, of morality and dollars, the concurrent expansion of the principles of the Constitution and the requirements of commerce. It is of good augury that both our two great parties claim the same objective point; and, as I do not doubt that we are on the ascending, not the descending scale of national development, with centuries of greatness and glory before us, I shall continue, as is my duty, to discuss my own particular horn of the dilemma, sure that in the end truth will be vindicated and the flag of our country exalted.

To these ends, whatever our political belongings and affiliations, let each of us here to-day resolve faithfully to address himself. Party spirit, held within the bounds of reason, restrained by good sense and good feeling, is an excellent thing. It is of the essence of our Republican being. I can truly say that I have never loved any man less because he did not agree with me; and, though I chide him for his perversity, I respect his right. The bed-rock of civil and religious liberty is the law; the bell-tower of freedom is tolerance. The mute inhabitants of these swelling mounds, could they speak, would tell us that it were little worth



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the toil and travail endured by them when, amid these greenwood shades, they sought and found emancipation from ages of feudal wrong, if, overflowing with prosperity, bustling with pride, we should forget the lesson and dissipate the heritage; repeating, under the pretentious nomenclature of Democracy, the dismal story of Greece and Rome. It can never be. We live in the twentieth, not in the first of the centuries. Though human nature be ever the same, the tale is told by human environment, by mortal conditions, and we shall the rather go forward than backward; the Constitution in one hand, the Bible in the other hand, the flag overhead, carrying to all lands and all peoples the message alike of Civilization and Religion, the Ark and the Covenant of American freedom along with the word of God!

The hunters of Kentucky, the pioneers of Indiana, united as brothers in the bonds of liberty, fought the battle of Tippecanoe. It was not a great battle as battles go, but it proved mighty in its consequences: the winning and the peopling of the West; the ultimate rescue of the Union from dissolution; the blazing of the way to the Pacific. They were simple, hardy men. They set us good examples. They loved their country, and were loyal to its institutions. They were comrades in hearts and comrades in arms. Be it ours to bless and preserve their memory and to perpetuate their brotherhood!



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## THE HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE *

Jefferson Davis, than whom there never lived, in this or in any land, a nobler gentleman and a knightlier soldier—Jefferson Davis, who, whatever may be thought of his opinions and actions, said always what he meant and meant always what he said—Jefferson Davis declared that next after the surrender at Appomattox, the murder of Abraham Lincoln made the darkest day in the calendar for the South and the people of the South. Why? Because Mr. Davis had come to a knowledge of the magnanimity of Mr. Lincoln's heart and the generosity of his intentions.

If Lincoln had lived there would have been no Era of Reconstruction, with its repressive agencies and oppressive legislation. If Lincoln had lived there would have been wanting to the extremism of the time the bloody cue of his taking off to mount the steeds and spur the flanks of vengeance. For Lincoln entertained, with respect to the rehabilitation of the Union, the single wish that the Southern States—to use his

* A response to the toast "To the Memory of Abraham Lincoln," annual banquet of the Confederate Veteran Camp of the City of New York, Waldorf-Astoria, January 26, 1903.



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homely phraseology—"should come back home and behave themselves," and, if he had lived, he would have made this wish effectual, as he made everything effectual to which he seriously addressed himself.

His was the genius of common sense. Of perfect intellectual aplomb, he sprang from a Virginia pedigree and was born in Kentucky. He knew all about the South, its institutions, its traditions, and its peculiarities. He was an old-line Whig of the school of Henry Clay, with strong emancipation leaning, never an abolitionist. "If slavery be not wrong," he said, "nothing is wrong," but he also said, and reiterated it time and again, "I have no prejudice against the Southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not now exist among them they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us, we would not instantly give it up."

From first to last throughout the angry debates preceding the war, amid all the passions of the war itself, not one vindictive, proscriptive word fell from his tongue or pen, while during its progress there was scarcely a day when he did not project his great personality between some Southern man or woman and danger. Yet the South does not know, except as a kind of hearsay, that this big-brained, big-souled man was a friend, a friend at court, when friends were most in need, having the will and the power to rescue it



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from the wolves of brutality and rapine whom the history of all wars tells us the lust of victory, the very smell of battle, lures from their hiding to prey upon the helpless, the dying, and the dead. But, perusing the after-story of those dread days, Jefferson Davis knew this, and died doing full justice to the character of Abraham Lincoln.

Considerable discussion has been heard latterly touching what did and did not happen upon the occasion of a famous historic episode known as the Hampton Roads Conference. That Mr. Lincoln met and conferred with the official representatives of the Confederate Government, led by the Vice-President of the Confederate States, when it must have been known to him that the Confederacy was nearing the end of its resources, is sufficient proof of the breadth both of his humanity and his patriotism. Yet he went to Fortress Monroe prepared not only to make whatever concessions toward the restoration of union and peace he had the lawful authority to make, but to offer some concessions which could in the nature of the case go no further at that time than his personal assurance. His constitutional powers were limited. But he was in himself the embodiment of great moral power.

The story that he offered payment for the slaves—so often affirmed and denied—is in either case but a quibble with the actual facts. He could not have made such an offer except tentatively, lacking the



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means to carry it out. He was not given the opportunity to make it, because the Confederate commissioners were under instructions to treat solely on the basis of the recognition of the independence of the Confederacy. The conference came to naught. It ended where it began. But there is ample evidence that he went to Hampton Roads resolved to commit himself to that proposition. He did, according to the official reports, refer to it in specific terms, having already formulated a plan of procedure. This plan requires no verification. It exists, and may be seen in his own handwriting. It embraced a joint resolution, to be submitted by the President to the two Houses of Congress, appropriating four hundred millions of dollars, to be distributed among the Southern States on the basis of the slave population of each according to the census of 1860, and a proclamation, to be issued by himself as President, when this joint resolution had been passed by Congress.

There can be no possible controversy among honest students of history on this point. That Mr. Lincoln said to Mr. Stephens, "Let me write Union at the top of this page and you may write below it whatever else you please," is referable to Mr. Stephens's statement made to many friends and attested by a number of reliable persons still living. But that he meditated the most liberal terms, including payment for the slaves, rests neither upon conjecture nor averment, but on in-



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disputable documentary support. It may be argued that he could not have secured the adoption of any such plan; but of his purpose, and its genuineness, there can be no question, and there ought to be no equivocation.

Indeed, payment for the slaves had been all along in his mind. He believed the North equally guilty with the South for the original existence of slavery. He clearly understood that the irrepressible conflict was a conflict of systems, not a merely sectional and partisan quarrel. He was a just man, abhorring proscription; an old Conscience Whig, indeed, who stood in awe of the Constitution and his oath of office. He wanted to leave the South no right to claim that the North, finding slave labor unremunerative, had sold its negroes to the South and then turned about and by force of arms confiscated what it had unloaded at a profit. He fully recognized slavery as property. The proclamation of emancipation was issued as a war measure. In his message to Congress of December, 1862, he proposed payment for the slaves, elaborating a scheme in detail and urging it with copious and cogent argument. "The people of the South," said he, addressing a war Congress at that moment in the throes of a bloody war with the South, "are not more responsible for the original introduction of this property than are the people of the North, and, when it is remembered how unhesitatingly we all use cotton and sugar and share the profits of dealing in them, it may



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not be quite safe to say that the South has been more responsible than the North for its continuance."

The years are gliding swiftly by. Only a little while, and there shall not be one man living who saw service on either side of that great struggle of systems and ideas. Its passions long ago vanished from manly bosoms. That has come to pass within a single generation in America which in Europe required ages to accomplish. There is no disputing the verdict of events. Let us relate them truly and interpret them fairly. If we would have the North do justice to our heroes, we must do justice to its heroes. I here render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, even as I would render unto God the things that are God's. As living men, standing erect in the presence of Heaven and the world, we have grown gray without being ashamed; and we need not fear that history will fail to vindicate our integrity. When those are gone that fought the battle, and posterity comes to strike the final balance-sheet, it will be shown that the makers of the Constitution left the relation of the States to the Federal Government and of the Federal Government to the States open to a double construction. It will be told how the mistaken notion that slave labor was requisite to the profitable cultivation of sugar, rice, and cotton raised a paramount property interest in the southern section of the Union, while in the northern section, responding to the trend of modern



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thought and the outer movements of mankind, there arose a great moral sentiment against slavery. The conflict thus established, gradually but surely sectionalizing party lines, was as inevitable as it was irrepressible. It was fought out to its bitter and logical conclusion at Appomattox. It found us a huddle of petty sovereignties, held together by a rope of sand. It made and it left us a nation. Esto perpetua!



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## THE IDEAL IN PUBLIC LIFE*

A virile old friend of mine—he was not a Kentuckian—he lived in Texas, though he went there from Rhode Island—used to declare, with sententious emphasis, that war is the state of man. "Sir," he was wont to observe, addressing me as if I were personally accountable, "you are emasculating the human species. You are changing men into women and women into men. You are teaching everybody to read, nobody to think, and do you know where you will end, sir? Extermination, sir—extermination! On the north side of the North Pole there is another world peopled by giants; ten thousand millions at the very least; every giant of them a hundred feet high. Now, about the time you have reduced your universe to complete effeminacy, some fool with a pickaxe will break through the thin partition—the mere ice-curtain—separating these giants from us, and then they will sweep through and swoop down and swallow you, sir, and the likes of you, with your topsy-turvy civilization, your boasted literature and science and art!"

* A response to the toast "The Ideal in Public Life," Emerson Centenary, Waldorf-Astoria, New York, May 25, 1903.



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# The Ideal in Public Life

This old friend of mine had a sure recipe for success in public life. "Whenever you get up to make a speech," said he, "begin by proclaiming yourself the purest, the most disinterested of living men, and end by intimating that you are the bravest," and then, with the charming inconsistency of the dreamer, he would add, "If there be anything on this earth that I do hybominate it is hypocrisy!"

Decidedly he was not a disciple of Emerson. Yet he, too, in his way, was an idealist, and for all his oddity a man of intellectual integrity, a trifle exaggerated, perhaps, in its methods and illustrations, but true to his convictions of right and duty, as Emerson would have him be. For was it not Emerson who exclaimed: "We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds"?

Taking a hint from the whimsies of my archaic philosopher, Mr. Chairman, I shall begin by a repudiation of the sentiment you have just read. There is no such thing as the ideal in public life, construing public life to refer to political transactions. The ideal may exist in art and letters, and sometimes very young men imagine that it exists in very young women. But here we must draw the line. As society is constituted the ideal has no place, not even standing-room, in the arena of civics. If we would make a place for it, we must begin by realizing this. The painter, like the



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lover, is a law unto himself—with his little picture—the poet, also with his little poem—his atelier, his universe, his barn-yard, his field of battle—his weapons the utensils of his craft—he, himself, his own Providence. It is not so in the world of action, where the conditions are exactly reversed—where the one player contends against many players, seen and unseen—where each move is met by some counter move—where the finest touches are often unnoted of men, or rudely blotted out by a mysterious hand stretched forth from the darkness. "I wish I could be as sure of anything," said Melbourne, "as Tom Macaulay is of everything." Melbourne was a man of affairs, Macaulay a man of books; and so throughout the catalogue the men of action have been fatalists, from Cæsar to Napoleon and Bismarck, nothing certain except the invisible player behind the screen.

Thus, of all human contrivances, the most imperfect is government. In spite of the essays of Bentham and Mill, the science of politics has yet to be discovered. The ideal statesman can only exist in an ideal state. The politician, like the poor, we have always with us. As long as men delegate to other men the function of acting for them, if not of thinking for them, we shall continue to have him. He is, of course, a variable quantity. In the crowded centres of population his distinguishing marks are short hair and cunning; upon the confines, sentiment and the six-shooter! In New



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York, he becomes a Boss; in Kentucky and Texas, an orator. Let me hope that, on this occasion at least, I shall not be suspected of being a politician. But, the statesman—the ideal statesman—in the mind's eye, Horatio! Bound by our limitations such an anomaly would be a statesman lacking a party, a statesman who never gets any votes, a statesman perpetually out of a job. We have had some imitation ideal statesmen who have been more or less successful in palming off their pinchbeck jewels for the real; but, looking backward over the history of the country, we shall find the greatest among our public men—measuring greatness by eminent service—to have been, while they lived, least considered as ideals; for they were men of flesh and blood, who, amid the rush of duty as they saw it, could not stop to paint pictures, to brood over details, to consider sensibilities, to put forth the deft hand, where life and death hung upon the stroke of a bludgeon or the swinging of a club.

Washington was not an ideal statesman, nor Hamilton, nor Jefferson, nor Lincoln; though each of them conceived grandly and executed nobly. They loved truth for truth's sake. Yet no one of them ever quite attained his own conception of it. Truth indeed is ideal. But, when we come to adapt and apply it, how many faces it shows us, what varying aspects! So that he is fortunate who is able to catch and hold a single fleeting expression, to bridle this and saddle it, and,



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as we say in Kentucky, to ride it a turn or two around the paddock, or, still better, down the home-stretch of things accomplished. The real statesman must often do as he can, not as he would; the ideal statesman existing only in the credulity of those simple idolaters who are captivated by appearances or deceived by professions.

The ideal in public life, as I conceive it, relates rather to the agglomeration of the State than to any individual example; to a people sufficiently lifted above the strifes and passions of their leaders to discriminate between right and wrong; to a body of voters who do not trot in droves to the polls like sheep to the shambles, happy in the bonfires that blind their eyes, exultant through sheer sound and fury, signifying at least nothing to them except more taxes, heavier burdens, and, at last, confirmation of the right to pay the piper and settle with the undertaker.

The nearest approach to the ideal statesman this country has evolved lived and died here in the metropolis. If ever man pursued an ideal life he did. From youth to age he dwelt amid his fancies. He was truly a man of the world among men of letters, and a man of letters among men of the world. A philosopher pure and simple—a lover of books, of pictures, of all things beautiful and elevating—he yet attained great riches, and, being a doctrinaire and having a passion for affairs, he was able to gratify the aspiration to emi-



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nence and the yearning to be of service to the State which had filled his heart. Without any of the artifices usual to the practical politician he gradually rose to be a power in his party; thence, to become the leader of a vast following; his name a shibboleth to millions of his countrymen, who enthusiastically supported him, and who believed that he was elected Chief Magistrate of the United States. He was indeed an idealist; he lost the White House because he was so; though represented by his enemies as a scheming spider weaving his web amid the coil of mystification in which he hid himself. For this man was personally known to few in the city where he had made his career; a great lawyer and jurist, who rarely appeared in court; a great popular leader, to whom the hustings were mainly a stranger; a thinker, and yet a dreamer, who lived his own life a little apart, as a poet might; uncorrupting and incorruptible; least of all his political companions moved by the loss of the Presidency which had seemed in his grasp. And, finally, he died—though a master of legal lore—to have his last will and testament successfully assailed.

I hope the Society of American Authors, whose guests we are this night, will not consider me invidious when I say that literature and politics are as wide apart as the poles. From Bolingbroke, the most splendid of the world's failures, to Thackeray, one of its greatest masters of letters—who happily did not get



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the chance he sought in public life to fail—both English and American history is full of illustrations to this effect. Except in the comic opera of French politics, the poet, the artist, invested with power, seems to lose his efficiency in the ratio of his genius; the literary gift, the artistic temperament, instead of aiding, actually antagonizing the aptitude for public business. The statesman may not be fastidious. The poet, the artist, must be always so. If the party leader preserve his integrity—if he keep himself disinterested and clean—if his public influence be inspiring to his countrymen and his private influence obstructive of cheats and rogues among his adherents—he will have done well, if not his best. Hence it is that I say that the ideal in public life may not be achieved through any one or a dozen individuals posing as statesmen, but through the moral and intellectual emancipation of the whole people.

We have happily left behind us the gibbet and the stake. No further need of the Voltaires, the Rousseaus, and the Diderots to declaim against kingcraft and priestcraft. We have done something more than mark time. We report progress. Yet, despite the miracles of modern invention, how far in the arts of government has the world travelled from darkness to light since the old tribal days, and what has it learned, except to enlarge the area, to augment the agencies, to multiply and complicate the forms and processes of



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corruption? By corruption, I mean the dishonest advantage of the few over the many. The dreams of yesterday we are told become the realities of to-morrow. It may be so in science and in art. But the dreams of Emerson related less to science and art and letters than to the development of individual character, book-culture, picture-culture, music-culture, merely the lamps that light the onward march of that development, so many mile-posts along the highway indicating that war is not the state of man.

In these despites, I am an optimist. Much truly there needs to be learned, much to be unlearned. Advanced as we think ourselves, we are yet a long way from the most rudimentary perception of the civilization we are so fond of parading. The Eternal Verities? Where shall we seek them? Little in religious affairs, less still in commercial affairs, hardly any at all in political affairs, that being right which represents each church's idea, each party's idea, each man's idea of the prevailing interest, or predilection. Still, I repeat, we progress. The pulpit begins to turn away from the sinister visage of theology and to teach the simple lessons of Christ and Him crucified. The press, which used to be omniscient, is now only indiscriminate; a clear gain; emitting, by force of publicity, if not of shine, a kind of light, through whose diverse rays and foggy lustre we may now and then get a glimpse of truth; though rarely the primal truth



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embodied by that blessed legend, "Do thou unto others as thou wouldst that they should do unto you," wherein lie the whole secret and mystery of human happiness. Brook Farm was a failure because it was long ages before its time; yet it set a candle upon the altars of humanity and left a not unmeaning tradition behind it. That lovely idyl lives to-day in the hearts of the men who are returning to the world some of the millions their genius for accumulation drew from it in such sums and for such purposes as will presently establish it as a fact, and not an empty saying, that there is more pleasure in giving than in receiving. One at least of these men has rendered us a modern and truer reading of the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount in the declaration that he would be ashamed to take his millions with him into the throne-room of Grace; and let us believe that in laying down this principle and acting upon it, Carnegie is but the first of a line of kings whose dynasty is safer than that of Hapsburg, or of Hohenzollern, whose right divine is registered where alone divine rights belong; of a line of kings who shall ordain a new polity, establish a new gospel, from whose bell-towers it shall be proclaimed that there is actually a God above riches and might, who will demand, and in this world, too, a strict accounting. Let cynics deride them, let casuists find other than noble motives for their benefactions, I, at least, will look no gift horse in the mouth; the rather see



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in them the dawn of a day when money shall be so cheap and plenty—even as it used to be in the Confederacy—that it shall be said of him who hath it, the more he hath, the poorer he is!

The ideal then in public life is first of all and over all a public opinion compelling the same moral obligation in public as in private affairs; of a public opinion able to distinguish between the spurious and the real; in short, of a trained intelligence sufficiently diffused among the people to protect them at least against the grosser forms of deception. Barnum discovered not alone the virtues of humbug but the willing subjection of its victims. There will be, I suppose, always persons who entertain a natural prejudice in favor of quack nostrums. Cagliostro has ever been one of the most interesting among the figures of an age crowded with prodigies. We pique ourselves upon our mother wit—Yankee wit we call it—but from how many shams has it rescued us? We alternately blame and praise the newspapers; they are precisely what we make them. They will either grow wiser and better as leaders, or, ceasing to lead, will become mere vehicles of intercommunication; the editor only a few hours in advance of his readers in the knowledge of current events. Meanwhile, let us not misinterpret, but carry in mind and heart these pregnant words of Emerson: "We live in a very low state of the world and pay unwilling tribute to governments founded on



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force . . . but society is fluid . . . commerce, education, religion may be voted in or out . . . the law is only a memorandum. . . . The statute stands there to say, yesterday we agreed so and so . . . the history of the State sketches in coarse outline the progress of thought, and follows at a distance the delicacy of culture and aspiration . . . in the end, all shall be well."

Recurring to the text with which I began, let me say in conclusion that I prefer to believe that there are a little more than curiosity and superfluous energy behind the effort to reach the North Pole, and on the other side of it something less strenuous, as our good President would say, than a race of warlike giants committed to a final world conquest. Perhaps we shall find there, held through long ages in reserve—in Paradisaic cold storage—for the delectation of man, a crystalline assortment of ideals—of ideals translated and ready to be at once appropriated and applied—foremost among them being the ideal statesman. Till then let us continue to aspire, to labor, and to wait, for not till then may we attain verification of the conceit that one man is as good as another, as indeed he ought to be when they can read, can also think, and when we, the survivals of the fittest, have arrived in that recreated universe, where there shall be no more oratory and posing for effect, nor kingcraft, nor priestcraft, nor partycraft—not even after-dinner speech-making—



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but where every voter shall be his own file-leader and each particular lie shall nail itself to the cross.

"When the Church is social worth,
When the State-house is the hearth,
Then the perfect State is come,
The Republican at home!"



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# IV

# SPEECHES



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## THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION BILL*

Mr. Speaker, I have listened with attention to whatever has been said on either side of the House touching this momentous question. I have done so not merely on account of the distinguished character and talents of the gentlemen who have preceded me, but because, entertaining a distinct opinion of my own, I have been curious to discover how far that might be altered or modified by the reasoning of those who have made the consideration of problems in constitutional law the business of their lives, and who are therefore able to bring to this present inquiry the copious information of professional training. Being a layman, and having no larger knowledge of such matters than should be possessed by every citizen who loves his country, and who, valuing its free institutes, has sought to compass the spirit and forms under which they exist, I shall make no pretence of adding to the law of the case. I would not trespass upon the time and courtesy of the House at all but that, intertwisted with the legal points submitted to us, are a multitude of practical, every-day suggestions bearing upon our whole political economy and nearly affecting

* House of Representatives, XLIVth Congress, January 26, 1877.



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this immediate issue. For behind this conflict of jurisdictions are arrayed the forces of half a century of sectional agitation. The conflict itself is based upon the disputed votes of one Northern and three Southern States. These latter bring before us the results of a vast scheme of reconstruction, while upon the final issue another reconstruction may depend. Not merely the rights, powers, prerogatives, and duties of the two Houses are involved therefore, but the existence of political society in certain parts of the country, and a just understanding between the people in every part of it, all referable more or less to the action of the proposed commission, as bound up in the administrative policy to flow from the selection of the one or other contestant for the office of Chief Magistrate.

That the situation is something more than critical; that, with reference to the present, it may involve a perilous exigency, while with reference to the future, it does involve a vital principle in Republican ethics, will hardly be denied by any thoughtful person. It must also be admitted to be an extraordinary circumstance that an organic question of such magnitude as that embraced by a series of disputed matters of fact and law in the count of the electoral vote, and behind that of the popular vote for President and Vice-President, should be the occasion of so little tumult. In the dead of a winter of unusual rigor, thousands of people begging in the streets of the great cities for bread, thousands of



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people everywhere out of employment, the business of the country prostrate, what do we see? The rich hug their millions in security, while the people, clasping their free fabric to their bosoms, conscious alike of the danger which menaces it and of the hardships which press upon themselves, pursue the even tenor of their way in a manner conservative enough to satisfy the most infatuated believer in Napoleonic ideas. I shall take leave in the remarks which I have to offer to go outside the record of tittle-tattle which has constituted so large a portion of our discussions—nay, outside the record of the written law, which is not always a certain guide—and ask your consideration of some odds and ends, partly of belief and partly of observation, picked up in the course of considerable migration between war and peace, between the North and the South, during the stress of weather encountered by our peculiar system the last two decades. Conceiving that these may not fall in precisely with the conventional routine of debate, I venture to hope that they may give on this floor some partial expression of that love of country and kind which warms the Anglo-Saxon heart in the United States to deeds of gentleness rather than violence, clearly indicating that we are the most homogeneous people on the face of the globe.

Sir, the American people are indeed a brave and loving people. The two sections of our Union, never quite married, originally held together by strong ties of nat-



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ural affection only, got on well enough until the stronger, as is wont to be the case, pressed for a closer relationship, and with more power became more exacting. The weaker resisted, incautiously, of course. She resented, passionately, of course. The open rupture came, whose end was a matter of course, for the weaker always goes to the wall. And now we behold in our public affairs, what we often see in private life, that, because submission and affection have not proved to be convertible terms, despotic power would smirch the character, as well as blight the future, of the victim. Mr. Speaker, as we say to our little ones, "easy is much better than hard." To-day it is the South which represents the woman in the quarrel. To-morrow it may be the East. Why is it that where the woman cannot be debauched she must be destroyed?

But we are told that "nobody wants to destroy the South." Certainly not; because, apart from considerations of a sentimental sort, the prosperity of the whole country depends upon the well-being of each of its sections. Baleful as I think the Republican policy has been, and harshly as I sometimes feel toward the authors of that policy, I shall not allow myself to believe the Republican masses so deliberately malignant as the results of eleven years of maladministration would make them appear could they have foreseen its consequences. I take it that they have been honestly mistaken as to the true nature of the case, and shall try to show before I



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sit down some of the causes which have misled them. Whatever its origin, all of us should desire to have done with criminations and recriminations, bringing profit only to such as trade upon the ignorance and passions of unthinking men.

It used to be urged that the soldiers of the two contending armies in our sectional war would be able to make a speedy and lasting peace if they were given the opportunity. The same may be said of the whole people. If the people of the South could traverse the pleasant highways and byways of New England, if they could behold the admirable public and domestic economy that prevails there, if they could have personal knowledge of the still more admirable hospitality and geniality which warm the true New England heart, they would recognize in the mingled obstinacy, narrowness, and good-will of the New Englander much of their own exuberant spirit of provincial dogmatism. On the other hand, I maintain it to be true that wherever the New Englander has gone South with a fair purpose he has encountered an honest welcome and has found a race of men and women kindred to his own. There is no sectional line, no air-line or water-line in this country, east or west or north or south, which marks off separate species. There are local peculiarities everywhere. The habits, customs, and manners of the people in Maine and Mississippi differ certainly, but not more than those of the people in Arkansas and South



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Carolina. Take two communities lying alongside, like Kentucky and Tennessee, and we find each pursuing its bent, having ways of its own not shared by the other. There is no natural antagonism between any of those States. But it is easy enough to raise up artificial antagonism. "How great a flame a little fire kindleth;" hate begetting hate as love begets love. The process is as old as the world, familiar to all mankind. In this place and at this time I wish to deal with it only as it concerns ourselves.

My reading of American history may not be profound, but if it tells me one thing more than another it is that the American people are a homogeneous people, and that, if they can once again establish themselves upon the home-rule principle of the Constitution, which leaves each section and State to settle its domestic affairs in its own way, we shall see the dawn of an era of progress and power hitherto undreamed of by the most ardent. To the policy of interference, the spirit of intermeddling, we can trace all our ills, for we may be sure that so long as the politicians in one section are able to make capital off the conditions prevailing in another section, there will be misrepresentation, the party holding the general government holding the whip-hand of prejudice and passion. To-day we have merely a reversal of the forces which filled the land with darkness twenty years ago. The lines may be deeper, the portents more ominous; but the spectacle of intolerance is just the same



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No fair-minded man can say, and no honest historian will record, that our great sectional conflict was one-sided; all the right here and all the wrong there. The North found out very early in the race that slave labor was not profitable. So, consulting a prudent sagacity, it sold its slaves, never failing to put the money it got for them in its pocket. That was a long time before the morality of slavery entered into party politics. Nay, for a quarter of a century thereafter the slavery question was remanded to the custody of a handful of enthusiasts who were hardly more odious in the one section than in the other. At length the politicians, seeing in it the materials for agitation, seized it, and for another quarter of a century, and on both sides, much perverted it. The calm reviewer of the future, be his predilections what they may, will peruse those old debates with mingled curiosity and sorrow; passionate declamation everywhere, each party for itself, the unhappy cause of disturbance being slowly but surely ground between the upper and nether mill-stone. Sir, that is the spectacle in this country to-day, particularly as to the black man. During all these years he has been the one patient, unoffending sufferer. When he was a slave his lot was made harder by the war which was levied in his behalf. Now that he is a freeman, a new contention has arisen which makes it harder still. His real interest has been, and is, the very last thing considered. And yet, seeing that his existence has



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proved almost as tormenting to the white man as to himself, one would be led to ask why he is such a favorite with partisans of every description, if all of us did not know that it was at the first, and is now, and will always be as long as the race question is continued in our politics—to use the homely but expressive phrase of Hosea Biglow—

> To git some on 'em offis an' some on 'em votes

The black man is a freeman, a citizen, and a voter. If these possessions do not protect him, no more can troops of laws or troops of soldiers. But they are ample to protect him, and they do protect him, wherever they are left to their natural bent.

Take, for illustration, the States of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, which did not pass through the ordeal of reconstruction, and compare the condition of the negro therein with his condition in Louisiana and South Carolina. I can speak with some assurance for Kentucky, and I ought to be held to be a competent witness, for I have given proofs of being a steady friend to the black man. At the close of the war it was my belief that, since there was no way to supply ourselves with another labor system, our interest, as well as our duty, was to improve such as we had; to make the best of a bad bargain; to take the negro in his rags, ignorance, and squalor, and try to make a man of him; to



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protect him, educate him, elevate him. A movement in this direction was bound to meet resistance and obstruction. But, step by step, within the good old commonwealth of Kentucky, and within the Democratic party, which controlled Kentucky, the fight was made. There were no trumped-up legislatures imported from alien regions for hostile purposes, seeking to do by force that which was to be best done by simple, popular arts. There were no bellicose proclamations from bogus Governors, saddled upon the people by martial appliance, intended to incite violence in order that arbitrary power might secure its pretext for renewed exaction. The Federal authority happened to be exercised with moderation through officials who, whatever opinions they may have had, were responsible men, Kentuckians to the marrow-bone and manner born. There were conflicts of jurisdiction, undoubtedly, and wherever these appeared they retarded the forward march of events. But they were not serious enough to stop it. Thus, by easy stages, and by popular consent, the negro presently found himself vested with such legal rights as the States have exclusive power to give; he was established in the rights which the general Government had given him; he was made secure in his home, and he is to-day surpassed by no laboring-man in any part of the world in the advantage which he enjoys for getting on in life. He is sought by all parties—a very popular person, indeed, with candidates for office. In the city where I



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live, his churches and schools are numerous, well-ordered, and well-attended. He has no conflicts with the whites. In a word, he is a freeman, a citizen, and a voter.

That is the solution, as it is the history, of the black problem submitted to natural laws. If the negro cannot be protected by the domestic system under which he lives, far less is he likely to be protected by misapplied and misused Federal agencies. The enlightened forces of society, however, when left to their particular accountability, will always assert themselves. They have an interest at stake beyond all other interests. It is when society has been overawed and silenced, when irresponsible men have been put above it, as in Louisiana and South Carolina, that we see physical disturbance and commercial ruin.

The plea that there is an exceptional civilization and humanity in the South ineradicably opposed to the negro is false. There is no more hostility toward the negro in the South than in the North; if I spoke my full mind, I should say that there is less. Precisely the same system of civilization and humanity exists in the one section that exists in the other. Its manifestations differ merely as I have said. The vicious elements in an old-established body-politic are less violent than in a newly settled community. The educated rascal in New England who forges paper and raises checks finds his counterpart in the Southern swashbuckler who wears a ruf-



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fled shirt and is handy with his revolver. Each, taking his cue from the conditions around about him, engages in that department of crime which he thinks safest. Thus, the one or the other becomes the fashion among rogues. An ancient, thickly populated region finds it necessary to hold life by its surest fastenings. Its laws against murder are, therefore, rigidly enforced. Bad men turn their attention to less dangerous pursuits and murder is left to ruffians, who are too ignorant or too hardened to have the fear of the gallows constantly before their eyes. Life hangs more loosely in new communities and murder is at once cheaper and easier. But crime is crime the world over—acts perpetrated by bad men—and it is as fair to judge New England by her Winslows and Pomeroys as to judge the South by such examples as are paraded in support of the argument touching her peculiar civilization. No society, however, should be judged by its baser elements; for they do not rule. The better elements of society govern in the South as in the North, whenever society is put upon its responsibility. Suppose, to take a ready example, that after Tweed and his followers had got possession of the city of New York they had been supported in their predatory work by the Government of the United States. Suppose the great body of the people of New York had been disfranchised. Suppose every peaceful effort at relief had been met by troops sent by orders from Washington at Tweed's call. Suppose for years



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the majority on this floor had extolled the Tweed system and the Tweed operators, and had described the mass and body of society in New York as rebels and traitors, having two rights only, the right to be hanged and the right to be damned, what would the result have been? I ask any candid man whether he thinks it would differ materially from the existing state of affairs in Louisiana and South Carolina, even as that is depicted by the unfriendliest hand? It would be the same, believe me, for New York and New Orleans, Boston and Charleston, are made up of the same race, moved by the same interests, stirred by the same passions. Those who seek to create a different impression have either learned nothing by their experience or are consciously and purposely malignant. National gatherings are constantly illustrating the absurdity of such partisan outgivings. Church assemblies, trade meetings, educational and scientific and political conventions, made up of delegates from all the States, come together, year after year, and there is no sign whatever of a diversified humanity and civilization. On the contrary, there is fellowship, thorough and complete. But when it suits a body of partisans to do a job of work of which they have reason to be ashamed, then we hear the sectional tocsin sounded, appealing to passions of the baser sort. Sir, the American people have listened to that unreasoning clangor for five-and-twenty years, and they are tired of it. They want a rest on it. The men



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of my generation were in no wise responsible for our sectional war. They can be fairly said to have no political antecedents. They are competent to utter the things they will about that war as well as about passing events, and they ought to do so freely and fully, nay, the better sense and better nature of the country wish them to do so. Such controversies as we have should be settled in our day and by ourselves. They should not be committed to our children, to rankle in their hearts, planting all over the land the seeds of future disturbance.

Less than this as to the circumstances which have produced the present complications and their underlying cause I could not say. It may not be true that we stand upon the brink of civil war; but it is true that grave dangers stare us in the face, threatening every public and private interest. I wish to inveigh against no party, to abuse nobody, but that a well-organized conspiracy exists to put a President in the White House who in my judgment was not elected by the people, I do not doubt. Nor is this the worst of it, for it has long seemed inevitable, embodying a peril which the wisest have feared might be inherent to our system. The Democratic party of a by-gone era was strong enough to make its exit from power the signal for a sectional war. The Republican party of this present day, equally strong and arrogant, regards itself as holding the Government in fee-simple, and, using the sectional



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question as the Democratic party formerly used the slavery question, it is able, through its leaders, to precipitate the country into civil war. The transfer of power by peaceful process from one great party to another is an unsolved problem in the practical operation of domestic government. Therefore, I have looked to the present crisis for years with misgiving, conceiving that sooner or later it would surely come. Nor have its *dramatis personæ,* its implements and resources, surprised me. They are large and potent. It is even claimed that they are sufficiently equipped to be more than a match for the unorganized masses of the people. We may as well talk plainly of things as they are. The Republican party, intrenched in its position, is compact and united. If it is magnificent in nothing else, it is magnificent in its organization and audacity. The Democratic party is as one who has his right arm tied behind him. If forced into civil war, it would proceed under the greatest possible disadvantage. I speak thus not merely because I wish to be clear in my line of argument, concealing nothing, but because there are evils to be more dreaded than civil war. Rather than see a cabal of party managers using the power placed in their possession as a supreme party to seat a usurper in the Chief Magistracy, the people would, after having exhausted peaceful agencies to prevent it, be justified in a resort to stronger measures. In this connection I may say that, dreading the arrival of this exigency, I have



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from the first urged upon my political associates proper agitation as to the danger, so that the public opinion of the time might be fully advised, and, being advised, might organize itself to avert it. The fault is not with me that this was neglected until the bare suggestion came to be dismissed with alternate derision and odium, by some as a piece of empty bravado, by others as downright sedition. I do admit that the time has gone by when the people at large could act effectively for themselves. If the two Houses of Congress fail to agree, then indeed we shall have come upon an emergency. We shall see the Senate, casting the blame upon the House, proceed to the counting in of Hayes and Wheeler; we shall see the President of the United States, supported by the army and navy, prepare to seat them in office; we shall see the Chief-Justice ready to administer to them the oaths of office. The House, acting under its construction of its rights, privileges, and duties, proceeds to elect a President. Then follows either civil war or a case in law, but no matter which, continuous suspense, commotion, and discontent. Let us assume, what I believe, that there will be no war. Let us assume that the Senate, acting for itself, declares Hayes and Wheeler elected, and that upon this the country settles down into sullen acquiescence. What have we then? There are those who tell us that four years hence we shall obtain the desired change of parties in the Government, brought about by such overwhelm-



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ing majorities as will leave no room for conspiracy or doubt. I think not so. On the contrary, we shall have four years of planning and disturbance, with another and a better substantial bloody-shirt campaign at the end of them; a North more prejudiced than now; a South thoroughly demoralized; no such organization, no such issues, no such opportunities as the opposition had in the last campaign.

Usurpation goes backward as little as revolution. The inauguration of Hayes by a process such as the extreme members of the Republican Senate will be reduced to, if the two Houses fail to agree upon a joint plan, would be regarded as a usurpation by considerably more than one-half of the people. In the South it would be universally held as a step forward in revolution. By its authors it would be taken as evidence of their ability to go ahead without fear of the consequences. Another reconstruction, justified by the condition of affairs in Louisiana and South Carolina, will loom into view. This will include Mississippi, Florida, and perhaps Alabama; and, to commend itself to any approval, it must be "thorough," for the country will submit to no more half measures. Thus, already ruined in their material concerns, the Southern people will be quite bereft of hope. They will have no political future, and we shall see society divided into three classes:

First, the despairing, who will say "There is no use



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of voting any more, because we elected a President whom the country would not inaugurate."

Second, the time-servers, who will make terms with the Republicans, and, like self-seekers time out of mind, will become useful only for mischief.

Third, the constitutional opposition, weakened in every way, and of no particular value to its fellow-class in the North.

These, Mr. Speaker, I regard as the almost certain consequences of seating a President in office by a process and on a title which a large majority of the people cannot approve, but which they will believe to be fraudulent. The ultimate end of such an invasion of the spirit of our Government must be the overthrow of the Government itself, civil war, and all the evils which such experiences entail. We, no more than other people, can claim or expect immunity from the ills which, from the beginning of time, have beset the nations of the earth. To prevent, therefore, a catastrophe so dire, no less than to escape the perils immediately before us, every nerve of brain and heart should be strained. I take issue with those who think that any good can flow from usurpation. Whoever succeeds to the Chief Magistracy, I want to see him seated in office on an unclouded title. This brings me to the bill under consideration.

I have said, sir, that I shall not undertake to add to the law of the case. It seems to me that an eminent



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jurist in the other House, the distinguished Senator from Vermont,* has made it perfectly clear that the bill is constitutional. I accept and adopt his view without reservation. It not only settles all constitutional doubts in my mind, but it smooths an original objection which I had entertained to the scheme as a mere compromise. Since Congress has power to legislate in this wise the bill is not a compromise, although it accomplishes that for which compromise is usually invoked. That the proposed commission is established in accordance with law, and that it is to be equitably organized, have been the only questions on which I have allowed my mind to rest; because, considering the present state of affairs, not as I would have it, but as it is, I believe that, if some arrangement be not reached between this and the middle of February, we shall find ourselves drifting in an open boat upon a shoreless sea, compassless and rudderless, nobody to lead us whom we can trust, and no concert of action among ourselves, but, in room of these essentials to useful endeavor, a desperate partisan conspiracy in front of us, armed *cap-à-pie* and prepared for emergencies. The sole hope of that conspiracy is the non-agreement of the two Houses of Congress. The sole hope left the people—a choice of evils, I grant—is the proposed commission. That it is to be fairly constituted, and that as made up it will compose a tribunal which men can respect, I believe, and, so believing, I am

* Mr. Edmunds.



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willing to rest the case with it. I am the readier to do this since I regard Tilden's case as a good one; but I shall vote for the bill with the full consciousness that the action of the commission may bitterly disappoint me and those who feel and think with me. If it does, I shall still have discharged a most unpleasing duty in that manner which was best calculated to preserve constitutional forms and keep the peace of the country at a time when the Republic was menaced and the people were not prepared for war.

Mr. Speaker, sixteen years ago the people of this country were brought face to face with an undetermined point in constitutional law touching the right of a State to secede from the Union. Thousands of intelligent and honest men believed that right to exist. There was no tribunal, however, to which they could refer it. War, the result of which no one could foresee, whose consequences will outlast this and the next generation, ensued. It is idle at this late day to speculate upon what might have been if the States had possessed some constitutional means of arbitration. But it is quite certain that had they known what we know, they would have gone greater lengths to keep the peace. We now confront a danger just as real and just as great. No less than the rulership of the country is involved. The Houses of Congress are controlled by opposing political bodies. There is confusion in the returns of the electoral vote. The terms of the Constitution lack explic-



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itness and furnish the minds of many a reasonable doubt as to what, speaking precisely, is lawful to be done. Setting aside the passions and interests of partisans, the non-partisan classes, embracing at least one-half the total vote polled in the election, share this doubt to such an extent that they have held aloof thus far from public demonstration. They are at length making their wishes known with emphasis. They understand the danger and see in the proposed commission the means of averting it. For my part, if my objections were even greater than they are, I should give it to them. Let it place whom it may in the Presidential office, it will, without dishonor, bring us that repose of which, of all things, the country stands most in need. In other words, it is this, or the Senate, or civil war. I may not, and I do not, like it as an original proposition. I may, and I do, feel a sense of indignation that such a contingency has been forced by the operations of what I believe to be conspiracy. But, reduced to a choice of evils, I take this tribunal, entertaining no doubt that it will be composed of competent and patriotic men, by whose judgment I shall abide, something more than party being at stake. The happiness and peace of forty millions of people will press upon the commission raised by this act; its members will cease to be partisans; they will sit for the whole country; and, as they discharge their full duty, they will be honored in the land. It seems to me that, if arbitration is our only recourse, as I believe it is,



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that proposed is both legal and just. Upon it, therefore, good men everywhere will rest the issue, trusting that the God from whom we received our fair, free system, building wiser than we knew, will bring it safely through this present danger.



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## ENGLAND AND AMERICA*

A distinguished journalist of London, holding a seat in the Imperial Parliament, was quoted last winter as saying that, before the United States venture upon a war with England, or any foreign power, the southern section of the Union would have to be reckoned with. How little he knew about the situation of affairs, and the state of public sentiment, in America. If, upon this Memorial Day, officially dedicated to the fallen heroes of one army, the fallen heroes of both armies who fought in that stubborn contention could be mustered on earth, and could witness the complete obliteration of every sign, token, and issue of domestic strife, and realize, as the living do, the full meaning of the conclusive result reached thirty-one years ago, it may be doubted whether the exultation of the one side would, in sincerity and universality, exceed the satisfaction of the other side. I say "satisfaction" advisedly, for, since no man can be expected to exult in his own undoing, a stronger expression might not precisely fit the case. But I do declare that, among the survivors of those who fought so well from Big

* A speech made at the Consular Banquet, Hotel Cecil, London, May 30, 1896.



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Bethel in 1861 to Appomattox in 1865, and their descendants, there is now but one feeling, and that of thankfulness to God that He laid the weight of His hand upon the Southern Confederacy and preserved the life of the American Union.

I was over here just after that dreadful struggle—a very ragged rebel, indeed—and was not long discovering that such trivial distinctions as Federal and Confederate were Greek to the average European mind. All of us, Southerners and Northerners alike, all of us were Yankees. I took the hint, and with it the shortest cut I could back to the protecting folds of the flag under which I was born, and I found there the shelter so ample and restful, so comforting and so comfortable, that I clung to it, froze to it, and have ever since been advising the boys, old and young, to follow my example.

With all deference to my very old and dear friend, the Ambassador,* and to the sentiments uttered by the eminent Senator from Massachusetts,† I confess that I am a Jingo; but you will be assured that I mean no discourtesy to those of our English friends who have honored us by their presence when I tell you, and them, that it was from England I learned the lesson and got the cue. Let me hasten to add that there is no possession which England has that America wants. The world is quite big enough for both of us. But nothing

* Mr. Bayard. † Mr. Hoar.



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is gained to either by seeking to conceal the fact, that behind the party leaders and the public journals, here to-day and gone to-morrow, there are millions of people who may not with safety be ignored, and vast interests which can only be secured by a policy of firm, enlightened self-assertion, equally plain-spoken on both sides.

The greatness and glory of England go without saying. It should require no self-seeking flunkyism eager for social recognition, nor any resonant lip-service, delighted to have an audience and rejoicing in the sound of its own voice, to impress upon intelligent Englishmen the truth that no intelligent American desires any other than the most constant, the most cordial relations of friendship with England. There are indeed shrines here where we worship; founts whence we have drawn thirst-quenching draughts of liberty and poetry and law. But the talk about common institutions and a common language is cheap talk, and, in some respects, misleading talk. The common language did not prevent us from going to war on two occasions, and enables us on every occasion, when we happen to be out of temper, to express ourselves the more volubly and the more offensively. The common institutions, where they do not expose us to conflicting interests, are rather imaginary than real. We are of common origin and blood, undoubtedly, and that means that we are good fighters, who may be counted on,



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each to stand by his own; and consequently, as this circumstance has come to be tolerably well understood on both sides of the Atlantic, we are hearing a good deal about a new principle of international ethics, or jurisprudence, or what you will, which they call arbitration.

Well, I am for "arbitration." I am for arbitration just as I am for religion and morality and justice, and all other good things that sound well and cost little. But who ever heard of religion or morality or justice interposing to prevent the church—your church or my church—from doing, as an aggregation, what no honest man would willingly do as an individual. Nations, I fear, are no better than churches, and, while arbitration may work very well as a preventive, it will, when the disorder has struck in or become chronic, prove ineffectual as a cure. Then it is that the body politic, the body corporate, requires blood-letting; and blood-letting it will surely have.

Not until man ceases to litigate will he cease to fight. When courts of law are abolished and lawyers are turned into darning-needles; when journalists exchange their functions as preachers sometimes exchange their pulpits; when rival merchants will not permit one another to undersell his wares; in short, when the lion and the lamb have concluded to pool their issues and to lie down to pleasant dreams, we shall have that peace on earth, good-will to men, including, of course, free trade and sailors' rights, so ardently invoked on



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this side of the ocean by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, and, on our side, by Mr. Cleveland, to be applauded and denied, when opportunity has offered, on both sides. War is certainly a dreadful alternative. He who has seen it, and who knows what it actually means, can look upon it only with horror. But there are yet greater evils to mankind than war, whose elimination from human experience makes the emasculation of the human species simply a question of time. It was the heroic spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race which placed England where England is to-day, and her warriors are no more to be forgotten than her sages. It is to this same martial spirit that the American Union owes all that it is, and on which it must rely to maintain all that it has. It is certainly true that these two great nations occupy a position strong enough to control the destinies of the world; but they are not likely to agree upon the terms until Englishmen find as much to thrill and exalt them at Mount Vernon as Americans find to thrill and exalt them at Stratford-on-Avon. Till then, thanking God that I am an Anglo-Saxon, and glorying in the achievements of my race, visible everywhere in this wondrous land, I must rest upon the answer made by John Adams to George the Third, when the King reminded him that, having been born an English subject, he ought to love England: "Sire," said the sturdy old Republican, "Sire, I love no country except my own."



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# England and America

I beg that you will forgive me if I overstep the limitations as to belligerency—in my case purely abstract—officially fixed upon an association dedicated to the noble arts of avarice and peace. But something may be allowed to certain peculiarities of the occasion. Your guest this evening is a General. I, myself, being a Kentuckian, have sometimes been called Colonel.

If, inspired by the heroic dead, to whose memory we have drunk, I take leave to hoist the national bunting a little higher than the Duke of York's column, I trail it also in pious homage toward that dome yonder where lie the mortal remains of Wellington and Nelson. I certainly do not mean to beard the lion in his den, nor to twist the mane or the tail of the noble beast when I remind you that we, too, have in Grant and Sherman and Lee, in Farragut and Stonewall Jackson, Anglo-Saxon soldiers whom Englishmen should delight to honor. Upon the basis of that honor, mutual, reciprocal, spontaneous, and sincere, may England and America always be, what they of right are and ought to be, bone of one bone and flesh of one flesh.



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## RECIPROCITY AND EXPANSION *

In the event that I am ever a candidate for President of the United States, which Heaven forbid, I shall need the electoral vote of Massachusetts—or, rather let me say, that I never expect to become a candidate for that office until assured in advance of that vote—and, this being agreed upon, you will not think me taking unfair advantage of your hospitality, or making a self-seeking electioneering use of it, when I say that I love Massachusetts. (I love Massachusetts because Massachusetts loves liberty, and I love liberty. If I am a crank about anything it is about my right at all times and under all circumstances to talk out in meeting. There is but one human being in this world whom I bow down to and obey, and she is not here this evening—she is at home—I came for pleasure—and, therefore, I am going to proceed just as though I were in reality Julius Cæsar!)

Boston, I believe, is in Massachusetts, and the Bostonese, I am told, possess the conceit of themselves. It is a handy thing to have about the house, and in your

* A speech made at the Banquet of the Merchants' Association of Boston, December 10, 1901.



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case happens to be founded on fact. I at least shall not deny your claim to many good things which have come to pass since the birth of Benjamin Franklin and on down to the completion of the subway and the new passenger-stations. And yet back in the neck of woods where I abide there are those who think that Kentucky is "no slouch." A story is told of an old darky in slave-holding days who declared that his young master was the greatest man that ever lived. "Is he greater than Henry Clay?" "Yas, sir." "Greater than General Jackson?" "Yas, sir." "Well, come now, Uncle Ephraim, you won't say that he is greater than the Almighty?" Uncle Ephraim was stumped for a moment. "I won' say dat, sah; no, sah; but he ber'y young yit." Kentucky may not be all that Massachusetts is; but Kentucky is "ber'y young yit!"

You have here the accretions of nearly three centuries of thinking and doing. A single century ago the hunters of Kentucky were threading their way by the light of pine-knot and rifle-flash through the trackless canebrake and the perilous forest to plant the flag which you worship and I adore upon the first stage of its westward journey around the world. During that War of Sections which extinguished African slavery and created a Nation, Massachusetts was united to a man. Kentucky was so divided that she sent an equal number of soldiers into both of the contending



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armies. Throughout the period succeeding the chaos of that great upheaval, while Massachusetts stood off at long range and took a speculative crack at all creation, Kentucky had to grapple with its realities: to bind up the wounds of the body-corporate; to recover the equipoise of the body-politic; to bury a lost cause and to repair the breaches among the combatants. We did it. We are still doing what is left of it for us to do. And, though we lack somewhat of the wealth which enables you to wish for a thing and to have it, and, perhaps, the training and methods of order which have come down to you from those blody riots in which you will not deny that your fathers engaged—at Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill—yea, in the streets of this very town—we are getting there, and, let me repeat, Kentucky is young yet.

Not so young, however, that long before many of us here present were born she was not old enough to go partners with Massachusetts to help the manufacturers fleece the farmers under the pretension that high protective duties would develop our infant industries and make everybody rich.

I beg you will not be alarmed. I am not going to discuss the Tariff. Twenty-five years ago I ventured in a modest Democratic platform, and in other simple, childlike ways, to advance the theory that "Custom-house taxation," and I might have added all taxation, "shall be for revenue only"; in other words, that the



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Government has no constitutional right nor power in equity to levy a dollar of taxation except for its own support, and that, when the sum required has been obtained, the tax shall stop. They called me names. They said I was a revolutionist. They even went the length of intimating that I was a Radical, and that, you know, down our way, is equivalent to telling a man he is a son-of-a-gun from Boston! Worse than all, I was heralded and stigmatized as a Free Trader. Hoary old infant industries, exuding the oleaginous substance of subsidy out of every pore, climbed upon their haunches and with tears in their eyes exclaimed, "What, would you deprive us children not only of our pap, but take from us the means of aiding the poor workingman to earn a living?" Being a person of tender sensibilities there were times when I wanted to creep off somewhere and weep. Lo! the scene shifts, and what do I see? I see the Republican party, which was so aghast at the old-fashioned, allopathic treatment I prescribed, coming out as a full-fledged Free Trader on the homœopathic plan; its hands full of protocolic pill-boxes loaded with Reciprocity capsules; each capsule nicely sugared to suit the fancy of such infants as accept the treatment, each pill-box bearing the old reliable Protectionist label!

I should be disingenuous if I affected surprise. Indeed, the event fulfils a prophecy of my own. Many years ago, talking to a company of manufacturers at



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Pittsburg, I declared that the day was not far distant when Pennsylvania would be for Free Trade, while a Protectionist party would be growing in Kentucky; that with plants perfected, with trade-marks fixed, and patents secure, Pennsylvania, seeking cheaper processes and wider markets, would say, "Away with the Tariff," while the owners of raw material, the coal barons, and the iron lords of Kentucky, would cry out, "Hold on, we don't want the robbing to stop until we have got our share of it."

I have lived to see—and I do not deny Protectionism its share of the credit—my contention being that it was bound to come and might have been had cheaper—I have lived to see the American manufacturer able to meet this foreign rival in every neutral market in Christendom, sure at least of recovering and controlling those markets that geographically belong to him; because, from a collar-button to a locomotive, the finished product of the American manufacturer to-day beats the world.

And this leads me to ask, if all of us are to turn Free Traders, where is the revenue needful to support the Government—economically administered, mind you, economically administered!—to come from? We are barred direct taxation. Henry George being dead, and Tom Johnson alone surviving, Massachusetts, the bell-wether of innovation, will have to wrestle with the Single Tax problem even as long as she wrestled



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with the problem of Abolition; and, meanwhile, somehow, the Government must live. Is it possible that, being a conservative philosopher and a responsible journalist, I must go back upon my own progeny, cross my own footprints, and become the champion of a revenue tariff with "incidental protection" enough to supply our poor President, and his advisers, and our poor Congress, and other of our impecunious employés in the public service with the means of keeping out of the poor-house? Shall there be another scandal about another liaison between Massachusetts and Kentucky, another league between the Puritan and the blackleg, another era of bargain, intrigue, and corruption as a consequence of our forgathering here to-night? Can it be that it was for this you would lure the Star-eyed one away from the cold pedestal, whereon, like Niobe, she stands, all tears, to these gilded halls and festive scenes? I was warned before I left home that "those Yankees are mighty cute," and I am afraid that, when I get back, the wise ones will shake their heads and wonder what kind of walking it was between Boston Common and the head-waters of the Beargrass!

Forgive the levity. But what a comedy the thing we call Government, what a humbug the thing we call Politics! And yet, after all, how inevitable! I have seen some real battles in my time; but more sham battles, and I do declare that I much prefer the sham battles to the real battles. I shall always contend that



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politics is not war; that party lines are not lines of battle. I believe that we shall never approach the ideal in Government until we have forced public men to speak the truth and hew to the line in public affairs, even as in private affairs, the same laws of honor holding good in both; and, while I would no more exclude sentiment than I would stop the circulation of blood, many lessons of dear-bought experience admonish me that we are as a rule nearest to being in error when we are most positive and emphatic; that grievous injustice and injury are perpetrated by the misrepresentation and abuse which are so freely visited upon public men for no other cause, or offence, than a difference of opinion; and that intolerance, the devil's handmaiden, in our private relations, embraces the sum of all viciousness in the affairs of Church and State.

Among men of sense and judgment, of heart and conscience, the subjects of real difference must needs be few and infrequent. Even these may be often accommodated without hurt to any interest, all government being more or less a bundle of compromises. It is that we do in the aggregate what no one of us would dream of doing in severalty; the point turning perhaps upon the division of responsibility, but more upon the pressure which in excited times the wrong-headed and stout of will impose upon the more moderate, the better-tempered, and better-advised. The Press—particularly the Yellow Press—is doing a noble work toward



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the correction of this evil; because already people are beginning to believe nothing they read in the newspapers, and, after awhile, tiring of an endless, daily circuit of misinformation, they will begin to demand a journalism less interesting and more trustworthy; and, believe me, whenever they make this requisition—whenever they discriminate between the organ of fact and the organ of fancy—there shall not be wanting editors who will prefer to grow rich by telling the truth than to die poor telling lies. We may not have reached yet the summit of human perfectibility, where we can hold our own with the merchants of Boston, but even among the members of my profession the self-sacrificing spirit lives apace, and the time will come when the worst of us will scorn the scoop that is no longer profitable!

You have been told, and many of you doubtless believe, that life is less secure in Kentucky than in China, or even in Chicago; and but a little while ago a Kentucky mother was represented as thanking the One Above that her boy was bravely fighting in the Philippines instead of having to face the perils of the deadly roof-tree at home. You have been told that justice cannot be had in our courts of law. You have been told that, because we have some surviving prejudice against bringing the black man and brother into the bosom of our families, we are his enemies and would take unfair advantage of his ignorance and poverty.



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None of these things is true. They are the figments of a bigotry that obstinately refuses to see both sides. There is an equal quantum of human nature in Kentucky and in Massachusetts. There are as many church-bells in the Bluegrass country as in the Bay State country, and they send the same sweet notes to Heaven and sound exactly alike. The one community, like the other, may be trusted to do its part by humanity and its duty to the State; nor can the one help the other except by generous allowance for infirmities that under the same conditions are common to both, and by manly sympathy in the cause of liberty and truth, which was, and is, and ever shall be, the glory of our whole country and the fulfilment, under God, of its sublime destiny.

We live in untoward times. We have witnessed wondrous things. With the passing away of the old problems, new problems confront us. Modern invention has smashed the clock and pitched the geography into the sea. The map of the world, so completely altered that it really begins to look like the Fourth of July, lends itself as a telescope to the point of view. Concentration is becoming the universal demand, the survival of the fittest the prevailing law. The idiosyncrasy of the nineteenth century was liberty. The idiosyncrasy of the twentieth century is markets. Be it ours to look to it that we steer betwen the two extremes of commercialism and anarchism, for, if we have



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not come to the heritage which God and Nature and the providence of our fathers stored up for us, to employ it in good works, we had better not come to it at all.

Thoughtful Americans, true to the instincts of their manhood and their racehood, answering the promptings of an ever-watchful patriotism; carrying in their hearts the principles of that inspired Declaration to which their country owes its being as one among the nations of the earth; carrying in their minds the limitations of that matchless Constitution to which their Government owes its stability and its power; conscientious, earnest Americans, whether they dwell in Massachusetts or in Kentucky, cannot look without concern upon the peculiar dangers that assail us as we plough through the treacherous waters which, for all our boasted deep-sea soundings, threaten to engulf the ship of state, and, along with it, the old-fashioned lessons of economy, the simple preachments of freedom and virtue in which those fathers thought they laid the keel and raised the bulwarks of our great Republic.

That which we call Expansion—coveted by some, deplored and dreaded by others—is a fact. The newly acquired territories are with us, and they are with us to stay; a century hence the flag will be floating where it now floats, unless some power stronger than we are ourselves turns up to drive us out. The very thought of the vista thus opened to us should give us



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pause, should chasten and make us humble in the sight of Heaven, should appal us with the magnitude and multitude of its responsibilities. If we are to turn the opportunities they embody only to the account of our avarice and pride; if we are to see in them only the advancement of our private fortunes, at the expense of the public duty and honor; if we are to tickle away our consciousness of wrong-doing with insincere platitudes about religion and civilization, and to soothe our conscience, while we rob and slay the helpless, with the conceits of a self-deluding national vanity, then it had been well for us, and for our children, and our children's children that Dewey had sailed away, though he had sailed without compass, or rudder, or objective point, into the night of everlasting mystery and oblivion. But I believe nothing of the kind. I believe we shall prove a contradiction to all the bad examples of history, to all the warning voices of philosophy, to all the homely precepts of that conservatism which, founded in the truest love of country, yet takes no account of the revolution wrought by modern contrivance upon the character and movements of mankind. I believe that the American Union came among the nations even as the Christ came among the sons of men. I believe that Constitutional Freedom, according to the charter of American liberty, is to government what Christianity is to religion; and, so believing, I would apply the principles and precedents of that charter to



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the administration of the affairs of the outlying regions and peoples come to us as a consequence of the war with Spain precisely as they were applied to the territories purchased of France and acquired of Mexico; not merely guaranteeing to them the same uniformity of laws which the Constitution ordains in the States of the Union, but rearing among them kindred institutions, essential not less to our safety and dignity than to their prosperity and happiness. Entertaining no doubt that this view will prevail in the final disposition, my optimism is as unquenchable as my Republicanism; and both forecast in my mind's eye centuries of greatness and glory for us as a nation and as a people.

We are upon the ascending, not the descending scale of national and popular development. We are to recreate out of the racial agglomerations which have found lodgment here a new species and a better species of men and women. We are to revitalize the primitive religion, with its often misleading theologies, into a new and practical system of life and thought, of universal religion, to which the Declaration of Indedendence, the Constitution of the United States, and the Sermon on the Mount of Olives shall furnish the inspiration and the key-note, to the end that all lands and all tribes shall teem with the love of man and the glory of the Lord. We are passing, it may be, through an era of acquisition and mediocrity, a formative era,



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but we have made and are making progress; and, in spite of the threats of Mammon, the perils that environ the excess of luxury and wealth, in spite of the viciousness and the greed, we shall reach a point at last where money will be so plentiful, its uses so limited and defined, that it will have no longer any power to corrupt.

Although this is an association of merchants, and Boston merchants at that—professedly committed to the principle that "business is business"—sometimes though wrongfully accused of "gainefulle pillage"—I am sure that there is no one amongst us who does not feel that the unscrupulous application of money on every hand has been and still is the darkest cloud upon our moral horizon, the lion across our highway, standing just at the fork of the roads, one of which leads up patriotic steeps of fame and glory, the other down into the abysses of plutocracy, opening his ferocious jaws and licking his bloody lips to swallow up all that is great and noble in the national life.

The Hercules who strangles that lion shall be called blessed in the land, and this leads me to take note of the presence with us here to-night of a Hercules, who is said to know more about that lion than any other Hercules, living or dead. I mean, of course, the Chairman of the National Committee of one of the two great parties contending for the sovereignty of the people, the distinguished, the eminent Senator, the hon-



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ored neighbor and friend who sits near me. Though not a Kentuckian himself, he has a brother who came to Kentucky to bear away upon the wings of love one of our fairest daughters. According to the law of the vicinage down our way, the circumstance makes us "kind o' kin," as the saying is, and by that token I have a proposition to submit to him. If he accepts it, I will go bail that my party associates ratify my act.

He knows and I know how hard it is to raise money even for the legitimate purposes of a national campaign. Yet many people imagine that more or less it is merely to give the skillet an extra shake or two. Those who have least actual familiarity with money are pronest to thinking of millions as millionnaires think of pennies. Thousands of good people believe that for everybody except themselves money grows on bushes, and that all elections are knocked down to the highest bidder. The bare fact is lowering both to our political standards and our standards of morality. The mere statement is in a sense degrading. Nevertheless, it is undoubtedly true that money is as essential to political battles as powder and ball to actual battles, and the proposition I have to submit to my friend, the Senator from Ohio, is that he and I come to an agreement about what sum of money the two organizations will require honestly to tide them through to the next Presidential election; that we raise this sum on a joint note and divide the proceeds equally;



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and that, when the election is over, the party carrying the country shall pay the note! If it be an inducement, I will further agree that the money to be raised shall be of standard weight and value, expressed in gold and silver and paper convertible into either at the will of the holder.

But, whether this or some other plan be reached to abridge the use of money in elections, I do not doubt that we shall in the end weather the breakers of plutocracy.

It is true that, possessed of no great aristocratic titles, or patents of nobility, money becomes, and will probably remain, the simplest and readiest of all our standards of measurement. Yet, even now, it is grown such a drug in the market, that some far-seeing men, finding it so plentiful and easy to get, are giving it away in sacks and baskets. Time will show that its value is relative, and that after the actual needs of life it will buy nothing that wise men will think worth having at the cost either of their conscience or their credit. Give me the right—not in the character of an abstraction, so often misleading to theorists and doctrinaires—not as a flash of fancy, so often irradiating the dreams of the visionary with its illusory hopes—but the plain, simple right in plain and simple things, obvious to the reasonable and the fair-minded, arising out of the common-sense and common honesty of the common people, relating to the actualities of govern-



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ment and life, and driving home to the business and bosoms of men—and I care not for the golden contents of all the "bar'ls" that were ever tapped by sordid ambition, or consecrated themselves as rich libations on the altars of opulent partyism.

The people, as a people, can never be corrupted. The whole history of a hundred years of constitutional government in America, the moral lesson and the experience of all our parties, may be told in a single sentence, that, when any political organism, grown overconfident by its successes and faithless to its duty, thinks it has the world in a sling, public opinion just rears back on its hind legs and kicks it out. In that faith I rest my hope of the future of the country; sure that in the long run wrong cannot prosper, and that an enlightened public opinion is a certain cure for every ill.

Gentlemen, Kentucky salutes Massachusetts! Come and see us! You shall find the latch-string always hanging outside the door!



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## FAREWELL TO THE KENTUCKY TROOPS *

I take it for granted that there is no one of you who has enlisted for a soldier who does not want to be a soldier and who has not resolved to be a soldier. That much at least is the heritage of the Kentuckian. But even in soldiership there is a right way and a wrong way. The famous Confederate General Forrest said of war that "it means fighting and fighting means killing." He also said of success in battle that it is "getting there first with the most men." Some of us are old enough to remember the delusion that once had a certain vogue among the unthinking that one Southerner could whip six Yankees. We got bravely over that; and now that we are all Yankees, let it not be imagined that one Yankee can whip six Spaniards. It is always better to overrate than to underrate the enemy. He fights best who fights truest. He fights best who knows why he fights and for what he fights, and who, when he goes under fire, says to himself, "I have but one time to die, and, please God, I am as ready now as ever I shall be." The Irish have a couplet which declares:

* Lexington, Ky., Friday, May 27, 1898.



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"Not man, nor monarch, half so proud
As he whose flag becomes his shroud."

That is only another way of repeating the old Latin heroic that it is sweet to die for one's country.

You are about to make history. It may prove that this will not be history merely repeating itself. For the first time since the Crusades war has been levied for no cause of a purely material kind, and with no selfish purpose. I scarcely like the shibboleth "Remember the Maine." It seems to me too revengeful to be quite worthy. I do not forget the circumstance to which it owes its origin. The scene of that awful tragedy under the shadow of Morro Castle is yet before my eyes. I can see, as I close them, the very faces of our murdered sailors with the ghastliness of death upon them. But I also see the myriads of starving men, women, and children, ruthlessly sacrificed to feed the lust and to fill the pockets of professional plunderers masquerading in Cuba as Spanish officers and gentlemen. Behind them I see three centuries of wanton pillage, of frightful corruption, of cruelty unsurpassed in human annals. The time was long ago come for some great power to stretch forth its hand, to interpose its authority, and to say to the world, "This barbarism shall stop." What power except that of the United States was to do this? Cuba is our next-door neighbor. Time out of mind these atrocities have been perpetrated



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before our eyes. While Spain has required us to spend millions of money policing our coasts against the filibusters, she has shown herself unable, or unwilling, in our protection, to police one of her own harbors. Was this to go on forever? You yourselves are the answer to the question.

You are going to fight a battle waged by man for man. You are going therefore in the name of that Christ who died for men. You are going to fight a battle for the glory of God and your native land. You are going, therefore, under a flag which, the symbol at once of freedom and humanity, and having God's blessing upon it, has never yet known defeat. Look to it that you carry yourselves as soldiers equally of the cross and of the flag.

No man can be a good soldier who is not at heart a good man. While courage in battle is the first essential of a good soldier, it is by no means the only essential, for close along with it come endurance under trial and moderation in action. Nor is the best courage the absence of fear. Fearlessness, indeed, is a virtue rather comfortable to him that hath it than commendable by the rest of us, because no man deserves credit for what was born to him and for what he cannot help. Very, very few possess it. When cannon begin to growl, grim watchdogs whose bark is something worse than their bite, and bullets like birds of evil omen begin to sing their song of death, the greater number of



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you will find yourselves very sensible of danger. Do not mistake this apprehension for cowardice. It is no such thing. Self-possession in the presence of danger is the truest courage, and he is the bravest soldier who keeps his head, who knows perfectly the right thing to do, and who does it, when, frightened out of his boots, his legs would fain carry him away. It is the sense of duty which will make you men; duty to the flag above you; duty to constituted authority; duty to country and honor, and to those dear ones at home who will follow you with ever-tearful, but with ever-brightening eyes.

After what I have said it will be superfluous to add that I believe in this war. I believe in it with all my mind and with all my soul. If ever there was a justified war it is this. Though it should rob me of lives that are dearer to me than my own life, I shall believe it conceived in a holy spirit, sanctified by Heaven, and directed toward the advancement and the enlargement of a benign civilization.

In these warlike spectacles everywhere manifest, it has already united us as nothing else could have united us—emancipated both sections of the Union from the mistaken impression that we ever were, or ever could be, anything else than one people. In the brilliant achievement of that typical Green Mountain boy on the other side of the globe, it has already exploited us as a naval power, and, as you yourselves shall show, it will



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presently demonstrate us no less a military power, before whose legions the enemies of liberty and humanity will do well to look before they leap. Surely, these were consummations devoutly to be wished. They are worth all the war has cost us, or will cost us. I know what war means. I have seen it in all its horrors and terrors. But there is something even worse than war. To become a nation, not only of shop-keepers, but of dishonest shop-keepers; to wear away our lives beating one another out of a few degrading dollars the more or the less; to find in the boasted arts of peace nothing nobler than the piling up of riches, and the gratification of propensities growing more and more ignoble with increasing luxury and wealth; and, finally, through the systematic violation of natural laws and amid artificial class distinctions and hideous contrasts of life, to emasculate the Anglo-Saxon species in America—these things seem to me even worse than war. We have had thirty-three years of peace; and we seemed to be approaching perilously near domestic conditions appalling to contemplate. This peace has now been broken. We are in the midst of war, and war is a great educator.

It is at one and the same time a university course and a career; and he who comes out of the fiery ordeal with honor, though he come upon crutches, brings with him a degree no college can confer. It is for you not alone to meet the requirements of the service; not alone



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to vindicate your motives in taking the field; but to learn, as your lives pass through the crucible of honorable war, how to retrieve the mistakes of your generation, so that when you return victors to your homes and become citizens again, you may turn back the tide of evil counsels and wicked passions which was beginning to run to the centre of the stream, making men to love money more than honor, to put their pockets above their conscience and their party above their country. War leaves no man where it found him; but, if he be a true man, it will make him a better man.

I do not doubt the result of this war. But I should whisper into your ear the blandishments of a most misleading optimism if I should promise you that it will be all play and no work, all parade and no danger. He who thinks so should remain at home. Under the best conditions a soldier's life is a hard life. As one who has seen it under its worst conditions, let me at least encourage you with the assurance that you are not likely to meet anything quite so hard as your fathers met four or five and thirty years ago. Of course, it should go without saying that we were better men than you can hope to be. That much is the old man's privilege as it is his boast, and, since the satisfaction of his vanity costs you nothing, and is in a sense a tribute to your own conceit, it may perchance strengthen you in the moment of peril, console you in the moment of privation, and, as in fancy you look back and see him por-



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ing over the latest tidings from the front, it may nerve you for the combat and make you braver soldiers and better men.

I will not insult you by intimating that you must not be afraid of fighting, for that is what you came for; that is your business; that is, as the children say, where you live. But let me suggest that you be not afraid of work. Don't be afraid of marching and mounting guard. Don't be afraid of cooking your victuals, if you are fortunate enough to have any victuals to cook, or of washing your clothes—even of washing yourselves—in case you happen to be camped near a running stream. Don't be afraid of being forgotten or neglected. Don't be afraid of not getting enough campaigning. Above all, don't be afraid of foreign intervention. If you will take care of the Spaniards, I will engage, as Prince Bismarck is older than I am, to take care of him, and maybe of his young master, and, incidentally, while you are away, to look after Kentucky, and Europe, and Asia, and Africa! In short, dear boys, and may I not call you fellow-soldiers, the sum total of it is stated in a single sentence: Do your duty.

Obedience, submission, is the first, and, perhaps, the hardest of the soldier's duties. If officers seem capricious, or tyrannical, do your duty. It will come round all right. If the powers that be seem partisan, or unfair, do your duty. The end will justify you. Be



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sure that, in the long run, the man who does his duty passes beyond the reach of wrong; for, as there is a God who saith, "Vengeance is mine—I will repay," so is there a people, whose voice is the voice of God, who will visit upon those that would convert the places of trust which they chance to hold into places of private or political advantage, a punishment as complete as it is certain, as blighting as it is overwhelming.

With respect to the surgical examinations, Colonel Castleman made a remark the other day which greatly impressed me. He said the Government seemed to want machines instead of soldiers. That was well said. An army must, indeed, be a machine. But the soldiers which make up an army must be men. The war between the sections was prolonged during four years of unexampled battle because the soldiers who fought it were men and not machines. In the army with which all too imperfectly I served, there was a private soldier who enlisted with the very first in 1861; he was a young lawyer, come with distinction from one of the greatest of the schools; a scholar and a man of genius. He might have had the captaincy of his company, and, later on, been one of the field officers of his regiment. He refused a commission, shouldered his musket, and footed it with the boys. He was in every battle. More than once upon the field exigencies required him to command considerable numbers of men; but he persistently declined promotion. Though but



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a private in the ranks, he became conspicuous in the army. I once asked him why it was that he courted obscurity, and he said that his ambitions were not of the military sort, beyond the doing of his duty; that he had enlisted from a sense of duty, and duty alone; that he expected the war at some time to end, and when it was over he wanted to be ready for the work of civil life, and, particularly, for the work of his profession, which greatly concerned him; and that, free from the responsibilities and cares of a command, he was able to continue his studies, to trim his lamp and keep it bright, and, in many ways, while serving his own conceptions, to set an example and to do good among his immediate surroundings. He fell in front of Atlanta; and, when they lifted his lifeless body from the earth, his hands clung to a musket and a little volume of Greek verse fell from his knapsack. There is nothing upon the simple stone that marks his resting-place but the inscription, "Wright Smith Hackett," but thirty years ago there were many thousands of brave men who knew how much that name stood for!

In the nature of the case but few of you can hope to attain to great commands, or to acquire exceptional distinction. In the end most of you must lay aside your uniforms and resume the habiliments of civil life. But there is no one of you who cannot do his duty, and, doing his duty, cannot be proud and happy. A neighbor of mine came to see me the other day to ask



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me to exert my supposed influence in getting his son a commission. I assured him that I have no influence. "But," said I, "I have two sons carrying muskets in the ranks—sons whom I dearly love—but for whose advancement I shall not put forth the slightest effort. It is enough for me to know that they are serving their country, and if it pleases God to bring them back to their mother and me safe and sound, I shall bless His name as long as I live."

In that prayer let me include each and every one of you; though I would rather see my boys, and each and every one of you, lying by the side of that brave and lovely sailor lad whom North Carolina has just given up as Heaven's first sacrifice upon the altars of the Nation and Mankind, than that one feather should be plucked from the eagle's wing, or a syllable of reproach he justly cast upon the name and fame of our dear Kentucky!



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## BLOOD THICKER THAN WATER *

I want to talk you to-night, not as a Democrat to Republicans, but as an American to Americans. I have always resisted and resented the idea that party lines are lines of battle; that party issues are proclamations of war. Our Government rests upon the theory that we are equal shareholders in a common property. Touching the administration of this property there will always exist honest differences of opinion. Good citizenship imposes upon each of us the duty of entertaining his own convictions and of living up to them; but he becomes little other than a bigot who thinks more of himself on this account, and loves his neighbor less, because that neighbor, exercising the same right, does the same thing.

April 13, 1861, Sumter fell. April 9, 1865, Lee surrendered. The four years intervening between those dates, marking the beginning and the end of the most momentous struggle of modern times, witnessed such an outpouring of blood and treasure, such displays of courage and endurance, such sacrifices for opinion's sake, as stagger human credulity and beggar alike the powers of

* A response to the toast "Peace Between the Sections," Hamilton Club Banquet, Auditorium, Chicago, April 9, 1903.



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computation and recapitulation. Never in any preceding war was there so little of public wrong, so much of private generosity; nor ever were the results of any war so complete and final. Elsewhere upon the surface of the earth traces may yet be seen, sometimes yet lurking in the hearts of men sensibilities may be found, of strifes, religious or racial, international or civil, one, two, and three centuries agone; in America not a vestige except what springs from associated charities and reciprocal ministrations of patriotism and benevolence. Northern men and women mark and decorate the last resting-place of Southern soldiers who died in Federal prisons. Confederate officers sit in both Houses of Congress and upon the bench of the national judiciary, and have repeatedly served in presidential cabinets and represented the country abroad. At least two Confederate generals wear the uniform of the United States army, glad to be assured that the flag which waved over their cradles shall wave over their graves. The Chief Magistrate of the United States is half a Southerner and all a rebel; God bless him, and may the Lord keep him in the path of wisdom and virtue! Already over the fireside of many a home hang the swords of the grandfather who wore the blue and the grandfather who wore the gray, placed there by pious hands as priceless memorials of love and valor, crossed at last in the everlasting peace of a reunited family.

To what do we owe these miracles of enlightened



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progress? Mainly to the good sense and good feeling, the rich, red blood of American manhood; partly to the recognition by reflecting and generous minds that neither party to that great sectional conflict had all the right of it, its antagonist all the wrong. On this point I can speak with tolerable assurance. I belonged to that segment of conservative men in the South who loved the Union and did not accept either the gospel of African slavery or the dogma of secession. The debate ended, the god of battle invoked to settle what had indeed proved an irrepressible conflict, we went with our own side. But four years later, when, in 1865, all that we had feared in 1861 was actually come to pass, we needed no act of Congress either for our redemption or reconstruction.

The better to illustrate the situation, let me relate an incident that happened in Tennessee toward the close of the war. The Union general, Lovell Rousseau, of Kentucky, found himself encamped on the farm of Meredith Gentry, a famous orator of the old Whig party. Gentry had been Rousseau's file-leader, his political idol, a Whig of Whigs, a Unionist of Unionists; but, swallowed by the movements of the time, he had allowed his district, early in 1862, to elect him to the Confederate Congress. He went to Richmond, found himself out of place there, did not like it, and returned home, where, among his books, under his vine and fig-tree, he awaited the inevitable. Rousseau, his



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heart overflowing with unquenched affection, thought he would have a bit of fun with his friend. He caused a feast to be prepared, invited all the good fellows he could reach, and sent a file of soldiers, with a sergeant and an order of arrest, to fetch Gentry into camp. It was all real to the imaginary captive. Brought into the presence of the Federal general, and what appeared to be a drum-head court-martial, the old statesman drew himself to his full height, and in sonorous but broken tones he said: "General Rousseau, you know that I loved the Union. Upon the altars of the Union I poured out the dearest aspirations of my young manhood. I grew gray in the service. Finally, the stern-wheel steambot Secession came along. I saw first one neighbor, then another neighbor, get aboard, and, when all were aboard except me, and I stood alone upon the shore, and they were about to haul in the gang-plank, I cried: 'Hold on, boys; I will go with you, if you go to hell!' "

I chanced to be in Europe a little while after the war. Such trifling distinctions as Federal and Confederate were unknown. All of us were Yankees. Then and there, I took a bee line in the direction of the bunting, and have been snuggling beneath its folds from that day to this. I did not believe in slavery. I did not believe in secession. Heavens, if I had—! But what is the use speculating about inconjectural possibilities? The doctrine of secession did not originate at the South, but



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at the North; it was not the South that brought the Negro from Africa, but the North. In the very beginning the seeds of dissolution were sown. The makers of the Constitution left the exact relations of the Federal Government to the States and of the States to the Federal Government open to a double construction. In claiming thence the right to secede, Yancey followed after Pickering, Jefferson Davis after Gouverneur Morris. Curiously enough, this right of secession, such as it may be, stands yet in the Constitution unchallenged and unabridged. You said by act of Congress that the black man should be a white man. You confiscated the debts and the money of the Confederacy. But you left in the Constitution that fatal double construction to which, along with slavery, we owed all our trouble, and there it is to-day, so that if I want to take Kentucky and go out of the Union, there is no statute to hinder me, and, though you may make it uncomfortable for me, you cannot find the law to hang me for treason. I beg that you will not be disturbed. I am not going to do it.

I know that there are many Northern statesmen, conscientious and learned, who cannot assent to this view. They do not think it best to accept so light an estimate of what they regard as a great crime. But why not? Recalling Burke's aphorism touching his inability to draft an indictment of an entire people—even though the subjects of a King—how may ten millions of free men be criminally arraigned by twenty millions of their



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fellow-citizens because of the consequences of an honest difference of Constitutional construction, embracing some of the foremost jurists, some of the purest patriots, from Josiah Quincy and John C. Calhoun to Alexander H. Stephens and Salmon P. Chase? Why should the North want to draw such an indictment of the South? The North won all, the South lost all. No one of the principals survives. Millions of stalwart Americans have been born and have reached manhood—many of them middle age—since the last shot was fired in that conflict. Some of them serve in the army and some of them in the navy. Some of them go to the length of describing themselves as "Veterans of the Spanish War." All of them are ready, eager to answer the call of their country. Why should any thoughtful, patriotic American want to put a blot upon the family escutcheon of these Americans? Why should any thoughtful, patriotic American seek to discriminate between any body of upright and brave Americans, who did their duty as God gave them the light to see it? What good reason can any thoughtful, patriotic American give for the wish to establish an historic line, blacklisting the people of a section, who met defeat so manfully and have taken upon themselves the renewed obligations of citizenship so loyally?

I did not come here to-night to exploit myself, or to join in the exchange of immaterial compliments, however agreeable. I came because I thought I might con-



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tribute something to the common stock of information touching the present relations of the North and the South. There is already "peace between the sections." Never since the creation of the Government has there been a greater uniformity, a deeper effusion of national sentiment. We are not merely a united people, we are a homogeneous people. Mississippi and Massachusetts are convertible terms, and it needs only a few weeks, and a change of raiment, to convert a typical Vermonter into a typical Texan. We used to hear a good deal about the Puritan and the Cavalier. During our sectional war the armies of the North were full of Cavalier soldiers, such as Wadsworth and Kearny in the East, as McPherson and Custer in the West, while the one representative Puritan soldier, Stonewall Jackson, served the Confederacy. Many of the greatest families in the South proudly trace their origin back to the blood and loins of the Pilgrim Fathers. And yet are there people at the North, newspapers at the North, that still assume for the North the attitude of the imperious conqueror, for the South the relation of the suspected captive, and we are being constantly warned that if we do this, or do not do that, we shall be in danger of the judgment.

The justification for this is the political entity, the partisan quantity, known as the Solid South. It is, let me entreat you to believe, a specious justification. It is the fault of the Republican party, not of the white



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people of the Southern States, that the South is solidly Democratic. From the death of Lincoln to the advent of McKinley the Republican party threw out no friendly signal to the whites of the South, made no effort to establish itself in the South on any sound, enduring basis. It was known to the South only through its reconstruction measures, mainly repressive and hostile, and its local agents, generally extreme, too often unclean, employing the negro vote as a simple asset in Congress, in Republican national conventions, and in the field of the Federal patronage. In most of the Southern States there seemed a deliberate plan to trim the Republican minority among the whites down to the point of just about filling the Federal offices precisely as in the old antediluvian days of pristine Democracy, and under the lead of that past-grand-master of political chicane, General Benjamin F. Butler, the Democratic party of New England was trimmed and regulated. No thought was given the predilections, the prejudices, the interests of the great body of the white population. It was years after the war before such men as Meredith Gentry were permitted to vote, while their former slaves were marched in droves to the ballot-box by political adventurers sure to misgovern when intrusted with power. Even these things might have passed out of mind, except that, whenever the chance has arisen, the old agitation has been revived by the menace of force bills to regulate elections by Federal statute, and



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measures to reduce the Southern representation in Congress; all, under the shadow—by reason of the shadow—cast by the unconsenting, unoffending black man athwart the whole track of American politics from Maine to Texas. This brings me to the only apparent cause of present disturbance—the bee in our bonnet—the fly in our ointment—the everlasting, ever-present negro question.

I grew up to regard the institution of African slavery as a monstrous evil. With a gray jacket on my back, I abated no part of my abhorrence of it. The war over, I fully realized that the negro could not be suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, in the nether air, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl; that he must be made a freeman in fact, as he was in name; that he must be habilitated to his new belongings, and I promptly accepted the three last amendments to the Constitution as the treaty of peace between the North and the South, and went to work in good faith to help carry them out. I fought to remove the old black laws from the statute book in Kentucky. I fought the Ku-Klux Klan from start to finish. I fought in all possible ways to give the black man an opportunity to achieve the hopes which, in common with many other of his friends, I had formed of him.

After thirty years of observation, experience, and reflection—always directed from a sympathetic point of view—I am forced to agree with the Secretary of War that negro suffrage is a failure. It is a failure because



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the Southern blacks are not equal to it. It is a failure because the Southern whites will not have it.

If, making a hot answer to this, some overzealous and, as I must think, some mistaken partisan should say, we have the power, we have the numbers, and we will compel the whites of the South, my answer shall be, "You did, and behold what came of it!" And then, if my warm-blooded friend should throw up his hands in despair, and with a kind of disgust turn wearily away, I should continue—"May you not have been from the first upon the wrong tack? Is there not another outlet to these perplexities, another solution of this problem? After all, is not your disquietude based upon the idea that there are one set of moral conditions at the North and another set at the South, to which the whole racial trouble is referable? Believe me, there is no such difference. Remove every white Democrat to-day living in the South and replace him with a Northern Republican, and twelve months hence the conditions will be the same, may be worse, since the Northern Republican would not be likely to have either the patience or the personal sympathy and knowledge possessed by the native Southerner."

Gentlemen, I appeal to you as Republicans, and through you I appeal to the Republicans of the United States, to have done with the conceit that unless you stand by the black man, that unless you continue him



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as an issue in partisan politics, injustice will be done him. In the bettering of his condition, and in the acquisition of property, starting with nothing, he has made wondrous progress the last five-and-thirty years; and, relatively, greater progress at the South than at the North. He could not have done this without the sympathy and co-operation of the Southern whites. He has made little progress in the arts of self-government either North or South, because of the agitation which has kept him in a state of perpetual excitement, with no healthful public opinion to moderate it, and has been made the sport and prey of political exigency, always selfish, and with respect to him more or less visionary and heedless.

The negro can never become in any beneficent or genuine sense an integral and recognized part of the body politic except through the forces of evolution, which are undoubtedly at work, but which in the nature of the case must needs go exceedingly slow. Where there is one negro fit for citizenship, there are myriads of negroes wholly unfit. The hot-house process has been tried and it has failed. If, invested with every right enjoyed by the whites, the blacks, gaining in all things else, have brought corruption into the suffrage and discredit upon themselves, is it not a kind of madness further to press artificial methods, which, however justified theoretically from educational lookouts in Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin, fall help-



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less to the ground in their practical application to the semi-barbarous toilers in the cotton-fields and corn-lands of Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina?

I appeal to you equally in what I conceive the true interest of the black people along with the white people of the South; nay, and of the North as well, for all our interests are indissoluble, interchangeable, and that can never be good or bad for one section which is not good or bad for the other section. Modern invention, which has already annihilated time and space, is surely erasing sectional lines. It ought not to leave so much as a reminiscence of sectional strife. If that dread spirit should come again, its evil winds will not blow between the North and the South, but between the East and the West; the horns of the dilemma presented by extremism involving a new irrepressible conflict between capital and labor. May that day never come, but in case it does the conservatism of the North will need the conservatism of the South. The law-loving forces of the North will need the law-breeding instincts of the South. The Americanism of the North will need the Americanism of the South. Then, indeed, shall both sections learn what racial homogeneity means and know for certain that blood is thicker than water.

But, gentlemen, let us turn away from the darker side of the page to the brighter, on which is emblazoned that blessed legend, "The Constitution and



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the Union, one, eternal, indivisible." Behind the negro question, behind the question of capital and labor, stands the government of Washington and Franklin, which, like the old ship of Zion, has "carried many thousands, and shall carry many more"; which, like the old ship of Zion, has baffled every tempest, has outridden every hurricane; the struggle for existence; the foreign war; domestic discord and civil strife; the disputed succession—stronger to-day than ever before —in the timbers that float her—in the hearts that sail her—in the admiration and confidence of human kind the wide world over. I have seen too much of the past to take many fears for the future. I counsel no man to drop the oars and to go to sleep; I urge upon each still to keep the watch, still to sit steady in the boat; as for myself, I long ago ceased to worry and to walk the floor. The mysteries of Providence are hidden from you and me; why the negro was brought hither from the wilds of Africa and sold into slavery, his redemption thence, and all his redemption cost us; but, assured that behind these mysteries lay some vast design, I feel that God has been always with us and is with us now. Why Washington, the patriot, instead of Lee, the adventurer? Why Lincoln, the seer, instead of Seward, the scholar? If it was not the will of Heaven that the Confederacy should fall, that the Union should prevail, why were all the accidents of the war with the North and against the South, the



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fall of Johnston at the critical moment at Shiloh, the death of Jackson at the critical moment in the valley of Virginia, the arrival at the critical moment of the Monitor in the waters of Hampton Roads? If it be not the will of Heaven that we shall carry the Christian's message of freedom and civilization to the ends of the earth, why did not the Lord send Dewey home? No, no, gentlemen; as God was radiant in the stars that shone over Washington at Valley Forge, over Lincoln at Gettysburg, over Grant in the Wilderness, over the fleets in Manila Bay, and the "bullies" in front of Santiago, does His radiance shine upon us, brothers in blood and arts and arms, whether our knees go down amid the snows or the flowers. Long ago the South, forgiving all, accepted the verdict in perfect faith. It is for the North, forgetting all, to seal it in perfect love.



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# V

# APPENDIX

## CERTAIN DOWNWARD TENDENCIES IN THE SMART SET OF FASHIONABLE SOCIETY



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## A FLOCK OF UNCLEAN BIRDS

Courier-Journal, August 23, 1902.

The Smart Set contrive to keep themselves before the public. Yet, somehow, it is their scandals, not their benefactions, that advertise them. But yesterday it was an automobile tragedy that recalled the infelicities and vulgarities of a family which, except for its millions, would have decorated the criminal instead of the social annals of its time. To-day's sensation relates to an off-shoot of one of the oldest and richest of what the shoddy aristocracy delight to call "our American houses." . . .

Now comes the Remington suicide. . . . And so it goes. We never hear of the Four Hundred except it be a murder, a suicide, or a divorce. A shot fired into a flock of these unclean birds cannot miss hitting an injured husband, a recreant and disgraced wife, or at the least some gilded nincompoop, who expects to offset his bad manners and worse English with his bulky bank-book!

## APPROACHING THE LIMIT

Courier-Journal, September 3, 1902.

The wheel of life, the whirligig of time, bringeth not merely revenges, according to the adage, to the revengeful, but grist to the Yellow Journals; for each day of the year has its scandals and its tragedies; some rowdy-dow among the smart set at Newport; some



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bloody deed lower down in the elbowing slums; with Pierpont Morgan, May Yohe, Schwab, and Gates for routine consumption—stock in trade, as it were, and very watered stock—in case the morgue yields not its victim, nor the Four Hundred its divorce.

What a rich morsel was that little affair of the automobilists near Paris, and how the sensation-mongers dwell upon the succeeding settlements! Thursday, the Smith family got half-a-million, according to the San Francisco correspondents. Friday, the sum agreed upon had reached a million. Since nobody knows anything about it—even to the point whether there has been any settlement at all—it might as well be five millions as one million. Indeed, until the subject grows entirely stale, or is succeeded and obscured by another tragedy or scandal, we shall have all sorts of stories, big and little, for the edification of the prurient and morbid, and, then, each correspondent will undo his own work and do it over again. That is Yellow Journalism.

As a matter of course, there is a market for such stuff. Since a fool is born every minute, the itch to be humbugged will probably never die. Yet more and more the public is being educated to discriminate between the contents of the decent, healthy, reliable daily newspaper, keeping constant faith with its readers, and the organ of the fancy, the dive-keeper's own, with its filthy appeals to the vulgar and the vicious, its lies of yesterday contradicted by the events of to-day, its sprawling headlines, inculcating equally bad morality and grammar. In the great cities the best paying newspapers are the cleanest.

The Yellow Journal lives on offal. The time will come when it will be relegated to the back alleys and the dark places of the world, even the kitchen scullion and the street gamin preferring to get their information "straight." Thus, in quickening the reaction against



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itself, the Yellow Journal does an unconscious and an unintentioned service. There is a limit to sensationalism as well as to indecency, and that limit has been very nearly reached. Meanwhile, down with to-day's newspaper, half of whose "news" has to-morrow either to be contradicted or ignored.

## THOSE UNCLEAN BIRDS AGAIN

Courier-Journal, September 4, 1902.

Commenting on some observations which lately appeared in these columns touching the Four Hundred, so called, the San Francisco *Bulletin* says that they are "intemperate," even for one whom it describes as habitually "fiery," and then our esteemed contemporary comes to the rescue of that Flock of Unclean Birds with these deprecatory remarks:

"Now, the 'Four Hundred' has its faults as a set, and there are black sheep enough within its folds; but it is hardly right or fair for Mr. Watterson to apply to the entire set what is true, or partly true, of only a portion of the set. In the first place, the Four Hundred' is the creation of the press and of the vulgar. The 'Four Hundred' is a coterie of people who keep themselves apart and aloof from the rest of the population, and call themselves the best society. Unless the press and the vulgar recognized them as the best society, their styling themselves such would be as ridiculous as the attempt of a group of inmates of a poor-house or a prison to form an exclusive and best society. But the press and the vulgar do recognize the 'Four Hundred' as the best or highest society in the country, and the very publicity given to the action of its members—nay, even Mr. Watterson's editorial—is homage to the pre-eminent social position of the 'Four



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Hundred.' The people who revile the 'Four Hundred' for its extravagances and scandals are the ones who call it the best society, and never miss an opportunity to bask in its light."

We at once take issue with our critic as to his "facts." The "400" may be "a creation of the press and of the vulgar," but they are not recognized by any competent tribunal as "the best society." Nor is it true that, if they were not so recognized, their attempt thus to classify themselves would be "as ridiculous as the attempt of a group of inmates of a poor-house or a prison to form an exclusive and best society." Such a proposition is absurd on the face of it. It is libellous to say that "the people who revile the 400 . . . are the ones who call it the best society and never miss an opportunity to bask in its light." Indeed, there is but one true statement in the passage quoted, to wit, that "the 400 is a coterie of people who keep themselves apart and aloof from the rest of the population and call themselves the best society."

In a country like ours, where there are no titles, nor patents of nobility, nor fixed, official insignia of rank, wealth is bound to set the pace, if not the standards, in what is called "Society." But, even in Europe, where titular and caste distinctions exist, there are good society and bad society, very markedly separate.

The term Smart Set was adopted by the bad society of London to escape a more odious description. The distinguishing trait of the Smart Set is its moral insensibility. It makes a business of defying and overleaping conventional restraints upon its pleasures and amusements. Being titled, as a rule, and either rich in fact, or getting money how it may, it sets itself above all law, both human and divine. Its women are equally depraved with its men. They know all the dirt the men



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know. They talk freely with the men of things forbidden the modest and the virtuous; that passing freely vis-à-vis, or at table, which was once excluded as unclean by gentlemen from the smoking-room. They read the worst French fiction. They see the worst French plays. The very question of sex becomes interchangeable, and sometimes it is the Sissy Earl, and always the Horsey Girl, who kicks out of traces and drags the Set through the mire. Beginning with the Tichborne trial, and the publication of all its unsavory details, quickly followed by the vile incidents of the Dilke and the Colin Campbell trials, an entire generation has been familiarized with nastiness; the divorce court serving as a very pest-house of immoral knowledge.

The women of this Smart Set no longer pretend to recognize virtue even as a feminine accomplishment. Innocence is a badge of delinquency, a sign of the crude and raw, a deformity, which, if tolerated at all, must carry some promise of amendment; for, among these titled Cyprians, the only thing needful is to know it all! In London and in Paris—at Monte Carlo in the winter, at Trouville and Aix in the summer—they make of life one unending debauch; their only literary provender, when they read at all, the screeds of D'Annunzio and Bourget; their Mecca, the roulette table and the race-course; their Heaven the modern yacht, with its luxury and isolation. The ocean tells no tales; and, as the Smart Set knows no law, when *in extremis,* it can go to sea.

The Smart Set in America take their cue, along with their title, from the Smart Set of Europe. Behold them at the Horse Show in New York. Regard them at the swell resorts after the show. Their talk—such as can be heard—stocks and bonds, puts and calls, horses, scandals, and dogs. They, the "best society"—Good Lord! Yet says their Occidental organ:



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"Nor is the 'Four Hundred' quite so bad as it is pictured. When a couple in the very smart set are divorced the papers make a huge display and outcry and everybody talks about it. But divorces among obscurer people, who reckon themselves thoroughly respectable, are obtained quietly every day and nothing said. Three or four families, having attracted considerable notoriety to themselves, have given the whole 'Four Hundred' a bad name.

"The 'Four Hundred' may be made up of snobs, and there is certainly a fair proportion of fools in it, but the majority of the members are pretty decent people, as people go, and as good as their contemners. At least, most of them have good manners and a surface politeness which is greatly in their favor. They avoid hurting the feelings of their fellows, they take off their hats at the right time, and they bathe a sufficient number of times in the month. When one of them gets drunk it is his unhappy privilege to be written up by an indignant newspaper man who is down on rum and feels that his mission is to reform the 'Four Hundred' by precept if not by example. When a good, respectable bourgeois has a little spree no newspaper attacks the immorality and inebriety of the middle class, and when Farmer Jones has a scandal in his family the stain is not smeared over the entire farming population of the land.

"Publicity carries a dreadful penalty, and the 'Four Hundred' pays the penalty to the full, with no credits for good behavior. But the 'Four Hundred' is preserved as a social entity by the publicity which its critics give it and by the spontaneous and unanimous consent of those who recognize it as the best society and strive to climb into its sacred enclosure."

Perusing this one might fancy it the homily of a rich commoner nursing the hope of a peerage. He uses the term "bourgeois" and "middle class" with the flippancy of a boulevardier, or a cockney. We look again to be quite sure we are not reading from some foreign



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society sheet, misprinted "San Francisco, U. S. A." Truly, we have come to a beautiful pass if the simpering Johnnies and tough girls that make Sherry's and Delmonico's "hum," that irradiate the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria with the exhalations of their unclean lives and thoughts, emulating the demi-mondaines of the Second Empire, are to be accepted, even by inference, as "the best society," while the good and virtuous of the land, even though quite able to pay their way at home and abroad, must be relegated to the "middle class," and dismissed as simple "bourgeoisie."

Yet this is the effect, the morale, so to say, of such writing as that we have quoted.

Our esteemed contemporary is mistaken. Where there is excessive wealth and the pride that comes from riches, there can be no real good. The Smart Set is rotten through and through. It has not one redeeming feature. All its ends are achieved by money, and largely by the unholy use of money. If one of them proposes to go into politics he expects to buy his way, and the rogues who have seats in Congress, or foreign appointments to sell, see that he pays the price. If one of them wants to marry a lord she expects to buy him, and the titled scamps who seek to recoup their broken fortunes see that she pays the price. Their influence is to the last degree corruptive. Their hangers-on and retainers are only such as money will buy. Nine out of every ten of the fortunes behind them will not bear scrutiny; when it was not actually got by foul means, it yet goes back to the grimiest antecedents, the washtub and the stable yard, as in truth do many of the foreign titles which are so attractive to the *nouveaux riches.* Shall the press not exclaim against them without subjecting itself to the allegation of being mainly responsible for their existence? Shall the pulpit not thunder against them without having some 'Frisco oracle of



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fashion rise up and say, "They are not so bad after all!" Must these unclean birds of gaudy, and therefore of conspicuous plumage, fly from gilded bough to bough, fouling the very air as they twitter their affectations of social supremacy and no one to shy a brick and to cry, "Scat, you devils!"

Revise thy judgments, brother of the Setting Sun, and bless thy God that the "middle class," of which thou speakest so loosely; the "bourgeoisie," with such unflattering levity; have no existence in this great land of ours outside thine own disturbed fancy; but that from land's end to land's end, beginning with the rock-ribs of the coast of Maine and ending not this side the Golden Gate and the Coronado, there are myriads of cheerful, comfortable homes where "Dad," and "Mam," and "Granny," yea, and "Molly," and "Polly," and "Susey," and "Sis," lead clean and wholesome lives, happy in their ignorance of evil such as in the mouths of the Smart Set is familiar as household words; not merely honest, brawny people, who work for a living, and would scorn to have any earls or marquises sitting around on their cracker barrels, but educated, cultivated people, with plenty of money for all the reasonable luxuries and adornments of life, who would blush to sit at table with these unclean birds and to listen to their chatter.

If we are to be rescued from an aristocracy of money —from an untitled plutocracy as heartless as it is vulgar—the line should be clearly drawn. It should be constantly drawn. It is enough for the poor devil who gets drunk that he is led away to the calaboose. The same for the millionaire, with this added, that, in proportion as he sets himself up for something, he pays the increased assessment upon his assumption. Likewise the debauched husband and the guilty wife; and all who think they are rich enough to defy the command-



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ments of God and the conventions of man, or buy immunity from the consequences of lawless indulgence.

A very rich man was reported not long ago to have said that he would be ashamed to face the courts of Heaven with only his millions to pay his entrance fee. Another declared that the time is coming when excessive riches will need to make apology for their existence. That such sentiments find expression in such quarters is of good augury. They should be supported, not undervalued and decried. There is a way of making the money standard odious, and that is by making its corrupt and corrupting use odious. The Smart Set are a living reproach to riches. They furnish a striking example of the base use of wealth. Make their haunts of luxury and alimony not only infamous, but uncomfortable; drive their murderous White Ghosts and Red Rovers and Purple Assassins from the speedways; put such a brand upon their nomenclature that each individual will have to outlive it, making his own separate record for good and not for evil, and in another generation we shall see, at least, less brutal parvenuism and ostentatious display for the perversion of the young, if not cleaner conditions in the parent nest.

## THE SMART SET, THE NEWSPAPERS, AND THE TRUTH

Courier-Journal, September 17, 1902.

When Ward McAllister, a rather absurd, but yet a well-born, gentleman, invented the Four Hundred, it was his purpose—two parts flunky and one part flam—to pay a kind of obeisance to certain families supposed to be rich enough to form a court-circle in the great and growing city of New York.



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That was five-and-twenty years ago. There were many who laughed both at him and his conceit. There were some who seriously accepted the homage intended. Perhaps very few thought that the imaginary lines thus established in the mind's eye of a rather solemn *bon vivant,* who lived high and died poor, would come to be the boundaries of an actual territory; a newly discovered country as fantastic as Wonderland; with laws of its own, inhabitated by a people marked, quoted, and signed for deeds of strenuous frivolity; an aristocracy without a pedigree; a Cercle de Rambouillet without wit or humor.

In the good old days when Bret Harte was a social as well as a literary lion, and Mark Twain was considered equal to extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, the dinners were in solid virtues worth what they paid for them in mirth-provoking jokes; the diners were dull, but respectable; Chauncey being grand chamberlain and toast-master in ordinary. What is now called Lower Fifth Avenue could not be described as Mr. Dooley recently described Newport, "the abode of luxury and alimony," where "the husband of yesterday inthradooces the wife that was to the wife that is, or ought to be." In the beginning it was a stiff-necked, high-backed affair. Having its abutment on Washington Square, there were then, as there still are—around that genteel, comfort-breeding rectangle—plain, brick walls, with white facings, to which scandal was a stranger; habitations that went by the name of home; the homes of the Coopers, the Duncans, the Rhinelanders, the Hewitts, the Garners, the Thorndikes; solid folk, who, if not as rich as the elder Astors, were rich enough, and vied with the Astors in lives singularly clean and habits wholly unostentatious. They form to-day the basis of what may fairly be called good society. Accuse one of them of being of the Four Hun-



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dred and, if you do not offer an insult, you perpetrate a solecism.

Mr. Devery leads the four hundred of the slums. Who leads the four hundred of the upper crust? It matters little; but wherein shall we seek for any moral difference in point of immoral influence that does not lean to the side of Devery?

## II

It was all on account of moving uptown. It began with the sudden wealth of which war is the progenitor. As long as the average New Yorker had to work for his living and got his riches by the sweat of his brow, money had equally a character and a value. When Union Square was fenced round by a wooden paling and the site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel was yet a frog-pond, not a shop above Houston Street in Broadway—the old red-brick Roosevelt mansion at what is now Dead Man's Curve, a kind of advance-guard of the march northward—the grandees of Gotham were content to live in brown-stone fronts as like one to another as two of a kind; and they lived exceeding well. They could tell the difference between Crow Whiskey and Rain-water Madeira. They played whist, not bridge. Grace Church, indeed, seemed to have a little more ruffle than shirt to it; but there were other places of worship, and they were not ill-attended. But, about the time the equestrian statue of the Father of His Country went up, and the palings around Union Square came down, and the order to "place his head to the rising sun and his tail to Dr. Cheever's Church" was issued, the *nouveaux riches* of the war came upon the scene; the monotony of brown-stone was not good enough for them; what had been the centre of culture and fashion —the sober shades of the Astor Library, and the orig-



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inal homestead in Astor Place, just around the corner, hard by the Academy, where music was sometimes heard, the sombre gayety, the sure-footed, square-cut frivolity of Fifth Avenue but a stone's-throw away—were given over to Bohemia and the Bohemians; greater space and seclusion, a wider amplitude of architectural display, were required to meet the bizarre taste of the army contractors and the stock-brokers and the lengthening shoddy line of those who had made a profit out of the opportunities of the time, shall we say out of the travail of their country and their countrymen? So, the uptown move began, and along with it the downgrade of fashion.

With magical rapidity wealth had already started to accumulate; fortunes to be multiplied; millionaires to become as plentiful as blackberries; common; not only common in quantity, but in quality, likewise. Central Park was made to the very hands of these. That they should build their grandiose palaces near it was inevitable.

In the early seventies Fisk stood for the horrid example just as Devery stands now. The show was the thing; the "turn-out," as they called it. The Four Hundred had come neither to their patrimony nor their patronymic. But they existed in a crude, coarse way, expressing themselves in bang-tails and shirt-fronts and shiners; a trifle too brazen and noisy, perhaps, but undeniably rich. The men had not yet learned the stony stare and the brutal swagger of the bucks of the Jardin Mabille and the titled bruisers of the Argyle Rooms. The women were still women—God bless them!—a little vulgarized by so much money, but ignorant of the pinchbeck airs and graces of the demi-mondaine and the unspeakable dirt of London and Paris.

Yet, then, as now, the best people, no matter how rich, turned silently aside, and gave them the middle of



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the road. The tragic end of Fisk was for a time an object lesson. It let in a flood of light and gave a moment's pause to the orgy of license which was exceeding its natural bounds and beginning to make its influence felt in dangerous proximity to those regions where wealth was recognized as paramount. It was this which secured the modification of the Stokes verdict from death to a short term of imprisonment.

The noxious weed, however, had taken root. The bucketshop was to become an institution, the stock gambler a power, the market as familiar to women as to men. Mr. Carnegie may give all of his millions to the noblest works. The Messrs. Rockefeller may endow a thousand schools and charities, while a dozen billionaires may show by their wise and lavish use of money how ill they think of it except as the means of doing good; but, as the poor are always with us, so are the vulgarians, who, given money enough, set up a voluptuous principality, call it the Four Hundred, and, having made sure of its boundaries and their isolation, proceed to make their own moral code, hardly deigning even to ask the rest of the community, "What are you going to do about it?"

The sea-going palace; the modern auto; the struggle for equivocal notoriety; the strife for titles; the eating from the tree of forbidden knowledge; the aping of the manners of the foreign swell and the fancied great; the marriage as an experiment and the marriage of convenience; the hot pursuit of pleasure at home and abroad—in short, the constant striving after the ostentatious display of wealth inevitable to the sun-worship of money—these are among the features that distinguish the Four Hundred from other rich people, who do not need to affect anything, who heartily despise such proceedings, who, with fortunes secure and social positions fixed, live without scandal and travel without adven-



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ture, but whom the wantons of the Smart Set describe as the "bourgeoisie."

In separating the sheep from the goats, and properly ticketing the goats, shall one be accused of blasphemy?

## III

We produce a varied assortment of editorial expressions upon this general subject, with particular reference to some observations which lately appeared in these columns. They are characteristic. The American newspaper is nothing if not paradoxical. As usual, we find ourselves accused by some without discrimination and by others dismissed with vapid ebullitions of contempt. In the ethics of modern journalism few things are so touching as the disdain of the superior being who affects indifference when he cannot come to time, and marks his lack of sincere feeling and his incapacity to see and tell the truth, by the pretense of enlightened deliberation.

"We have no defence to make," says one, and then goes on defending. "No class has a monopoly of good, or bad, qualities," says another, and, deprecating our "heat" and "undue excitement," proceeds to concede all we have claimed. Still another works in Burke's aphorism, "You cannot indict a whole people," as if we had, or as if these unclean birds were "a whole people." Our article "must receive considerable modification," declares a critic posing as a jurist, "before persons who hold fact higher than fancy can be advised to read it," the whole of the writing thus discredited reprinted elsewhere in the same paper to disprove the assertion and invite perusal. A certain Cholly Knickerbocker actually pretends to give in rebuttal a list of ladies and gentlemen, persons of the very highest character and standing, leading noble and



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useful lives, seeking by such a subterfuge to make it appear that we included in our description everybody having a picture-gallery or holding a recognized place in society. It is very funny, but to use a figure of the Smart Set, it won't wash!

"All of us, your ladyship," Lord Brougham once said to a famous social leader, "all of us, as your ladyship knows, have committed adultery. But we must draw the line somewhere; and, for one, I fix it at murder!"

There need be no mistaking the lines that fence in the Four Hundred. Nobody can deny, nor in truth through all the expressions called out by our writing do we find any denial, of the fidelity of the picture drawn by us. It is the true, not the scurrilous, that hurts. At the same time it is a fact that even in the better realms of luxury and wealth there is a growing toleration of the unclean. Good people are not so shocked as they once were by moral infractions.

It is observable that the men drink less, at least at table and in the public company of women, than they did thirty years ago. But what the men may have gained in this respect the women themselves have lost by the evolution of modern society and the progress of the desecration which that society has given the idea of the new woman. It is a doubtful term at best. If we would keep our women pure we must keep them ignorant, if not of evil, at least of dirt. But what shall be done, what can be done with those women who insist upon knowing all that the men know, and, by a certain not unreasonable claim of equality, who propose to keep up with the masculine procession, share-and-share alike? There is not a conscientious man, not a thoughtful woman, in the society of any of our great centres of population, who does not mark with serious apprehension the lowering tendencies of the time; the



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multiplication of frivolous marriages, the desecration of the marriage tie, the increasing number of scandalous divorces, directly traceable to the spirit of lawlessness in excessive wealth and the bad example of the infamous but prosperous rich. Yet, if we read our critics aright, we must not speak of these things except in decorous, half-excusing whispers. We must not call a spade a spade. If we do, we at once become "indiscreet" and "sensational," getting our information at "second hand," or else the subject of some "pique," or "resentment," or, at the very least, "ignorant" and "underbred."

In certain circles, where money rules, and the presence of Quality is indicated by the absence of all else, the one unpardonable sin is conviction. Whatever else you are, or are not, you must eschew enthusiasm. You may deal in vulgar *double entendre;* you may backbite, or lie outright; you may make love to your friend's wife, or inveigle his daughter; but you must not be loud. The tone of your voice must suit itself to a kind of drawl that is in the very atmosphere. "'Tis English, you know," they used to say, until a song made game of that form of expression and expelled it from polite society. The average newspaper seems thence to have taken its cue. It, too, affects a fine superiority to feeling. Indifference serves as an excellent recourse, where either there is no belief at all, or the incapacity to express it in good round terms of robust English. Imperturbability takes the place of honest hate and scorn. To be in earnest is to be excited; to be plain-spoken is to be inspired by personal motives, and to be personal is to be "damned." Is it not so?

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Back of all this stands not alone a great moral problem, but a great national and economic problem. The



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pretence that we have maligned anybody, or spoken outside the record, is a device of the guilty, and their newspaper apologists, to hide behind the self-respecting and the virtuous. It is of the essence of caste distinction, where the rule is, touch one, touch all; a rule which, during the Reign of Terror, brought thousands of the inocent and the good along with the bad to the guillotine.

Licentiousness, like revolution, goes not backward. The assumption of to-day becomes the claim of to-morrow. In a land where there are no patents of nobility, and where in some sort money must set the standards, the rich themselves, before all others, should look to it that their colleagues in good fortune do not disgrace the order—shall we say of the Golden Fleece? —by their disregard of common rights and their indifference to public opinion.

We do not need to institute any historic parallels; to take to ourselves any lessons from ancient Greece and Rome, or modern France, suggestive as these may be. He is but a poor observer of contemporary life, and no prophet at all, who does not see that the whole trend of public affairs is set toward an ultimate conflict between the forces of Prerogative, on the one hand, and the forces of what the exclusive few delight to call the Great Unwashed on the other hand; between Capital, too often avaricious and grasping, and Labor, grimy and passionate, and, left riderless, a monster without a head. It is beside the purpose to say that there are rich men humane, generous, charitable. So are there poor men patient, wise, conservative. It is with forces, not individuals, we shall have to deal; and, though temporizing may postpone the day, the day is surely coming when it is to be decided who owns the country, who controls the Government, the aggregations of wealth mainly piled up in a single



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section, or the hewers of wood and the drawers of water who do the work and fight the battles and pay the taxes, the great commonalty of what Abraham Lincoln called "the plain people." Enlightened men would moderate that conflict. The scandalous behavior of the conspicuous rich plays directly to the lead of the extremist and the agitator, with unclean hands preparing the pick-axe of the leveller and the brand of the incendiary. The indifference of the guild of luxury and wealth—not to mention the common cause which too many of the worthy rich from a mistaken sense of association make with these—is replete with evil auguries.

Human nature has not much changed since man became acquainted with it. That we are yet upon the ascending not the descending scale of national development need not be denied. But we live in an accelerated age, electricity having annihilated time and space, and, the Latin races doomed, Spain dead, Italy dying, France down with an incurable disease—the causes before our very eyes—shall we not seek to escape what seems to have been the destiny, not so much of luxury and wealth, as the vicious assumption of class superiority, and the injustice of organized money, percolating what is called Society for pleasure, corrupting the fountains of the national credit and honor for profit?

If such offenses as we have set forth are endured and condoned, how long before that which embraces but a set becomes the distinguishing mark of a section? If the press is so easily seduced, or misled, what must it become when it is bought outright? Look at the lobby at Washington. Does it not exist? Yet are there those who will swear that it is only a figment of partisan malignity. It already costs a million of dollars to set a Presidential ticket in the field; already



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a hundred thousand dollars to sustain a contest for a seat in the Senate of the United States; how long shall it be—the press already defending the Four Hundred—before our public men shall become but a race of Medician princes, without the learning or the arts of Florence, and the Presidential chair itself a simple commodity, to be knocked down to the highest bidder?

The writer of these lines has always stood for the decent, the stable, and the orderly in govenment and life. He has grown gray fighting to defend the altars of public credit and private honor. He would no more cast a stone into the stagnant pool of a corrupt social fabric just to see the scum rise to the surface than he would do any other perilous and unclean thing. He was drawn into this present contention not of his own choice. Yet, if he had to make his case before his Maker, he would humbly represent that the time has come when some voice loud enough to be heard should be raised against an increasing evil, having its centre in the thing called by a most equivocal courtesy the Four Hundred, and hope to be forgiven, in the event that his voice provoked a single echo in response.

## STILL HARPING ON MY DAUGHTER!

Courier-Journal, June 10, 1903.

The Pittsburg *Press,* following in the wake of those melancholy yet belated Danes of daily journalism, who are saddest when they sing, as in truth are those that hear them, is still, as our old friend Polonius observes, "harping on my daughter," the particular daughter in question being the Smart Set, so-called the Four Hundred, of odious if not of blessed memory. From a long, double-leaded, double-column leading editorial, pert,



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but prolix, a trifle groggy, and a good deal unthoughted, we quote the following:

"What are we going to do with our Smart Set, particularly that conspicuous portion of it which moves and has its being in the metropolis and Newport? Naturally, this is not the whole Smart Set. There is a Smart Set not only in New York but also in Kalamazoo. Who that has been in Squedunk has not been impressed by the Squedunk 'Four Hundred'? But it is of the New York Smart Set that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and Dr. Peabody, of Boston, and Edward Everett Hale, all of whom would have been supposed to be eligible to the Smart Set of any locality, despair. They may not all express their concern in the manner of Henry Watterson, who would probably challenge to a duel anyone who mistook him for a 'fashionable.' But they unite in deploring the tendencies and the aims and the influence of the people who are by common consent regarded as the leaders of the most fashionable 'society' of the country."

The reference here to the editor of the *Courier-Journal,* which is a little forced—also nearly out of date—represents what Charles Lamb would have called "a case of imperfect sympathy." The editor of the *Courier-Journal* is nothing if not a "fashionable," though there might be a difference of opinion as to terms. At least the *Courier-Journal,* for whose contents he may be held accountable, has never yet been accused of falling behind the procession, either at home or abroad. In London, in Paris, in the Borough of Manhattan—sometimes in the sacred precincts of the Borough of Brooklyn, and often amid the picturesque fastnesses of the Borough of the Bronx—the Smart Set call for it, the Four Hundred cry for it. In Kentucky it is the guide, philosopher, and friend of those Democrats who believe in Democracy unterrified and undefiled, and



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are still voting for Jefferson, Jackson, and Tilden, and likewise of those Republicans, who, in matters of literature, science, and art—discounting its politics as at the worse a disagreeable idiosyncrasy—do not wish, certainly do not mean, to be left at the post.

If the Pittsburg *Press* were up to date—if it had any kind of style about it—surely it would not, in speaking of the editor of the *Courier-Journal,* fall into the stupidity of picturing him as half-horse and half-alligator of the regulation variety. There is "no sich a person," as Mrs. Gamp might say; though of this, more anon! Quoting Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Dr. Edward Everett Hale and Professor Peabody in identical corroboration of all the *Courier-Journal* has ever said, the *Press* proceeds thus:

"It is quite evident, therefore, that the state of affairs is serious. When Colonel Watterson effervesces, we may perhaps pardonably shrug our shoulders and go on in the way we are going. But when Mr. Carnegie, Professor Peabody, and Edward Everett Hale and men of their stamp confess their indignation and alarm, the evil must be real and it must be pressing. It is to be trusted they will continue raising their potent voices as eloquently as they have begun. Men of right ideas but meagre bank accounts may be sneered down when they venture to condemn the unworthy example of youthful millionaires who impudently set up a golden calf and find thousands eager to worship it. But Carnegie, Peabody, and Hale—these are men on whom the best-directed sneers fail to leave their mark. When they begin to turn aside with righteously flaming eyes from monkey parties and other orgies supposed to be smart, many silly hands that had been rapturously demonstrative before will suddenly cease their applause."

Observing that the "effervescence" ascribed to the editor of the *Courier-Journal* is nearly a year old—in-



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dicating a tolerably genuine brand of the wine of truth and soberness—we have the right to ask—that is to say, if we were speaking seriously and not facetiously, we should have the right to ask—why that in the editor of the *Courier-Journal,* a rather old hand at the bellows, and therefore so reasonably familiar with the world at large and its passing events as to be hardly capable of surprise at anything, should be pictured as effervescence, which in Mr. Carnegie, Dr. Hale, and Professor Peabody—men of scholarship and business, who have had scant opportunity to attain a knowledge of the wickedness and frivolity of the times they have lived in —should be heralded as the *Ultima Thule* of deliberation and wisdom?

The matter respecting the Smart Set, the Four Hundred, to which our Pittsburg contemporary goes out of its way to refer, appeared in the *Courier-Journal* nearly a year ago. It was germane to a dreadful, heart-breaking tragedy at Newport. Knowing the parties and the facts, we drew the line if not at murder, at least at suicide. Having said what seemed needful to be said, we passed to other scenes and other events. The journalist, like the actor, is a creature of the moment, the merest abstract and brief chronicle of the time, who, dying, leaves no copy. The editor of the *Courier-Journal* is not a crusader; he is a journalist, instinct with the sense of life, and the reflection of its currencies, perhaps a little instinct with the love of truth, assuredly not, as the career of the *Courier-Journal* will show, a lover of strife, or sensations. He was born in what is called society and grew up in it at Washington and New York, living in it somewhat later on in London and in Paris and even—he has no reason to blush for admitting it—at Newport. All that he said in what he wrote of the Remington tragedy he personally knew to be true. Every word of it has been more than vindicated by suc-



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ceeding events, and the repeated outgiving of others besides Mr. Carnegie, Dr. Hale, and Professor Peabody, whom the Pittsburg *Press* trots out as witnesses to its own homilies, which are admirable, being little more than iteration of what was said in these columns. So—barring the duello—does not the writer of this article think that he owes us an apology?

Alas and alack the day! We set out to defend ourselves against a false accusation in a mock court, with the purpose of being facetious. We meant to say a lot of smart things of the Smart Set, and, indirectly, of our esteemed contemporary, the Pittsburg *Press*. The words refuse to come to us. We do not mean to be mawkish, but the dead face of that young man lying there in the Casino at Newport comes back to us, and, his father's friend and schoolmate, we cannot make light of it. To say truth, no sensible man could care anything the one way or other about the Smart Set. The Four Hundred must be to such an one a matter of total indifference. As to the *Courier-Journal,* it spoke out a little indignantly, perhaps—somebody gaffed it, and then it struck out—and perhaps it has regretted it ever since because it started so many foolish pens a-going.

The Pittsburg *Press* must not only apologize to us, but it must revise its judgment. Honest indignation, sometimes aggressively — never unthoughtedly — expressed, we own to; effervescences—impossible! How could a man, sprung from the ranks and yet able to do any kind of work on the force, from "legs" up—how could a cold-nosed dog, with a life-time of newspaper experience behind him—how could a writer, jealous of his parts of speech and using the blue pencil at three and sixty as he used it at three and thirty—how could such a person "effervesce"?



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